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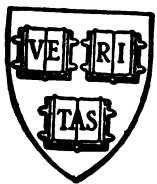
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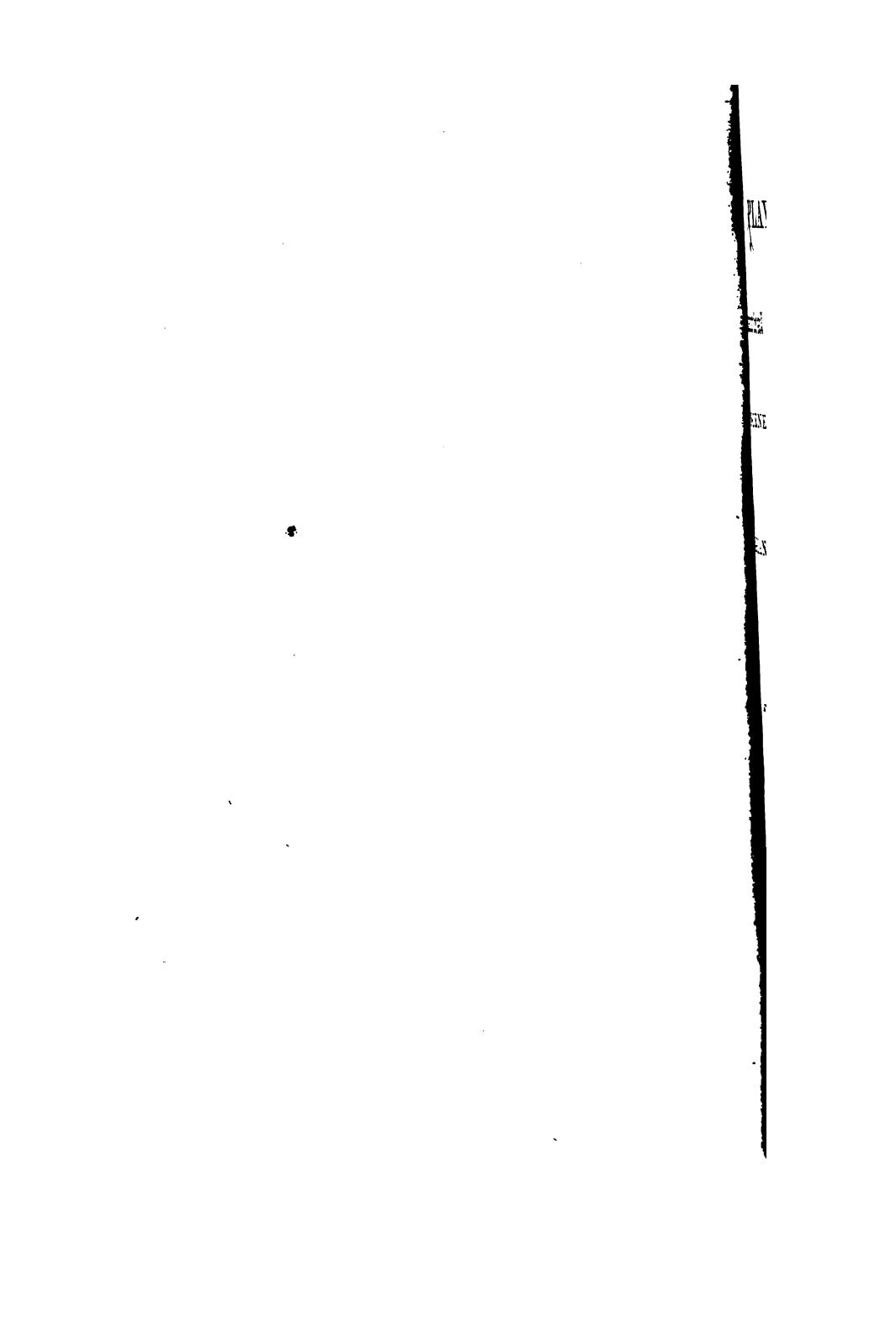








P L A Y I N G A B O U T.



◎

# PLAYING ABOUT,

OR

## Theatrical Anecdotes and Adventures,

WITH

### SCENES OF GENERAL NATURE, FROM THE LIFE;

IN

### ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND,

BY

### BENSON EARLE HILL,

AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ARTILLERY OFFICER,"  
"HOME SERVICE," &c. &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TO

HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.,

*&c. &c. &c.*

---

MY LORD DUKE,

With the proudest yet most respectful gratitude I avail myself of your condescending permission, and inscribe to Your Grace these light records of my early connexion with an Art of which you have ever been a munificent patron and admirable connoisseur.

While simple justice awards you universal esteem, for your various high qualities of mind and heart, as well as for your refined

suavity of manner, I cannot be suspected of even an attempt to flatter a Nobleman whom to name is to praise.

Be pleased to accept the sincere wishes for your long-continued health and happiness, with which I have the honor to remain,

My Lord Duke,

Your Grace's

Obliged and faithful Servant,

BENSON EARLE HILL.

*Brompton,*

*March, 1840.*

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P L A Y I N G A B O U T.



# PLAYING A BOUT.

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YATES'S LEG—A DAMP STRANGER—A MIGHTY HUNTER—  
JOHN EMERY—GYPSIES—COMPARISONS—MORAL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I thus present myself before ye for the third time. My two previous works have been kindly compared to dramatic monologues. I accept this soothing simile with grateful pride. The ex-soldier, amateur actor shall now professionally *play about* for your amusement.

My constant companion and myself, both keeping journals, and being blest with good memories, did verily believe that “Home Service” spoke “nothing but the truth,” though not “the whole truth.” Not *two* persons mentioned therein have

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ever taxed me with mis-statements from unkind motives. I may some day give a ludicrous instance, which half inclined me to deal only with initials in future; but that plan has a very stupid effect. Take a sample:—

“When I—— resolved on making A—— take T—— to P——, E—— asked Y—— all the K——’s filled their rooms with H——’s, and bade U—— go to L——.”

You see this is absurd, and even dangerous. I have been as careful to avoid offence as facts would permit; and trust my pages will not prove too theatrical, but even more varied than their fore-runners. In availing myself of my sister’s experiences as to national characteristics and local scenes— I have sometimes escaped from the necessity of egotism, and lent, I hope, a feminine interest to my book; at the same time never obtruding our domestic affairs on the public, except when circumstances rendered such course my *duty*.

I have now only to offer my readers and reviewer— the sincerest thanks for their indulgence, which I shall ever strive to merit; also, Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg you to look at the last chapter of the volumes to which these form a continuation, and so to my tale.

On that lovely July day, 1822, when I, leaving the army for the stage, bore my younger sister with

me, from Woolwich to Worthing, if my old servant's farewell cost me some pain, my scarcely healed shin inflicted nearly as much; and if I regretted leaving a few dear real old friends, hopes and fears as to making and keeping new ones again contested my feelings,

Isabel had just began to murmur something about "lilies of the valley, nightingales, glow-worms, and violets, all growing wild around us there, as if Plumstead, Wickham, Eltham, Severn Droog Tower, and Shooter's-hill wood had been fifty miles from dear London. Oh, that grey green light! the majestic Thames! and—where the dormouse sat in the fairy ring, and Ah!"—

A great deal more, doubtless all very pretty, natural, girlish, poetic, if I could have heard any of it distinctly—but the coach was still rattling o'er the stones, and now only pulled up to take in another passenger. We had forgotten that we were not to expect it entirely to ourselves. As nor dandies, nor misses, nor children, nor old women, of either sex, in any station, could have been welcome to us, in our then existing mood, we were grateful for the chance of again getting, as fellow-traveller, one of those cosmopolitish men, between forty and sixty, who are the *utile dulce* of stage coach or ship companions, aiming neither at the decorous nor the interesting, the loquacious nor

the reserved, but unostentatiously serviceable, ready to please, and to be pleased. As an instance —our vehicle went but to the transplanted slip of London, Brighton. I had imagined it quite certain that other conveyances would be plying hourly between that place and its fair little neighbour. My temporary acquaintance undeceived me ; and advised posting, if I wished to reach Worthing that night.

“ Brighton was rather full,” he said, “ but he was known there.”

When we alighted he slipped away, without a “ good even.” I looked *to* my weighty luggage (the heaviest part then on the road per wagon), my sister *for* St. Paul’s litter of puppies, the castor-cruet turrets of the outside-Russian, inside-Chinese, Marine Pavilion, whence there is hardly one *attic* salt-sea view.

Our elderly gentleman returned, having secured us a chaise ; this trouble-saving attention won our hearty thanks and kind wishes, which he seemed to return, as we parted, without knowing each other’s names, without an idea of ever meeting again ; nor have we met, unless so lately as to defy recognition.

Lighted by a broad moon through a fine country, the sound, the scent, and last the *sight* of the dancing sea welcomed us. We saw the distant lamps in our

place of refuge, scene, I trusted, of my success in a new career ; at least I made my entry with *eclat*. Mrs. Faucet had obligingly taken apartments for us at the house of Mr. Verral, upholsterer, Warwick-street. From the price I was to pay I expected a better sitting-chamber than that to which my young landlord conducted me ; but he said,

“Visitors preferred the back drawing-room, as its window commanded a glimpse of the *element* (over court-yard and house-tops), whereas his wife was delicate, and must have something large and lively.”

Above “the scene of her sensible choice” was a handsome dormitory, fit to contain all my traps, and on the same floor was the nest consigned to my sister, who needed but little space. Leaving her to unpack, after a cup of tea, I sallied forth, to report myself at head-quarters, before my new commanding officer.

Mr. Trotter’s reception of me, and recollection of our former interviews, warmed my heart, as did the manners of his amiable wife. She had recently suffered, like myself, in one ankle, and was confined to a sofa, in their very *ornée* “cottage of gentility ;” but politely expressed her wish for “Miss Hill to waive ceremony, and consider a seat in the manager’s private box always her own. Such a being must not go unprotected into the front. She

was not of the profession, nor accustomed to theatricals, but a poet and a gentlewoman."

Touched by this intuitive sympathy for an unknown, I left the interesting matron, and was led by her lord to the *pink* green-room. There the golden Orger and her pretty sister Fawcet, greeted me as a brother. I think the only other member of the *corps* with whom I was on speaking terms was Mr. Comer, of Covent Garden, who I had seen play in Bath and Bristol, as far back as 1812, his William to Dora Jordan's Rosalind. In private life he was a good specimen of a Somersetshire lad.

"You don't know Mr. Willmott's office her— yet, Captain," he said; "I'll tell ye—him-prompt— you."

Mr. Burton, Worthing's first low comedian, an — the other strangers received me with a geni— frankness, so tempered by respect, that I wen— back to sup and sleep in charity with all mankin—, in more than charity with woman.

My sister retired early. Mr. Verral looked — with much to ask and to tell. I was now like Dandie Dinmont's terrier, "fairly entered with t— vermin," and proud to be so.

I had already mentally decided on what oug—t to be my line of conduct in my new callin—. Cheerful politeness with my brethren and sist—

a readiness to lend play-books, or properties, swords, buckles, and the like, with the true plea of too much to learn and to do for my excuse when I *must* decline the more familiar and social intercourse which they might tender me. My own extensive wardrobe would keep me independent both of the stock and of my friends ; all, doubtless, willing to have accommodated a novice less supplied than myself. After accepting attentions in times of need, it is impossible for a grateful or consistent person to distance the obliging party. On this point I was safe.

I did not foresee that Mr. Trotter could invite me alone of all our merry men to his table, without making ill blood amongst them, for both him and me. But my landlord, who knew most of the company well, and the footing of each with the manager, looked forward to a freedom of action more creditable to the disposition of all.

He wound up this Saturday night by setting me *au fait* at the politics of the theatre. They are sacred to my own memory. If my “length-” invaded brain could reserve a corner for one scheme of flirtation, my tastes would not direct me to any quarter where they would be angrily encountered by those of either the *first* or *second* gentleman in power.

On the Sabbath, after being closeted with ma-

nager and prompter, I rested. Next day, returnin; from theatre, post-office, and market, I found tha my sister had seen her hostess, who, though rathe above her business, had a hopeful cause for indec lence. I had not bargained for a confinement i my lodging, perhaps a death, at best a fuss, and no noise permitted, save the squaller's own.

I led Isabel to the invalid wife of my manager. The ladies got on well together, the eldest anticipated a relief to her melancholy, from the quiet cheerfulness of her new friend, who, on her part conceived an ardent affection for Mrs. Trotter. She promised us rare feasts in point of scenery.

At first we had time but for a view of the smooth extensive sands, from the Esplanade, calle "Trotter's Folly," because, by constructing the walk, he tempted people *from* his elegant little theatre—but he could afford to be liberal, and was so by nature.

The little more I learnt of local habits before my *début*, was, that the town (or rather hamlet) crier, announced, with great bell-ringing, every arrival—of nobility and gentry? No, of fresh fish!

A very fresh fish I soon began to find myself in my new "element," where I had to struggle for living. Mrs. Orger had seldom obtruded advice or corrections on the military amateur, but no

that both were essential to my interests, she rendered them more agreeable than could have been expected.

"A *little* louder and not *quite* so fast at night; your voice only wants management and practice. You have the slightest—not lisp—the reverse—don't *hiss* *yourself*! nay, 'tis nothing. We know popular comedians with 'Battew Stuffy does,' or young 'Yapids,' with no R—s!"

Though I had played Tangent often, impulse, at rehearsal, drove me from the text. Again my handsome monitress whispered,

"You must not be a vampire, that's what we call those who vamp, or patch an author's language with their own. Pray likewise remember, that if you do introduce exclamations, they should not include the name of God, or you will have the spirit of wrath descending like a goose. Talking of that, you ought not to dine later than four."

Mr. Thompson, who told me that he daily "took an anti-corpulent walk, because he was engaged for the sick Baronets," congratulated me on there being "no newspaper in the parish of Broadwater." If I then thought his felicitations gratuitous, nay, satirical, experience soon convinced me that what he said was both friendly and wise.

These hints were qualified by very encouraging remarks, especially from Mr. Burton, who assured

me my rehearsal proved me “the best actor, for a gentleman, he had ever seen; though, while he was in the Kent circuit, he had played with the famous ‘Squire Foote, and Mr. Benson, a member of Parliament.’” I told the good man that he meant my humble self.

I pass over the flutter of preparation. My professional *début*, on the 22nd, was very satisfactory, in spite of my nerves. The dance in fetter did not hurt my unstrapped skin. Isabel shared Mrs. Trotter’s commodious *loge*.

I rested next night, and till time for a farce part, on the following evening. Having done Frank Poppleton before, I enjoyed a ramble or two, being told that I must not say “stroll;” studying new characters, as I wandered, with Bell through pretty, fig-tree’d, peaceful-looking villages mocked by such sanguinary names as Welling Steyning, Lancing, Goring; in the last stands the castle of the Shellys. We poney-chaiséd to the Miller’s Tomb, and Chankbury Ring; lofty hills skirted with forests and thickets, luxuriant as if no ocean laved their roots.

In one of my solitary walks I met a former acquaintance, the handsome and elegant Major Chester, of ours. He greeted me very warmly but presently evinced his unconsciousness of my changed pursuits, by inquiring,

“ Whose company are you in now, Hill?”

“ In *Trotter's*,” I replied, and instantly explained my meaning. Instead of my confession acting as a cooler on his manner, he said everything that was liberal and inspiring, told me that he was married, and settled in the neighbourhood, where he would be happy to see me. I knew that I should have no opportunities of availing myself of his kind politeness, but my heart thanked him. I am aware that he named me favourably among his friends; and, whenever he visited the theatre, hailed me with applause.

Mrs. Chester was a lovely being; but, though some years junior to her husband, no lady could look on *him* and wonder at *her* choice. One sees few such pairs. Surely their name is sacred to Venus. Let it not be supposed that the Major's freedom from vulgar prejudice rendered me partial, or that, *per contra*, I might be apt to depreciate those who discountenanced the step I had taken. It really did so happen that my defenders were superior to my censors. I did not make them so; I only state the fact.

I dressed in a small room devoted to my exclusive use by my considerate manager. “ Too late for dinner” went all the better for one mistake. Mr. Ayliffe, as Pinfold, telling me that I “ should never put my Thompsons under Mrs. Trotter's mahogany.”

This would have been no fun in any other company ; but, thanks to the affected trick we have of calling a hat a Bicknell, spurs Latchfords, guns Mantons, pistols Wogdens, &c. &c. some of the audience might fancy that Thompsons meant boots ; while "Mrs. Trotter" laughed and applauded from her box most merrily, as did *our* Mr. Thompson from the other side. A similar coincidence occurred in Bath long ago, when the manager (father to the Dramatist) represented lovers and heroes with *eclat*. Mr. Sedley (whose "flops" outnumbered Abbot's) as Ensign Dudley, West Indian, asked his sister,

"Tell me, Louisa, has Mr. Dimond ever given you any Belcours ?"

The gallery, perhaps, thought he implied *young* Belcours. A drama admitting time for such donations would sadly outrage the unities ; though I used, in *Tangent*, to say that I "fancied myself seated at my cottage-fire, with my Julia, and *thirteen little children*."

My friend Raymond, by letter, most cautiously worded, half unmanned me, with the tidings that Yates had broken his leg. I would have sacrificed much to be with him. All our mutual friends fed me with bulletins. Thanks to the good sense which prevented his attempting to rise at the moment of this mischance ; the fracture was not aggravated,

and his recovery promised to progress more rapidly than was usual in such cases.

Still I could not but fear that some lameness would remain, inducing Mathews, like Warren, to cry,

“Now, by Gar, we are quits!”

James Wallack, another mimic, had met the same fate: a limp seemed to go with imitation, as a judgment on mockers. *I* had been let off pretty easily. My “fat, fair, and funny” friend, Comer, had once been punished by a white swelling. And now, knowing our man, we looked into each other’s eyes, and I said, with a sigh,

“Poor Frederick! What *will* he do? how can he bear it? confined to his bed!—that active, ardent monkey; starvation, depletion, strait waistcoat, and no *Beguine* attendant allowed. Nay, Mrs. Davenport must not pay him a visit of condolence!”

“Decidedly not, Captain,” simpered Tom; “but take a fool’s word, Yates will keep up his spirits; *he’s* not the boy to exaggerate this into a *hip* case,” That reminds me!—

I began now to have acquaintance with some of the land’s magnates. One pair, whose true titles I name not, considerably amused me. The lady might have sat for Mathews’s Mrs. Damper. She had “buts” full of cold water at every body’s service. Not a friend she met *but* she “hoped

might not be sickening for a serious fit of illness. She had a trick of calling people by wrong names. I mean no harm. Her *caro* was of a literary turn, yet thought it not beneath his dignity to patronize manly sports. It appeared that he was "real too brave," but his enthusiasm seemed informed by skill, which had left him exposed but to a few slight casualties: such are not unwelcome memorials of gallant feats.

A gentleman to whom, and to myself, he was thus talking *al fresco*, became reminded of a lameness which had disabled our hero, in the previous hunting season.

"Ah, sir," laughed he, "one of my fool-hard leaps, my dear fellows! as nearly as possible fractured the knee-cap, gentlemen! What then, you dogs, *I* was the *Fitz James*, nay, better, Captain in at the death, my boy!"

Such was *his* varying style.

These vaunts I thought rather vain-glorious but did not question their veracity. It happened that Isabel shortly after met Mrs. Damper, without her Nimrod; the lady "trusted that *I* might never discover by exfoliation of bone, how much *more* my shin had been hurt than, as yet, I divined." Her hearer laughed.

"Why, ma'am, Mr. Damper's knee, though greatly injured, for the time, is now perfectly recovered."

"Ah! so *he* thinks, but *I* shall never recover from the *turn* his fall gave me, my dear Miss Mills."

"Did you witness it, then, ma'am?"

"To be sure, of course, I did; how could I help it? But for one of his passionate scenes with *me* he would have looked in his way, instead of striding about, till he stumbled, Mrs. Willis, over the edge of our helmet-shaped copper *coal-scuttle*!"

We afterwards learnt *which* James of Scotland this bold rider most resembled, and that, at a Suffolk "dickey race," he *must* have won *all* the cups by coming in *last*.

I repeated "Mr. H." my sister and self having remodelled the piece, leaving out all its improbable, indicative, ridiculous names, except the hero's, to heighten the effect of his involuntary disclosure. When this was made, a titter ran through the house; and, next day, two worthy Worthing-ites (both innkeepers) called on Mr. Trotter, asking him "what *they* had ever done that a farce should be *written purposely* to make *them* the laughing-stocks of the place?" The name of one was Bacon, of the other Hogsflesh. My manager explained that Elia had not been aware of their existence, the Lamb bore no malice towards the Swine, and that Mr. H—ill intended nothing personal. Thus appeased, they even promised to come and see our

joint of pork, should it again be brought to table. These tidings much gratified the little man, who had performed the landlord capitally, and uttered “That’s all gammon!” with grunting gusto; not being so pig-headed as to feel bored by accidental allusions to the articles he had, in youth, and in the “sow-west,” long and oft prepared for the spit. No Davilla (the “less than man” in Pizarro) ever stuck an Orezembo so scientifically as did this “best of cut-throats.”

But gloom came suddenly over our laughing sky. Comer, with actual tears, exclaimed,  
“Poor John Emery!”

That great child of Nature, that genius who had been compared, by Tate Wilkinson, to Garrick, was dead! The stage had lost one of its brightest luminaries, the world a kind and honest man. Over his deviations from temperance friendship now dropped a veil. To me he had been ever obliging, complimentary, cordial. I remembered his shaking hands with me, in his Caliban skin, his playing Gibby for our charity, his letter in praise of my “Mr. H.” at the Lyceum. His Silence, Sam, Fixture, that fearfully moral picture Ralph Hempseed; and deeply did I deplore this Wilkie—this almost Hogarth of the mimic scene.

I was now reminded of an incident very illustrative of his truth in all personations. Emery had

engaged to star at Bath, opening in Tyke. rustics, it is well known, speak, look, dress, as the peasants of Yorkshire as natives of the island can do. Our ladies, accustomed to "el Brents," and "Tom Copers," were unprepared for the grotesquely terrible, the savage air bred by Emery, when dragged on, in Tyke's scene. They screamed, as at sight of a wild animal; but, after he reclaimed his "hat to help to be mannerly," those peculiarly fine eyes of layed their fright, promised to overpay it: and did!

—with a study nor rapid, literal, nor retentive—  
ing, from night to night, as many words as  
ble into my head, was, as may be guessed, so  
tied, so harassed, that the least interruption  
my temper. Much as that race of riddles,  
ypsies, had always excited my speculations, I  
bore with an ill grace the importunities of a  
young and beauteous one, that she might  
my fortune," on a lonely part of the twilight  
i. I gave her a trifle to get rid of her, but  
ould not release me, and I had just began to  
with Felix,

" In vain we strive their tyranny to quit,  
In vain we struggle, for we *must* submit!"

on, lurking not far from us, I perceived two  
art male trampers, with exemplary sticks, or

rather stakes in their hands, watching us, though themselves seeming to shun my observation.

“Are those friends of yours, my dear?” I asked.

“Yes, sir,” she answered calmly, “never mind them.”

But I *did* mind; for, methought, if the pretty traitress had purposely led me near their ambush, she might aid them to rifle my pockets, to maltreat and even strip me: a very inglorious rehearsal for Mirabel.

“Well,” said I, feeling no ambition for *their* intimacy, “I will bid you adieu!”

“Nay,” she whined, “my sweet gentleman, there are no *body*-robbers in our *society*. Those are *only* my father and my *husband*.”

Worse and worse, I felt; for if they had honesty they were like to have some share of honor, and might be more dangerous from jealousy than avarice could have made them. My Maytemina, however, continued thus,—

“Our people are not much prosperous. Of course, I obey them, and earn all I can, only they will not let *me* keep a sixpence of what I get, so they dodge me with every customer in my *way* of—fortunes, you know; but, dear gentleman, *you* have been so handsome that they will be *very* *thankful*!”

I confess that this slavish venality, though convenient, was disgusting to me; and instantly increasing the creature's douceur, I left her. She ran forward to the men; as I passed them they bared and bent their heads, with blessings on me.

This was all bad enough; but is it *only* from the gipsy's tent that cold, mercenary dames go forth to conquest, and congenial *protectors* to share the spoil? In that same Sussex *might* flourish educated Christians with stained and tattered names, contrasting their attire and homes.

I had heard of such.

Humanity is an odd compound, and may be modified by some circumstances in ways which persons never *so* situated would pronounce impossible. Therefore, I sincerely forgave the tanned philosophers for not cudgelling *me*, since living Wolmars and St. Preuxs could sit beside *their* Julie at dinner, and take no vindictive notice of the carving-knives.

## CHAPTER II.

SCENE-PAINTER—PROPERTY MAN—STAGE FRENCH—LORD LONDONDERRY—EPIGRAM—TRAGEDY PARCIFIED—MY TOWNSMAN—FIDDLE-DE-DEE—RUSSIAN THUNDER—RE-UNIONS—THE DANCES—BLOOD—BENEFIT—HARLEY—LOW COMEDY—END OF FIRST SEASON—TO TOWN—WESTWARD HO!

MR. TROTTER retained a scene-painter, who also made himself generally useful before and behind the curtain. He was an original, and finding that I knew somewhat of the fine arts, frequently consulted me on knotty points. A favourite opera being in active preparation, wherein a sunrise or sunset effect was required, Mr. Scott was examining the old stock in hopes of meeting something that would spare him trouble. He came to one “cloth” with a *very* yellow sky, and hummed,—

“ Call *that* a sunlight effect? why 'tis for all the world like the dust of a mustard-mill, sir.”

He was duly proud of a “ British fleet lying at anchor,” which, he said, would “ tell out well in this French thing forthcoming.”

"How, when, where?" asked I, incredulously.

"Why, the curtains of keeper's tent are to be drawn, and discover the help sent him by Queen Elizabeth."

The company, voting themselves wild beasts, had dubbed Mr. Trotter their "keeper," who as Henri Quatre, was to behold a British squadron in *the Seine!!!* It was impossible, I said, that either proprietor or stage-manager could have proposed this. Scott only muttered something about "a pair of flats."

Tom Gilling, property man, &c., proved another oddity. He diverted me much by calling a toilet "a table in petticoats." *The Lewis*, as Ranger, pantomized this idea very drollly.

Mrs. Trotter took my sister to witness a night-rehearsal. Only a few of the principal persons concerned could be expected to speak French well; from the subordinates we heard of—"Frederick dee song lee-hong,"—"Joe crees,"—"Florongs,"—"Hujeen dee Byron,"—a "Jarvey" and a "German,"—"Hungry Quarter"—"Angry Carter,"—and a "Hoary Cat." Then the cat grew angry, the carter hungry, the quarter hoary, without a chance of their singing the same tune; though we, the few, begged, if they must be all wrong, that they would, at least, be all in one tale, and pronounce the names in plain English at once.

After Eugene, I enacted Diddler, wherein I was far more at home; but the dress, the agreeable opportunities for a chaste salute, afforded by the line of first light comedy and sentiment, half-blinded me awhile to the real bent and bias of whatever histrionic talents I possessed. I was careful, nevertheless, not to imitate a Jeremy of whom I had heard, as tagging by—

“ So let all idle young fellows take *example* by the *pattern* of my warning.”

My sister worked her little digits to the bone in my service, in preparing various stage fineries, besides hearing me my parts, and sending my tea to the dressing-room; but, spite of this, so much bodily and mental exertion in so novel a way, in such weather, such a change of hours and habits,—made me ill; and I biliously desponded, half repented, beneath the un-anticipated, mechanical drudgery of my chosen lot. The Trotters, Mrs. Orger, and others most kindly cheered me. I revived, to look on business-like matters in a business-like manner; and feel myself wedded to Thalia, though our honeymoon was prematurely waning.

I heard, therefore, with patience, that Mr. Trotter “ liked each man to be a good horse in the team, putting his shoulder to the wheel; no more

cats than caught mice were wanted." Hence, I lent myself to Rashleigh Osbaldiston's plagiaries from the *Corsair*, and went on for other walking-gentlemen just as little to my mind, and which were "not in the bond;" but thus, one acquires ease, self-possession, repose, versatility.

As a sop, I had Tom King to Mr. W. Vining's *Morbleu*. Comer, (who supped with us,) "was delighted," he said, "to see that *I* did *not* pack up this Cockney hoaxter in black coat, with top-boots, like a jockey in mourning!"

On His Majesty's visit to Scotland, Mrs. Orger showed me a manuscript song, by Mr. James Smith, to the air of "Carle noo the King's come;" an extremely ludicrous piece of humour, in mock Scotch, in strings of *no* words, which many a Southron would readily have accepted as genuine Caledonian expressions of loyalty.

Even while we were laughing over this, came the abrupt, the horrid intelligence of Lord Londonderry's decease. Awed and saddened as I had been by the similar catastrophes of Romilly and Whitbread, I was shocked to find political hostility deadening some of my acquaintance to all feeling, if, indeed, their levity denoted not a positive sense of exultation.

Disease, not *will*, had caused suicide in the three cases to which I allude, and, generally, the verdict

of "insanity," on such occasions, is not more merciful than just.

I could not forget the courage and urbanity had seen displayed, or rather betrayed, by the very prepossessing Tory, now no more. A theatrical, artistical notion mingled with my more serious lament. The Coronation costume showed us so few throats that could bear comparison with *his*.

"Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it!"

Dining with the Trotters we there met Mr. B——, from Brighton, who, speaking of the public news, said, with a laugh,—

"I have not been so taken off my legs since my own father cut his throat, and I found it done with the gravy *out of it*."

I thought this a vile joke, but it was *true*. There must have been madness in the family, the parent's deed, and the son's method of reverting to it, alike persuade me so; only, if people are not responsible for what they say, why are they foisted on society as rational beings?

When our landlady was "couched," the only inmates of the house unallied to her were the only two who moderated either voices or footsteps for her benefit. That reminds me. Worthing had one popular chemist, and one fashionable doctor; on these a punster wrote—

“ Taken very ill on Sunday,  
Still I hope relief by Monday,  
If Monday fail to ease my sorrow,  
Undismayed I trust to *Morrah*.”

Repeating old parts, and learning others, I found my days fleet quickly. Let me here mention one feature of Mr. Trotter’s management, very delicate, and worthy of emulation. On Saturdays every person engaged received his or her salary sealed up, so that no one was supposed to know the others’ terms. This prevented envy and heart-burnings.

Our houses were seldom thronged, but our audiences were far more select than those of Brighton. “Kenilworth,” however, attracted a good half-price to the gallery, whither the piscators tumbled up rather noisily, achieving even something like a squabble, just as proprietor Leicester and stage-manager Varney were plotting their wickedest. Mr. Trotter’s tragedy style was somewhat under-toned and mysterious, requiring “a pin-drop silence” from those who would catch its beauties. This unwanted riot ruining his best points, threw him completely out, and, when his confidential stammered,

“ Ex-x-plain, my lord.”

“ I will, good *Viney*, as soon as that infernal noise permits me!” he thundered.

Then, rushing out of sight, but not of hearing, he cried,

“Send guards, there! constables! here I will make them know that I *am* lord, *land*-lord to half of them, and claim their fealty, not as manager, but as magistrate, the Headborough. As a free-mason I will have silence in my *own* lodge!”

I was the melancholy Tressillian, and laughed, un-lover-likely, at this outbreak, as the tall Robert Dudley strode back to his tiny stage.

Melo-dramatic horrors were much in vogue, Mrs. William Vining being the Worthing Kelly. I had found there, holding the situation of wardrobe-keeper, and “doing little business,” the youth who, in Bath, had pedantified the ‘Prentice to my Tangent. The gratitude he expressed to Comer for the occasional loan of West-country papers, conspired with his not common name to suggest a query or two, most deferentially answered by the modest boy, who, I found, was indeed son to a highly respectable Bristol fruiterer, with whom my family had dealt for years. This discovery interested me in his fate. He seemed pleased with my civilities. One day, I recollect his asking, with grave *naïvete*,

“Mr. Hill, if I may trouble you so far, sir, will you have the goodness to tell me whether or no I am right on a very important point? I have to play a ruffian, sir; now, for that, I must cork my eyebrows, but, as he is a *repentant* ruffian,

do *not* you think I ought to play him without rouge?"

"Decidedly, my good lad, your view of the matter does you credit; you are a pains-taking young man, and I hope to see you rise."

And I *have* seen him received as a perfect representative of a man of fashion. If ruffianism gives black brows, and repentance bestows a wan complexion, why should not early associations such as this youth's fit one for appreciating, and bodying forth the usages of good company to the satisfaction of a metropolitan audience and its critics?

I had hardly been a month in harness when another annoyance befel my excellent chief. I, forsooth, had to *mis*-represent Florian, the Foundling of the Forest, to Mr. Trotter's sable Count, whose melancholy mood is interrupted by some rustic music, of which he has to complain. The prompter unguardedly trusted a violin in hands not willing to resign it in a hurry. The air they chose was the Honeymoon country dance, began at the quickest possible time. It drowned De Valmont's stamp, bell-ringing, first speech, and Gaspard's reply. Unless the reader sings what follows its effect is lost. The agonized noble groaned

"I thought the master—in his own house—could command"—

*Tiddle-diddle-dum* (provokingly slow.)

“ But here, it seems, each *groom* is more absolute in his”—

*Tiddle-diddle-diddle-dee* (very loud.)

“ Do I clothe and feed a pampered herd, but to increase my”—

*Tum-dum-diddle-tum.*

“ Must I be—baited—stunned—knavé! rid my ears of”—

*Diddle-tiddle-idde-um.*

“ Hateful—ungenerous—is it not enough they—happy—I—miserable—but they must force me to remark the contrast of our”—

*Tiddle-diddle-dee.*

Repeated as often as Trotter attempted to speak, for nearly five minutes; so that, instead of relenting, to bid Gaspard “ dismiss them, but not harshly,” the hero was about again to exit as manager, and speak without as magistrate, when the fiddle was dropped, the mischievous musician fled, and Wilmott bore the blame.

Thus, in the “Exile,” after Count Ulric (Thompson) had told his “daughter Alexander that he had contemplated the crime of self-seduction,” just as the manager, Daran, was haranguing the Empress of all the Russias, her icy court was shaken as by a tropic storm. The gallery called it “Heaven’s judgment on the—Patriarch.” The sheet of

metal which played the thunder happened to hang too low against the wall, up which went the steps to the managerial private box. It certainly was quite by *accident* that two persons known to me, rung such a peal of inappropriate music. Gilling, "for a consideration," owned to the deed, and Mrs. Trotter excused *this* "unlucky Tom," to her own more dignified Thomas. But of Toms there are legions.

Alfred Highflyer and Sir Robert Ramble atoned to me for the martyrdom of "Antipholis of Syracuse," in what we made, most truly, a "Comedy of Errors;" Sir Robert enabling me to do myself some justice in the eyes of my friend Raymond, who now paid us a visit. His parents had "houses and lands" at Brighton.

Lady Briscoe, a patroness of the Trotters, was staying with them; my sister and two young gentlewomen to whom our manageress had made Bell known, petitioned for a removal to the opposite side of the house, as there would be no *room* in the private box; her old ladyship being ponderous as the late "Mrs. P—," and so unable to sit an act without retiring to refresh, that a temporary passage was fitted up at the back of this *loge*, as a kind of *pis aller*, to which I should have enjoyed contributing one of the effervescent powders, anonymously supplied to the venerable Colonel Quest in a similar retreat. "It made a great *noise* at the time."

With September came the gratifying intelligence that Yates had been able to put himself under the care of his medical brother at Brighton, where I was invited to dine on the Sunday. The sight of my little crony on crutches (Wallack's own) nearly overset me; but Raymond joined us, and, with Dr. and Mrs. T. Yates, made the day most agreeable. We did not, as a pious chanson prescribes, "content ourselves with a *sample* bottle," yet I drove home by moonlight, soberly.

It was a great pride for me to act on the night of a *bespeak* by Mr. Manners Sutton. The widowed Speaker and his children, Sir Henry Wellesley and family, with other distinguished individuals, gave *eclat* to the evening.

There was one lady used to bespeak, and whose commands, could they have been obeyed, would have kept actors and audience up till four in the morning. I was told of her expecting, on the same night, "The Clandestine Marriage," "Moun-taineers," "Highland Reel," and "Blue Beard."

I must not forget to state that Mr. Trotter, obliged to make "all his horses work," made it extremely well worth their while. As Charles Surface he was forced to have at his table Sir Benjamin Backbite, Comer, to chorus the song, and begged me, being out of the piece, to sit on also. I could not refuse. The dessert reminded me of our best

amateur doings ; plate, glass, china, wax candles, one splendid lamp, damask, real and exquisite fruit, interspersed with choice bouquets of fresh flowers, and wines of the first quality, awaited those who could dress and look anything like gentlemen, and what we did not consume was finished in the green-room by the rest of the company.

“ Such conduct *ought* to render a manager *adored* ! and yet—but still—he is not very *unpopular* ! ” sighed Mrs. Damper.

In all pieces where a ball was admissible, the quadrilles were admirably executed. Comer and Mrs. Vining, her husband, the Misses Smith, (daughters to George, the beautiful and bass,) the late Alexander Rae’s son, and some other graceful dancers, made features of such scenes.

“ You *now*, Miss Hall, may *see* them,” Mrs. Damper wailed, “ in the *corner*, you had a good view of the empty boxes.”

I shall adhere to my old rule, and will speak of persons as I felt at the *time* to which these pages refer.

Delighted was I then, on the 7th, to receive my clever cosey intimate, George Dance ; and doubly so as he brought with him our dear little Yates, who, flinging aside his props, threw himself into Bell’s arms, like a brother.

Their main object was to propose that “ Pedzy”

should give a table entertainment, and Miss Dance perform *Juliana*, for my benefit, whenever I took it.

“I owe you *that at least*, you know, Belzol,” said Yates.

The lady was then unknown to my sister and myself, though we had seen her in a box at Drury Lane, with a handsome family party. We had heard of her also, not only as a virtuous gentlewoman, but as an accomplished and witty one. Raymond now appeared, and I was to dine with them at an hotel; a very merry party we made of it. Another, equally gay, followed at Brighton, on the next “Laker’s holiday,” and introduced me to a musical Hibernian, full of originality and fire, which no one who ever met Michael Blood, will dare dispute. The varlet was a tall man and a handsome.

No dove was ever more busy at *billing*, than was I in preparation for my first benefit. Our whole strength offered to do anything for me, and the “Honeymoon” was more than respectably cast. Mr. Trotter, I well recollect, said kindly,

“Yes, I will be your Aranza *this* year, but *next* I may do one of my sailors on your night; for I trust you will make Worthing your summer home, as long as Thomas Trotter has a theatre in it; of course I mean till you find more lucrative and glorious occupation for your warm weather; though,

trust me, in point of pleasure, one had need be well paid for frying at the Haymarket or English Opera, where a *gentleman* is wanted ; but let *the gentleman* gain a little more impudence, ere he braves such ordeal."

Miss Dance arrived on the evening previous to my benefit, with her brother Charles, instead of Yates's friend George, who, I made sure, must have told his junior that Frederick was to play for me. Indeed, I had not been aware of any coolness on Mr. C. Dance's part towards my lame supporter. Charles and Frederick next day met politely, as their royal namesakes had done, in armed neutrality. The former, I saw, *would* behave with decorum at all events; but that this might be tolerably easy for him, we did our utmost to prevent Yates from pestering the noble Emily with attentions. The arrival of Raymond was a relief to us all. After rehearsal, we walked the Esplanade, dined together; Isabel accompanied the fair star to my theatrical sanctorum, assisted her to dress, then joined Mrs. Trotter in her box, and witnessed Miss Dance's Duchess—my Rolando. My sister *awoke* to see me lead on Frederick, who was warmly received, and shook *me* by the hand in return for the applause of the *public*. His Mail-coach Adventures were much admired ; at their close he forgot his crutches, which were placed near him, and must

have fallen, had he not been led off. I had every reason to be satisfied with my profits. Our supper was a gay one enough. Isabel then repacked for our lady guest, who, with her brother, started *very* early next morning for town, leaving us obliged by her exertions and dazzled by her drolleries. Sweet-tempered, dashing Emily !

During the previous winter, her recent hard study and fatigues had induced a long severe illness ; even then she jested at her own aversion to be moved, which made her say of her cap, the fine black hair it covered, and "everything in the world"—"Cut it off!"

When all danger was over from fever, she remained so long without ability to take any substantial food, that her mamma and sister feared she would starve in a land of plenty. At last she avowed a little appetite, and was asked to name whatever she could fancy. She murmured,

"A morsel of muffin."

"Fly!" said Miss Louisa, to a servant in waiting, "I will toast it here, myself, take this, make haste!"

The girl took the money, fled, and returned out of breath, her apron laden by half-a-crown's worth. The suffering beauty's sense of the ridiculous was roused, and she faintly laughed forth,

"If I say a glass of porter, she will roll a hogshead up stairs ; if a bit of beef-steak, she will drive

an ox into my bed-room ; if I can't eat him all, I may select what part I prefer, and cut it off !"

A trifling circumstance now occurred, which materially influenced my future career. I had been cast for a lover (in "The Pirate") who had to take some melo-dramatic leap. My sister was alarmed ; "a limb is soon broken." What was to be done ? It was a full piece, every body in it, I might exchange with some one. Mr. W. Vining undertook my long character, giving me his short one, Bryce Snailsfoot, an old Scotch pedlar. My name was not to appear. I made myself up for this, a very tolerable picture, recalled my Mackay accent, and to my surprise, was loudly applauded ; I hoped for my condescension, and capital disguise, by those who could recognise me ; but Mr. John Durrant, an experienced patron of the drama, shaking my hand, said,

" You have found it out, then, have you, my boy ? You see what an unprofitable line, first and love comedy is, unless for an Elliston or a Charles Kemble ! Try your hand at eccentric low parts, with dialect, *that way lies your forte*, take my word for it, Abrawang !"

I fear I said something frigid, for I was mortified, not convinced ; yet even then, I could not but reflect that I had lately been better liked in Bronze and Tag than I was in less extravagant parts, and

thought, if I associated my name with broad farce, to escape insipid walking lovers. As a reassurance that I yet might do well in foppish or dashing heroes, I was told, by an elderly lady, that—“nothing could go smoother than my Sir George Hairy.” This was to Mr. Harley’s admirable Marplot, (my first male star). I was delighted to become acquainted with so good, so gentlemanly a creature. Time has but enhanced my high opinion of my pleasant friend.

The season, like September, was drawing to a close—sensible people were beginning to leave the coast, and fashionable ones to fill their places.

Comer breakfasted with us, and travelled to London outside with me; my sister, and what *he* called “a Morning Herald,—the bird, not the paper,” were the only inside passengers; so that, when, at some halting-place, she accused us of disturbing her, by shouts of mirth, which she could not partake, Tom said sillily,

“ You need not complain, Ladie! for *you* have all the *lark* to yourself here.”

Wild woodbine, and golden broom, in their second bloom, flauntingly perfumed the hedge-rows, “garlanding the way” in gadding plenty. The now tawny fern peeped from between the ripening blackberries, and fox-glove bells. The nightshade lent its scarlet beads, and floating

gossamer down. We saw the fall of one un-hunted gallant stag ; all was autumnal, and English. We parted, *pro tem*, with our pleasant countryman, and I drove with my sister to Chedron's. Business required my presence in town for a day or two, ere I joined at Cheltenham, where Messrs. Abbot and Farley had engaged me for their after-season, the two great London houses now re-opening, and calling their labourers from the provinces.

All was haste and bustle, with time for seeking none of the intimates I most wished to see. We set forth for our native county.

## CHAPTER III.

DAMP BEDS—COOKERY—COUNTESS OF ESSEX—SERVING AS SUBSTITUTE—A HOME—MY VELVET FRIENDS—AND WHY—CRITICS—LISTON—A GLADDENING GUEST—THE WOULDSES—PIOUS WOMEN—THE BERKELEY AMATEURS—OFFER FROM DUBLIN—LEAVE CHELTENHAM—LONDON—PUNS.

MR. KENNETH had taken lodgings for us at Adamson's library, Cambray, opposite the theatre. This sounded well; but when, in the evening, tired and cold, we reached our 'domicile,' what a contrast it presented to Verral's! Narrow passage, steep stairs, poky sitting-room, bed-chambers with sloping roofs, and latticed windows, shabby furniture, all looking dirty, old, and crazy. A grey landlord, with an aged *bad fairy* housekeeper, loquacious, disrespectful. We called her "Mother Bat's Eyes, of Deadman's Corner."

It was no fault of hers that our "Pilgrim's Progress" did not end then and there, making it dead man's and dead woman's corner indeed, for the hag put us into damp beds, whence we rose next

morning, with colds in our limbs, heads, chests ; symptoms of fever, and loss of voice, very alarming to any one situated as *I* was.

Resolving to get out of this den as soon as possible, I was yet obliged to “bide a wee,” being too busy to seek another abode. I therefore ordered a boiled fowl, with parsley and butter, as safe for us, and easy for Bat’s Eyes. But at four o’clock, the fowl, untrussed, “all bespread,” appeared on a cheese-plate, a pile of potatoes in a pie-dish, parsley uncut, stalks and all, in a tea-cup, with a lump of butter, half-melted on a smoky hob. Ill, jaded, and anxious as we were, I wonder that I did not swear, and my sister cry.

Colonel Mannering was not the part I should have selected for my first appearance in a fresh scene, but the Viceroy assured me that “Mr. Abbot *himself* would have enacted it, had he been there.”

Dear, unaffected Stephens was my Lucy ! How much the friendly words of a really *good* woman can raise the spirits, none feel more gratefully than *I* !

The second company hired for this after-season, were sad barn-door fowls. But the Kennedys and Wouldses were comforts. Thus did we welcome brown October.

An excellent woman gave us some particulars as

to the early history of Mrs. Damper, which much decreased in Bell's mind the honour of her acquaintance.

Next day I had to endure an afternoon's coaching with the company, to repeat my last night's task in dingy old Glo'ster, where *I* am not "sure" that "Bob *is*," whoever he may be. One of the young ladies, as we returned, asked if I "could see her to her lodgings, beyond the Old Shally-beet"—Chalybeate, she meant. But though "affection might guide" her tongue, I *was* "vilain" enough to "find fault with her style," and resigned her to an unfastidious boy.

One evening I calculated upon being nursed at home, but, passing the theatre, was clung to by a shipwrecked crew.

"Mr. Hill! you have a glorious uniform!" cried Mr. Gladstanes, stage-manager.

"I will lend it to *you*, with pleasure."

"That won't do, here's no Abbot, sir!" groaned Mr. Kenneth, prompter.

"I have not an Abbot's dress, but"—

"We've no Captain, no Manager," wailed Woulds; "he was to have come down by the afternoon coach. Bolding—I'm Simon—do play it—Rendezvous!"

"*Je me rends*," said I, "but, as I never even saw the piece, if I read the part"—

“ The part *can’t* be read—plays itself”——

“ All business”——

“ And a cocked-up hat.”

“ We’ll tell you where to go, and what to do.”

This chorus was relentless. I dressed, and begged that an apology might at least be made for me.

“ That would spoil all, sir,” cried Quake, “ trust every thing to the ladies.”

“ I’m *yours*, Lucretia, mind!” said Miss Cooke.

“ I’m *not* yours, and Sophia, recollect!” added Mrs. Woulds, “ and Mrs. Kenneth is our maid, it’s into this closet, and out of that, and piling chairs and tables on Woulds, and—talk any stuff that comes uppermost !”

I obeyed; was pulled here, and pushed there, calling on “ my divine Lucretia,” and running about, as fast as I talked; properties and scene (the others being letter-perfect) did the rest. Laughter and applause crowned this bold experiment; the boxes whispered that “ only a real officer could wear regimentals with such an air;” my histrionic brethren thanked and praised me; by my sisters I was muched, if not mosted, and again thought of my Worthing counsellor.

Marry, one could not play Charles Surface nor Don John *this way*; still less, “ to make use of a strong expression,” Orlando or Durimel.

The morning after this I was fortunate in finding apartments to let at Berkeley Cottage, in an elegant quarter of the town. A charming house, with large hall, and four rooms on a floor. I engaged one parlour, fitted up with every comfort for a bed-chamber; its fellow, unfurnished, received my lumber; above, a pretty back drawing-room and bed-room completed our premises;—the good woman finding everything and doing everything, for *less* than I had agreed on at Adamson's. My new landlady had other inmates, an Irish invalid and her niece, also a bachelor from Bath, Mr. Tully. We had met him before.

At some loss I freed myself from “Dead-man's Corner,” and settled my sister in a home of title far more agreeable.

There resided at Cheltenham an Irish lady whom I knew when in Limerick in 1812; then, an almost boy, I dressed, at my King's command, far too richly for the income His Majesty allowed me. I sung, told stories, carved, drove, drew for my friends, believing that the animal spirits and confidence in human goodness which I bore to them under a gold-laced jacket would have secured me their welcome at any time, and in any case; for, certes, those who keep open house in favour of the military must admit many dull, perhaps a few ill-conducted, guests. I raved, therefore, of their liberal, disin-

terested hospitality. Since those days I had visited Mrs. —— in very Cheltenham, 1819. She had treated me as her son, we had talked of old times, other scenes, the loved and lost whose memory united us. Now I had abjured the exalted station of an Artillery Lieutenant, I no longer wasted time and money by playing *en amateur*. I presumed to labour for my bread. My habits were more mental, more domestic than ever, but Mrs. —— could not *afford* even to *patronize* me, just because I once *had* met her on terms of equality. Some persons can condescend to humbler aspirants, or can “greatly daring dine” with a Young ; but they **must** cut a—*me*.

Strong impressions are apt to be mutual. Actors, unused to rudeness and neglect from the well-born, the polished, the high-hearted, laugh at *third-rate* cutters, and scrutinize *their* claims on the notice of those who really must *know* how to read, write, and spell.

Moral authoresses, if practising what they preach, are little surprised to find that “a career of party-giving and party-going,” a kindred toleration of more lawless doings, has *not* fitted the widowed mother of girls for appreciating the virtues of home-keeping industry.

I breathe not this in a spirit of egotistical discontent, but rather to bid my youngers look

beneath the surfaces of things, and judge people by their *general worth*, if they would spare themselves some future disappointments.

A contrast to this victim to stage-fright was the amiable Lady Dyer, of Woolwich, to whom we had never had the power of paying any attentions, with whom, indeed, our acquaintance was but slight; yet, though only hastily passing through Cheltenham with her son and daughter, she sent the former to find our dwelling, when she saw my name in the playbills. This *true* gentleman-cadet acquitted himself with the grace of a page, as ambassador from his mamma and sister, presenting their cards, and expressing their regrets at the *impossibility* of their *personally* offering their kind wishes to us both.

At Glo'ster we players had to take tea in a kitchen; and never shall I forget the disgusted, shivering aspect of Mr. Braham, who, partaking of this refreshment, provided by the managers, looked like a bullfinch in a dirty wet cage, alarmed alike for pipe and plumage.

I felt not the pitiful ambition of being great among the least. It would have been impossible for any one less than an established star to shine through the foggy atmosphere by which I was surrounded. The newspaper *judges* ranked me with the rest. Their betters did worse—confessing

me more gentlemanly, only to lament my choice of such a profession.

These two parties were not my foes, but “defend me from my friends!” Some injudicious, unauthorized persons had paragraphed me in London, as the “only legitimate successor to Lewis;” and on *my* head was their sin visited.

Thus, when my sister began to publish, unbribed strangers lauded her as “superior to Mrs. Hemans, or L. E. L., equal to Joanna Baillie, and excelled but by few of the lordly sex.” On reading one such review she sighed,

“Of course my vanity thanks this unknown. *I* believe him an impartial and competent critic; but his comparisons *must* make me foes, for no fault of my own; nay, the more rancorous from their secretly feeling that I have *some* vigour and originality.”

Time proved that she was right: and I doubt not that I, too, owed to flatteries unsought, censures quite as unjust—a little *more* unwelcome.

I had played on, being unto myself a nine days’ wonder, ere the full effect of damp sheets, and “wet blankets” over crowded me. For a week I was as ill as my unprovoked enemies could have wished me. But, lo! on the breeze was a spell ‘gainst care, —the name of a great and good man, moreover an

acquaintance of mine. How could one wear a tragic phiz, and utter “Liston is coming!”

He met me very amiably. I fell to study with renewed gusto, and strove to keep *my* countenance while forced to look on *his*. Oh, the *asides* with which he tested my gravity! the quotations from Koranzo, the ineffable gestures, tones, looks—but

“To those who saw him not my words were weak,  
To those who've gazed on him what language could they speak!”

He was away from his wife and family; therefore, though I never had the pleasure of being *his* guest, I persuaded him, as mine, to meet the Wouldses, “a friendly pheasant,” and other *vegetables*, vinously diluted.

Our fellow-lodger, Mr. Tully, who knew the Bath comedian and his pretty partner slightly, longed “to have it to say that he had met Mr. Liston off the boards.”

I was aware, that *this* great man shrunk not from strangers—rather liked new auditors, especially if themselves, in any way, diverting. Good little Tully thus modified his acceptance of my invitation—

“He never allowed anything to interfere with his own hours for meals; he made it a rule to dine every day in the year punctually at a quarter past

two to the minute, nay, to the second: but he would be with us, if I pleased, at six precisely, to finish the evening."

This was all I wanted; as having but one sitting apartment, I could thus secure his parlour for the ladies, on their retiring to coffee. Tully was delighted with this arrangement:—"they should find every thing proper, with books and portfolios to beguile the time."

We assembled. Liston rested not till he set my sister off. She was quite at ease with him. The cloth was just removed, and, as the clock finished striking six, our neat Tully was showed in, bowed over his presentation, and "hoped he saw Mr. Liston in good health."

"Oh, uncommonly so, sir, thank *you*!"

"Well, I'm very glad to hear it; and, if I *may* inquire for a lady known to me but in public, and, by report, as equally admirable in private—*Mrs. L.*?"

"Was, if possible, in better health than *Mr.* I left her getting round, quite stout, I assure ye, sir."

"Well, I'm very glad to hear it. Miss Isabel, to you, as my hostess, I should have spoken first, under circumstances less critical, but now *you* are, I trust—"

"Yes—pray, sit down—quite"—

“ Well, I’m very glad to hear it—but, pardon me, Mrs. Woulds, I must say, *you* look ”—

“ I am, Mr. Tully, obliged to you—do take a chair !”

“ Well, I’m very glad to hear it ; and the dear little folks ?”

“ Oh, famous !” fretted Woulds, impatient at this tedious interruption of our converse, “ why *won’t* you take a seat ?”

“ Well, I’m very glad to hear it ; and *how* do *you* do ?”

“ Beautiful—only”—

“ Well, I’m very glad to hear it. Mr. Hill, no wine ! nay, if I must, *one* glass, to drink your health, which, I rejoice to find, is ”—

“ Thoroughly—thank you.”

“ Well, I’m very glad to hear it.”

By this time we were all risibly infected by his gladness ; and Liston’s look of sentimental admiration, as he murmured,

“ How gracious ! glad of every thing, bless him !”

Mrs. Woulds passed off *her* fit as one of coughing, and the ladies soon left us.

As the bottle circulated Tully exceeded his “ one glass,” yet, when manly jests were cracked with our “ ban-nuts,” he was a memento *mores*, and broke in on one rather queerly.

“Nay, there I should like to put in *my* veto.”

“Your what?” demanded Liston, with a look.

“Why, sir, I would fain set my face against”—

“Which? you good and great being! which?”

“All such free tales, sir—nay, stories, I mean.”

“And yet—you looked—as if—you were, I’m sure you can’t deny, that all the while—you”—

“I—was! how, sir?”

“Why—very glad to hear it, that’s all.”

We imbibed considerably, and rejoined the ladies, merely to take leave. Tully was sober enough to light us down stairs, like a Lord Chamberlain, with a candlestick in each hand.

“We have had a most glorious evening,” chirped the small moralist.

“Well, I’m very glad to hear it,” quoth the great wag.

“Yes, indeed, for you have been the sun of our system, sir, and so—good-night, Mr. Elliston!”

“I’m hanged,” whispered the being he addressed, “if he has not taken me for Elliston all along, and—I’m glad to hear it.”

Next day, Woulds, who was an old stager, and knew the world, with politic kindness complained, in the hearing of certain editorial gentry, of head and side-ache.

“The ‘stage-struck Captain,’” he drawled, “gave a dinner to Liston, ourselves, and one of his own Fine Arts’ protogées, and, what with his jests and his wine, we kept it up rarely. He’s rather high and fine, having been bred among fashionable sets, but, I’ve known him long; a pleasant fellow, at his *own table*, is Benson Hill, as you’d own, if you *met* him there.”

This friendly bit of generalship did me much service, though “dear Jimmy’s” words proved me neither a better man nor a better actor than my critics already knew me. I cannot guess on what some of them might speculate; but, from first to last, I have scorned to purchase, in any way, a reviewer’s “*conscience*.” Whatever one man honestly thinks of another, if expressed with decency, ought not to offend, even when it must pain; if, under such circumstances, it is calculated to please, it must be doubly valuable, as the writer cannot be prejudiced in favour of his theme.

*Au contraire*, some reporters, with whom candidates for fame waste their nights at taverns, cut up their entertainers, nevertheless, to show that *they* are *not to be bought*.

Liston seemed to have enjoyed his day with me, but to have forgotten that anything ridiculous had marked it.

I procured Mr. Tully an admission to the the-

atre, as my sister's escort, on the evening when I was Young Marlow to our star's Toney Lumpkin. As I repeated the directions—

“ Cross down Squash Lane !” •“ Come to where four roads meet !”

Liston, to my utter amaze, commented on my every exclamation, with—

“ Well, I'm *very* glad to hear it !”

This gag convulsed me, the audience enjoyed it, though no one knew its source, or motive. Tully, like the rest, applauded—quite unconscious that a saying of his own was thus turned to gold, by the alchymy of our resistless comedian.

Should the worthy little man owe me the knowledge of so high a compliment having been paid him, by player and public, I'm sure he *ought* to be—“ very glad to hear it,” and very grateful to “ Mr. *Elliston*.”

As an invalid lady lived on the same floor with me, I was careful not to “ study” too loudly, lest I should disturb her; but though I kept my “ madness in the back-ground,” not only was her companion extremely musical, but twice or thrice a-day, at all manner of hours, did she read prayers, with a fat brogue, and “ iligant lungs.” The fair relatives, aspersing the potency of Cheltenham waters, called for “ hyssop,” to *make* them “ thoroughly clane,”

with language that "I wouldn't lay my tongue to," as washerwomen say. Had all this faith led to good works, I should have respected it, but it seemed a thing apart, with no influence over the *selves* of its professors.

My sister hurrying down stairs one day to pay for a letter of importance, chanced to stumble over their fat, odorous old mongrel.

"Ah! don't bite my dog, if you plase, ma'am!" screamed the niece.

Isabel explained, and forgave a rudeness, a mistake, which might have sprung from humanity.

On a morn soon after this, she was called by a nursery-looking dame, instead of our cow-eyed Mrs. Clarke, who, she heard, "the ladies had so ordered about and flurried, that she had fallen," and incurred the indisposition which Olivia offers half her dower to *spare* Malvolio. All we could do to evince our sympathy was done; but the dog-cherishing Christians still rung bells, played, sung, stamped, till Isabel was obliged to threaten that she would complain to the surgeon, and make them answerable for results.

Though I concluded my season as Lewis, in "Cymbeline," fate atoned to my feelings by making me known that night to Colonel and Captain Augustus Berkeley, who were the Posthumus and Iachimo. I declined their invitation to supper,

pleading that I had not the honour of their private acquaintance. This self-assertion did anything but offend those true gentlemen.

My friend Beazely had been very kindly arranging an engagement for me in Dublin, but he imagined that I intended adhering to the line of first and sentimental comedy, with love tragedy; consequently I heard that the management expected *me* to open in Romeo!

To this very Irish offer I answered, *No!*

By the middle of the month we were in our old quarters, Chedron's. I was "to let," but not sorry to lie a short time fallow, as I needed rest, after nearly three months of incessant mental and bodily fatigue.

Comer called to ask how we had liked the scenery "on the banks of the majestic Chelt," as *he* called that silver thread of a river. Business, illness, and bad weather, had prevented our exploring its beauties.

"You must take Ladie there again, Captain," said Tom, launching into description at once warm and witty, poetical and pious.

"Really," exclaimed Isabel, "I did not give Mr. Comer credit for such feelings of enthusiasm."

"*He has 'em,*" punningly echoed Tom, with a blushing simper, and bowed himself out.

## CHAPTER IV.

GRAHAM—HIS LOOKS AND WAYS—PURPOSED ANACHRONISMS—  
MODERATE FREE-THINKING—MISS F. H. KELLY—A CAUTIOUS  
ALLY—THE WIDOW'S FRIEND—ELLISTON AND CO.—CROYDON  
—MUNVILLE—A HERO OF THE NORTH—GOLD FOR A CROWN  
—MISS CHESTER—LEAVE TOWN.

WILLIAM GRENVILLE GRAHAM I mentioned but slightly in “Home Service,” because I knew that work could not include his whole story; on which I have since heard a popular author, who never saw him, talk of founding a romance, retaining the victim’s name; and that reminds me of Sir Edward Bulwer’s “Eugene Aram.” The novelist was not aware of what his hero’s real manners were; the bald account handed down to us gives a faint outline, very *unlike* the Eugene who was the accepted lover of a gentlewoman. This half-fictitious character I have always thought similar to Graham’s in person and discourse. It is probable that the poor fellow had the honour of the Bulwer’s acquaintance. But I trust *my* clever friend will think no

more of doing a drama or romance on the life of Graham.

When first I met him, I heard that he was an American, which I could hardly believe, till I learnt that he had been educated at Cambridge. This, his sing-song style of reading poetry, and certain habits of pronunciation, might have betrayed. He had travelled ; had studied for the bar ; but, if called, had not persevered in "circuitizing," had remained briefless, and been employed on periodicals, as a miscellaneous writer and critic, or rather eulogist, of the Lamb, Hazlitt, and Hunt school.

He had been lionized, but somehow those pleasures were soon past. His kind friend Raymond only said,

"He is careless and idle ; therefore, certain exigencies, which he had not pride enough to conceal, have scared or weaned most of his early patrons."

Graham, however, looked fashionable in his oldest surtout, for he was scrupulously neat, well-formed, graceful ; his eyes and forehead were grand, though delicate ; his mouth, teeth, and chin, almost womanly, yet his dusk hair redeemed his countenance from effeminacy ; it was calmly intellectual, full of gently varying expression, as was his silver voice. His address was cool, polished, almost languid, but quite unaffected ; for he made a jest of pedantry,

and, though an extensive linguist, versed in art and science, seldom admitted one foreign phrase, one technicality, into his truly eloquent extempore speeches.

He skated admirably, and lent himself to every sort of child-like drollery, with a quaint humour, an analysing spirit, which infected those with mirth, who were perversely apt to sadden in the presence of violent animal spirits.

If any stupid person expected him to prove very “smart,” he would drawl forth the most absurd blunders, some quoted, some his own.

“I wonder how Hervey found time both for his ‘Meditations,’ and for inventing the circulation of the blood.”

“Discovering, you mean,” corrected a sapient pig.

“Do I? Oh! thank you; so then he only discovered it after all, and, like Jennings, for improving the small-pox, was but abused for his pains. Reviewers, they tell me, spare nobody; why, Mr. Voltaire did an article upon our clever Shakspere, the immortal bard, you know; but I dare say, he was too sensible a man to *care* for Voltaire’s opinion.”

“Nay, now,” quoth the listener for good things, “you must be joking; for even I know better than that. Shakspere died at least as far back as Charles the Second, or Queen Anne”—

“ But did she *ever* die, sir ?”

“ Pooh ! and Voltaire was not born till the Reign of Terror, at the beginning of the French Revolution.”

“ True ! I forgot ; if it had not been for Mr. *Elia*, I should not have remembered that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, mother of the chimney-sweeps, invented May-day.”

The “ Specimens of British Dramatists,” in the London Magazine, were idols of Graham’s. “ Can thee do zo ?” became a part of its adorér, and as he cited—

“ ‘ Doth thee know what thic book do zay ? ’ ”

He would add—

“ That may mean the Bible, which generally is a *thick* book, I am told.”

It must have been about 1815-16, if not earlier, that Graham, then very young, had fallen in love with a provincial actress, and, for her sake, played walking gentlemen in the country, part of the time, I believe, at Bristol, but under what name I know not, nor had we recognised his person. The lady to whom I have alluded, had, I fear, encouraged a homage, which she could not comprehend. Nurtured in an atmosphere of bad example, she fell, or rather rose, into a frail, successful, “ all-conquering beauty, of metropolitan fame, and of resplendent abilities.” Had she bestowed her virgin hand on

poor Graham, both might have merited and found a different, a happier doom, than—but “heaven and the peerage are fine things,” as *he* would have said. He remained constant, though all illusion was over, for he used to sigh—

“Poor M—! nearly thirty, without heart or brains, grace or style, symmetry or voice, almost as bad a profile as L—, another Venus. What has she? lips, eyes, and nut-brown hair! no more! yet Master Elizabeth and I, Lord Champêtre, Bishop Berkeley, and the Emperor of China, are all mad for her, or have been, or will be!”

Who he meant, I leave the ingenious to discover.

One of Graham’s tricks was that of leading any *raconteur* to commence a favourite story, which he never let him finish. Again, he would draw out any imitator, and, while others were praising a fine mimicry of Blanchard, cry

“Very like—Munden!”

Or if the essay were meant for Macready,

“That’s Braham, to the life!”

With all this relish for drollery, he was a melancholy, a hopeless being; frequently surprised into quiet tears; and as, though one of great information and high talents, he was not a man of *genius*, a lethargy which he “disliked,” often stole over him, he needed the excitement of external stimulants— and, I feared, *had* been addicted to play.

I should have felt more confidence in his reform but for his temperate yet settled fatalism. He had the Scriptures nearly by heart, regarding them as ancient chronicles, full of moral allegories. If Beard or others ventured an impious jest before him, he would say seriously—

“ You will never make converts by such vile taste ; indeed you should not seek to convert any one to despair ; but you need not injure the cause of Deism, as Methodists (so called) do that of Christianity, by cant. Civility and benevolence should prevent your insulting what you may deem venerated prejudices. They have made many persons as good and happy as mortals can be. *Dun’t bully*, then, or I shall be sure that you would fall to prayers at an attack of the tooth-ache. I should not object to your praying, but should certainly wish you a better motive, though my own organ of veneration be but small.”

“ My child,” (so he often called my sister, though she had passed her twenty-second birth-day, and he was not more than seven years her senior) “ you are a dear soul ; God bless you !”

“ Mr. Graham, why talk *you* of souls, heaven, and God, if ”—

“ The custom of the country, my good *gurl*. I will say ‘ Veshnoo preserve you,’ if I can get into

the habit of it. All I mean is, that I *like* you, and wish you well."

Duelling, and even suicide, he defended, but when he saw us shocked, would conclude—

"Let it suffice, then, that I am a coward in these matters, and though I anticipate an early, a violent end, I do not think that my *own* hand will effect it."

I could not argue with him ; I could only regret his state, and seek to kindle his emulation, that we might yet see him as great as we believed him capable of being. He would listen complacently, but reply—

"I never was, never can be, worthy of your esteem. You know nothing of my real self ; yet sweet is your advice by this fireside, and with these dinners, to one who left an empty grate, brings you an emptier stomach, and emptiest pocket."

But turn we awhile to tragedies less deep.

Miss F. H. Kelly, one of the hundred "only Juliets," was now universally followed, and, paradoxically enough, carrying the whole town before her. A cherub's head, talking Macready, could not so banish O'Neil from my memory as to make me side with the million, who rewarded the débutante's screamed exclamations by voting her "Oh !" luxurious, and her "Ah !" sublime.

Our best dramatic treat was Mr. Planché's skillful adaptation of Peacock's "Maid Marian," aided by Bishop, the Grieves, and all Covent Garden's strength. Maria Tree looked, acted, sung, like—herself! Charles Kemble I had never seen so joyously inspired; as the "Friar of orders grey," his person, unimplicated by finery, shone with its own intellectual light, o'ertopping even "*little John*" ("Beauty Hunt"), and T. P. Cooke (*Cœur de Lion*). These were neatly foiled by "brother Peter," on whom a French gentleman near us unconsciously punned—  
"Qu'il est drôle!"

in defiance of Michael's sermon.

"The Bramble," and its *fine natural shake*, became very popular with the ladies.

Charles Connor's bebothered Tully and O'Toole also charmed us much.

Early in the year's last month, Yates asked if, for a bit of practice, I would join him, Comer, and one or two other Covent-Gardeners, to play at Croydon, for the benefit of Mr. Jefferies, an humble but deserving man. It was probable that Mr. Smyth, the manager, would thus be led to treat with me for his Windsor campaign. I consented, and was to see the parties concerned by appointment.

A friend, who had shared but once in our Woolwich amateurings, and that very stiffly,

was giving me an evening lecture on proper pride.

“ You know,” he said, “ I had ‘ no great devotion to the deed’ of your taking to the stage at all, leaving a nobler art, and military connexions ; but as ‘ tis done, and, to my surprise, you ‘ purpose the intendment’ of persevering—let me impress on you the imperious necessity of never mixing in private life with those low fellows.”

At this instant the waiter announced,

“ A person, sir, sent by Mr. Comer.”

“ There it is, now,” vociferated my dignified adviser. “ Yates, Warde, Wallack, Cooper, you might, from circumstances, tolerate ; but the idea of an all but supernumerary sending *persons* to interrupt *your* dessert.”

“ Hush ! hush !” I murmured, “ no doubt the honest man is on the stairs, and would be pained at hearing”—

*Enter Jefferies*, who, after deeply bowing to us, looked at our friend, started, laughed, and, holding out his hand, cried,

“ Ah, Doctor ! why I haven’t seen you since we used to meet at the Widow’s !”

Imagination must body forth all our faces and feelings. The fact, as I afterwards learnt, was, that my Mentor, under a false name, to spare his *aristocratic* relatives, had come out, failed in Ro-

lando, and frequently, in company with very *third-rate* Thespians,

“Stopped at the widow’s to drink,  
whosoever the lady might be.

About this time I had the gratification of meeting Elliston at dinner. His earnest, energetic blendure of dignity and drollery much amused me. While addressing him the imitation of George Raymond became so perfect that, if I turned away my eyes, I knew not which of the two were speaking. Mr. Tom Best was also there, and brilliant, with Captain Glasscock, comical and chymical, at least by name, and Mr. Griffith, a great “collector,” who presented me with an engraved portrait of Munden, from his own private plate. We all adjourned to Robert Williams’s “magnificent national establishment Doory Lane Theatre.”

At Croydon I personated Doctor O’Toole, for the first time, and was “bid for,” by the manager, as had been prophesied.

“The Huguenot” was produced at Covent Garden, in which Miss Kelly was *one long tear*, and Mr. Macready had to tell Yates, after instancing certain variegations of vice,

“But Montville! *you* are *worse* than this, *you* are *mean*!”

It became a joke against Frederick, to whom dear Billy Blanchard said,

“Tank 'ou, my boy ! bess 'ou, for looking more like 'Hudee'-brass than ever, with that ruff and wig. Poor Emery ! I hope he is permitted to look down—if not—he's better off—well, God be praised !”

At Yates's I met his Edinburgh friend, the “rosy Sam” of Blackwood's. He *said*, and so subsequently did others of more power, that my sister should be noticed in that magazine ; to secure this I gave copies of her works, the third being then just out, and much praised.

Going with this gentleman to Covent Garden theatre, I found that he must have a crack with his countryman, Donaldson the officer ; after which Mr. A—— strayed away, without giving the Caledonian constable aught wherewith to wet his whistle. The naturalized Cockney called his compatriot “too far north for that.” I therefore prescribed a nor'-wester, to sweeten the imagination of Donaldson, to whom I thought I could not offer less than half-a-crown.

I had not been long seated when a box-keeper stepped down, whispering that “Mr. Donaldson wished to speak with me.” Having done nothing to put me in fear of his staff, I joined the official, who had pointed me out to his messenger.

“Sir,” began Donaldson, “I think that you were polite enough to intend giving me—two-and-six?”

“ I did ; and, if any of the change be bad, I’ll *bob* it again, as you say across the border.”

“ No, sir, there sha’n’t be nothing bad about it. Look here ! *This* is what you put into my hand, as I’ve just discovered, knowing what I had afore, and that I’ve taken nothing since ; please to have back your own, and don’t let it burn my fingers !”

In my haste, by lamp-light, too, I had mistaken gold for silver, giving him two sovereigns and a sixpence.

“ Mr. Donaldson,” I said, “ were I a rich man I’d beg you to keep what you so honestly seek to restore ; as it is, at least accept a crown !”

“ More than enough, your honour, for what was merely my bounden duty, and the best policy after all. ‘ Set a thief to catch a thief’ wasn’t in fashion when they made *me* an officer ; if I must bully pick-pockets I don’t ought to turn one myself. I’ll drink your health with pleasure, sir.”

This trait of integrity pleased me vastly.

In going to see “ The Wonder,” at Covent Garden, I saw several wonders. The new woman, Miss Chester, I thought a remarkably fine animal, with natural ease, which I prefer to stage elegance ; so much simple cordiality, and unfeigned lowliness, united with such a comely, buxom aspect, atoned for the absence of original genius, and made her “ a lovely creature who one liked to see.” She was

the docile pupil of her manager, and, by degrees, I learnt to admire her, almost fondly, though she had not smitten me at first sight, like Sally Matthews, Mardyn, or Mercandotti.

I was charmed with the contrast which Charles Kemble suggested to my mind between the assumed, therefore exaggerated, drunkenness of Don Felix, and what I had beheld of his scenes wherein a Charles Oakley, or Cassio, strove in vain to conceal real inebriety.

Mrs. Gibbs and Fawcett were glorious (boy and girl in spirits), and Abbot, as Colonel Briton, introduced

“Oh! yes, Madam, *I know the rest,*”

with great effect. Might not this part be *re-drest*, and played with a Scotch accent, not at all incompatible with love-making, nor strong enough to kill Gibby?

I accompanied Mr. Abbot to the house of his brother, where I met Hunt, Duruset, Connor, and Comer; a large room was converted into a private theatre, where “Bombastes Furioso” was capitally executed, Abbot being Distaffina! A splendid supper finished the evening.

My next gaiety was a dinner at the hospitable board of the not more dashing than fine-hearted William Sams, St. James’s-street. There, I met

Mr. Bertie Ambrose, a peacock for person and voice, yet free from vanity, pleasant and decorous.

Hearing that the Trotters were staying with Lady Briscoe, Southampton Row, I paid my respects there. The Dowager had, in the summer, looked an enamelled and galvanized corpse, which would not be buried. I was scarcely surprised to hear of her as now becoming hourly more like what Incledon called "Ready money for the undertaker." As her decease would enrich the Headborough I did not deprecate the event. Though Mrs. Damper sighed,

"West India property, Mr. Wells; more trouble than profit. If Trotter must go to look after it—that climate will kill *him*."

## CHAPTER V.

WINDSOR—KEAN—CONTRAST WITH OTHER TRAGEDIANS—MILITARY FRIENDS—APARTMENTS—DOMESTIC—DINE AT MESS—A WAR ANECDOTE—ETON—RUBIGUND VISAGE—SNOWY JOURNEY—IPSWICH—AN HIBERNIAN PROPHETCY—SLY BOOTS—MORE GRAHAM.

WE kept Christmas-day by a snowy journey to Windsor, and put up at Lilywhite's, of the Swan, where the whole brood appeared in deep mourning, a flock of black cygnets.

The theatre was small and shabby; the company dire, with a few exceptions, among them Mrs. C. Jones, but the audience kind.

Now, for the first time, I spoke with Edmund Kean. I found him a most fair actor towards those concerned with him, and disposed to be politely amicable with me. Himself and the civic Coxes were staying at my own *rara avis* hotel, but this fact I did not disclose to him. The great little man was at that time in gallant health and spirits. I could now closely observe the varied

expressions of his dark eyes, and rich muscular mouth ; catch every tone of his peculiar, defective, but affecting voice. I must look back and wonder that, with such physical disqualifications as counterbalanced his few though grand personal merits, with loose, false elocution, vile taste in dress, tricks and exaggerations of the vulgarest kind, he should have stormed so many hearts and judgments by the force of his originality. Well might his Wolves rank him with Byron and Napoleon. He was every way extraordinary. To be so great and no greater, so full of good impulses, so stained by bad habits. “A god, a worm !” If he could have guessed his own value, and respected himself, he must have won unqualified esteem, and might be left us yet ; he has left us nothing *like* him, dear, erring, admirable mortal !

His Reuben Glenroy pleased me not. I was his “brother Agustus,” and, while the audience were weeping at our gaming-house embrace, the creature chuckled in my ear,

“There I stuck ‘em with a bit of the d——d pathetic !”

For two actors capable of feigning tragic passion, while themselves insensible, I have known many more really wrought to tears by the author’s power, and the simultaneous sympathy of the spectators. If the gift of weeping be constitu-

tional, not even custom can deaden the possessor's nerves.

To *the* Othello I was Cassio, Tressel to *the* Richard ; if Kean had stayed long enough to add Shylock and Sir Giles to this list, *I* think he would have played out all his best, nay, all his *good* cards, (not reckoning such evanescent affairs as Bertram *trumps* at all).—*Four!* and one of those not Shaksperian. To win such a fame by so few, and those anything but *faultless* personations !

Inveterate Keanites, of course, contend that his Macbeth, Hamlet, Coriolanus, Romeo, Richard the Second, Sir Edward Mortimer, and Jaffier, were all *perfect*.

I do not believe that the Kembles and Young had prejudiced me, one way or another. If I *were* partial I should prefer glorious John's Overreach, his versatile brother's Richard, and the other elegant Charles's Othello, to the same characters as portrayed by Kean. I do not. He was wonderful in his own sphere ; but that was neither an expansive nor an exalted one. He was picturesque, not classic ; fitter for scenes of action than of thought ; in short, like Elliston, he was essentially a *genius* of *Drury Lane* !

Early in my sojourn at Windsor I met three old army friends, who proved unestranged by my socks and buskins ; Colonel Beattie, Captain Hutchesson,

and, a frequent visitor at Archcliffe fort, in 1817—  
Black, a green grasshopper of the Rifles when last  
we had met. Of my *change* he said,

“ Yes, yes, all very well, for a man; but, my  
dear fellow, I’m sorry your sister is with you  
here.”

“ And why? I thought you might be glad to  
see her.”

“ Oh, of course! though, but for the name, I  
should not have recognized her. At Dover Miss  
Hill was so slight, and now she is grown almost”—

“ Thin.”

“ You’re joking.”

“ Not I. Where and when have you seen her  
since we have been at Windsor?”

“ In the theatre, to be sure.”

“ Did any one point her out to you in a private  
box?”

“ No, no, on the stage, and once even in boy’s  
clothes too.”

I had heard him thus far, without remembering  
that a fat niece of the manager’s, always called by  
her own name of Smyth, when spoken to or of, by  
those who knew her birth, was indeed “ Miss Hill”  
*in the bills*. I explained this to Black, assuring  
him that my sister did not “ want to act,” and that  
I could never consent to her appearing on any  
stage.

The difficulty of procuring apartments kept us some days at our inn. One family objected to "theatricals," the lodgings of others were literally "cheap and nasty." To begin the year I found an expensive suite of rooms, in the hilly part of Castle-street; two floors, over a grocery and Italian warehouse (with private door) kept by a young bride and bridegroom, named Roberts. Their furniture was new and splendid, we had to hire a domestic *pro tem.*, and were recommended a respectable elderly person, who had served in the palace, and was replete with loyal courtly anecdotes about "the *family*, the sweet prince, the dear young ladies, the good Queen's secret charities." I shall not repeat these stories here, though, perhaps, *this* old woman might *not* forget and *deny* her *own* words!

My sister and I wandered from Terrace to Long-walk, from Herne's Oak to Eton, and saw not —

"The little victims play,"

because they were home for the holidays; we explored the oft-described picture-rooms at the castle, its guides were great fun.

As we rambled round the exterior, one Sabbath eve, all ice and moon-beams, how we grudged the modern lamps and costumes, but for which we should have expected to see grim barons, and

courtly knights, coy beauties, and cunning pages, gliding from every porch of that majestic old pile ! Windsor is a bleak winter residence, redolent of cocks and cats, so indefatigable in their musical practice that I devoutly wished each beast its bird, and that the crows might choke the squallers !

I was invited to dine at the Fusileer mess, where my reception, both by old friends and new, was most flattering. Beattie and Black were all gaiety and good humour, but Hutchesson's tone was quite fraternal.

“ If it had not been for Benson Hill,” he said, “ I might not be alive and merry to-night.”

“ Why ? how ? what ? when ? where ? ” chimed the others ; and, in language too kind for me to repeat, he reminded me of a fact which I have never before set down.

In the January of 1815, either on the 1st or “ the glorious 8th,” at New Orleans, I was suddenly prompted to bid the gunners of a battery in which I stood cease firing. My motive for such an order was this—from the cane-stalks in front had just risen, and glared on me, the ghastly vision of a figure, the head of which was one wound, not a feature could be distinguished through the crimson veil. Blinded and weakened he fell again ; I bade serjeant Penson follow me, and help to bring him in. We did so ; he appeared quite gone ; a bullet had

passed through his cap ; however, ere a surgeon could come up, I had washed his face, which had so far revived him that he swallowed a mouthful or two of Madeira from my flask. On examination, five buckshots were found in, and taken out of his forehead. The larger lead had not touched him, styptics, plaster, and quiet, promised to save his life ; but, had he remained unseen, to bleed himself asleep in the cold, I should have owed less love than ever to the Transatlantic

“ Rifle never failing.”

In a fortnight my patched-up acquaintance was again at his duty, and what he thought fit to praise or thank in my conduct, I looked on but as a happy chance, or rather a merciful permission of Providence.

Seeing so many “Raw-heads and Bloody-bones,” I had forgotten what I should sadly have remembered, had the noble fellow died ; but, at that festive meeting, almost on the anniversary of the event, close to the home of the king we had both served, 'twas a strange, proud, and pleasant thing, for me to hear such a reminiscence from a brother soldier, who let not the little false red upon Abrawang's nose efface from *his* memory the day when I saw *his* a trifle redder.

Miss F. H. Kelly's visit to Windsor had afforded me two chances, Mercutio, and Sir Charles Racket,

I found *her* not too proud to accept some useful presents from Bell.

In Dr. O'Toole my brogue and wig won me such opinions that I was glad not to be weeping in velvet, on the Dublin stage.

A visit from my friend, James Hendy, made me known to some Eton worthies, among them, Doctor Drury, whom I met at the Rev. Mr. Knapp's, where we dined. I was there told of some grave teacher, who, hearing a "low form" lad whining (through a Latin lesson, which he could not get by rote), thundered at him—

"Boy, boy ! don't go *belly-aching* about in that way!"

I had arranged to play for a night or two at Ipswich. The Rev. Mr. Howorth, master of the grammar-school there, was father to the ex-cadet, who, as "Captain Seymour," had played truant and Jerry Sneak, at Tunbridge Wells, with me. His parents wished to make their house our home ; but the severity of the weather, and an habitually domestic, economical temper, induced my sister to remain at our Castle-street palace, while I made this trip.

Though the coach kept continually upsetting, it was always into downy beds of snow ; unharmed, therefore, I reached the abode of my young friend, and was affably welcomed by his reverend seniors,

a very sensible and well-bred pair. On the following day I was introduced to Manager Smith the Second, rehearsed, and achieved some victories in Gratiano, more in my Lord Duke, which went gloriously!

My leisure I devoted to exploring the picturesque old town, which Wolsey hoped to set on a par with Oxford. The Cardinal's gateway is an interesting relic of his zeal for learning. I thought of Shakspere, the Kembles, and Harlow.

I accompanied my party to a quadrille ball. There I met officers of the Artillery, who expressed themselves glad to perceive that my associations remained undegraded.

Taking leave of my entertainers I set off again, and rejoined my sister, after eight days of absence—an event with us.

Business calling me again to town I learnt, with surprise and regret, that Mr. Connor was much vexed at my having "taken the bread *out* of his mouth, put his pipe out; in fact, touched his O'Toole!" I knew little of professional jealousies then, but, as Lord Glengall had published his droll drama, I had done nothing *unfair*, therefore considered the original representative's wrath as rather complimentary; he would have forgiven my attempt had it proved a failure; now he consoled himself by fuming—

“ Ah, that may do mighty well for Ipswich, Windsor, and even Croydon ; but wait awhile ! Never *in* London, sir, will they support an actor in Irish parts who is *not* an Irish *man* ! ”

Yates introduced me to a money-lending, bill-discounting boot-maker, named Hobley, a handsome but wild-looking elderly man ; we thought him honest ; but the cunning of mad folks is proverbial. He discoursed like the hero of a “ Lane and Newman ” novel.

“ Most worthy Captain ! if I can be the instrument of your pleasures—I—the oor cobbler that they tread upon, as Doctor Ben Jonson has it—I, tho’ the authors of my being could neither read nor write, never saw corn growing, I, my master ! have sense to know the curse that’s on me, as Shenstone says in his Spanish Friar ! ”

His letters were gems.

“ Respectful Sir !

I shall *inundate* you with boots ! ”

Is one authentic specimen.

By the first of February I sent Isabel orders to join me in Leicester-square.

A thaw had flooded the country, but she was a quietly brave traveller. The coachman bargained to set her down at our hotel.

By degrees I had learnt thus much more of Wil-

liam Graham.—That he was the natural kinsman of a New York *Quaker* merchant, who had given the youth employment in his house, till some indiscretions caused the uncle to portion off and banish to Europe this mere lad. What he had done I did not then hear, and imagined it a trifling boy's folly. In the vessel which bore him towards England was a wealthy old gentleman, to whom William paid respectful attentions. War still existed between France and England (this must have been before Napoleon went to Elba.) The ship was taken, Mr. B—— and Graham were fellow-prisoners in France, till the rich captive could make interest for their freedom, or till peace set them at liberty. He sent his protégée to Cambridge. During vacations the student wrote anonymously, for some papers, articles, I believe political, which so pleased Mr. B—— ere he knew who was their author, that he sought the publisher, determining to do something liberal by the scribe.

On identifying him with the young American, Mr. B—— increased his intended bounty, and, shortly dying, bequeathed to Graham a sum, the interest of which would ably have supported a rising barrister.

After purchasing a library, furnishing a set of chambers, and moving a little in gay literary circles, he thought it would be wise to visit the Continent.

## CHAPTER VI.

**K**EAN'S AND OTHER LEARS—**H**ENDY—**T**HE AMATEUR—**M**ISS **T**REE  
—**D**EATH OF **J**OHN **K**EMBLE—**R**OSCIUS, MILITARY AND LITERARY  
—**N**ORTHERN **N**OBLE—**S**WEDISH **S**ONG—**A** DRAMATIST—**F**REE  
**L**IST—**B**RAVING THE **S**TORM—**H**OAXES—**E**LLISTON, FATHER AND  
DAUGHTER—**F**ARLEY, MOTHER AND SON.

IN the course of this month, I witnessed Kean's Lear, which, I thought, lacked dignity and elegance; the latter attribute only too much pervaded the Lear of Mr. Young; I preferred it to that of Drury's genius, but I had seen John Kemble's! There, a wild grandeur blended so naturally with habitual courtesy, there, the irritable weakness of age was so more than excused by the sufferer's sense of ingratitude and insult, that Shakspere's spirit must have recognized his own maddened king and father.

A chat with Mr. Trotter in no way tended to dissipate my summer hopes, doubly valuable, as my spring seemed destined to pass "without a

single scudi of salario!" So I coloured caricatures "for a consideration."

"Hendy" stayed much at Chedron's. He was the son of a highly respectable merchant; but "Jemmy" being a distinguished looking, and superficially clever young man, had become so mixed up with certain extravagant scions of nobility that he cut the counting-house, and went about, peering through his steel-set glasses, or "blue lamps," after opportunities for manual wit and practical jokes.

He lived on this excitement, was miserable unless constantly doing something funny; his—

"I say, aren't we all getting very dull? don't let us fall asleep!" frequently stupified a whole party of brighter men than himself.

Now, if, when we were really, and, for sufficient reasons, rather gloomy, Yates sighed childishly,

"Forgive us our innocent *mirth*!"

Such pious aspirations restored our vivacity.

Hendy excelled in imitations, improvisatore rhymes, hieroglyphic letters, and odd anecdotes. But he knew how to prize virtue, and was capable of an unqualified friendship for woman. He paid affectionate respect to my sister, whom he dubbed his "cousin Bell."

With him I paid a morning visit at Ivy Cottage, went to the theatres and opera; still, he seemed

wild to be getting up “ a great Lumsden scene or *something*.”

How provoking it is that schemes which call none but our meanest talents and feelings into play should, sometimes, nevertheless, prove so resistlessly tempting; that “ the best and wisest of us” can scarcely pass through life without having once done, or at least, connived at, some absurd mischief, against which taste and principle, even at the time, revolted. More of this anon !

Returning with Hendy and my sister from viewing the progress of Mr. Sharp’s Shaksperian group of portraits, I was *cut* by a then (supposed) wealthy pair, most intimate with me in my *amateur* days. The gentleman slightly acquainted with my sister, who, as they passed, without even returning my bow, said,

“ Is not that the self-conceited depreciator of the Falconbridge we have just left ?”

“ Depreciate !” cried Hendy, “ why, who *is* the black rod gone by ? and the lady ?”

I told him, and the footing on which I had visited at their place.

“ Oh !” laughed he, “ I happen to know all about it. Shy to *you* ? of course, he has been obliged to know born strollers. After Ipswich and Eton you must mind it *much* ! Why, coz, *you* would not have noticed even the man after his *depreciating*, eh ? and what claim has the lady on

*your* acquaintance? Take a roué's advice, don't meet *any* such, unless, as you vow you would, to save and reform a poor one. If ever you *must* speak with the like in satin, let 'em be creatures of soul and good taste. Benson, *he cut you? pooh!*"

This gossiping levity tended to restore my spirits. Could I have foreseen that my cutter, after failing in "sic mechanichal" matters as, when successful, were despised of Rob Roy, thought first of acting *on*, and then of *driving*, a stage for bread, I ought to have laughed.

Well do I remember the morning of March the 8th.

"How you *do* glorify old Fawcett, *ma cou-sine*," quoth Hendy to Isabel, "do you know that despite his natural heartiness on the boards, and doubtless, off them he is a 'worthy man,' yet a more 'crabbed man' Icilius never dealt withal. Even to the women he's cross, though he owns that 'nothing but r-r-real indisposition ever keeps Miss M. Tree from her post.' Now, Miss *M.* has not been 'Ah r-r-really' ill lately, but she may be so; then, her mamma would write an apology, and—yes, between rehearsal and performance one might give the clever bear a fright, which, her appearance in the evening, would dissipate; by the way, not before notes and messengers to and fro, had incurred some trouble and expense to *stage-manager*, I mean. As for lessee, if *he* wants

to know how ladies are, let him go to them himself, and then—‘ Trouble’s a pleasure, Major Brown ;’ for, though Maria be a saint, he, of course, admires her legs. So I must write her *off’em!* Stand clear, give Job Thornbury something to grumble about ; dare say, he don’t know her ma’s hand ; as to seal, here’s one like a Maid Marian song, a bird in an open cage—‘ Faithful, though free ;’ now for it !”

Without sanctioning his mania we took no steps to check it, and he called us to see how well he had “ladified” Miss Tree’s address, the date, and the “Dear Sir!”

At this moment, Mr. Kenneth was announced. Hendy *mum’d*, and slipped blotting paper over his billet. The good little Irishman, I thought, looked awed and melancholy.

“ Your dear wife and the tinies ?” began Bell. Kenneth smiled sadly, then said,

“ Quite well, ma’am, but—John Kemble—is dead !”

There was a general pause ; my sister rose and was leaving the room. Hendy as quietly intercepted, led her back to the table, took from it his commenced note, and put it in the fire. She bowed. He hemmed, and wiped his eyes under his glasses ; they quitted the apartment by separate doors. Kenneth and I also sundered. This was no day for mock distress.

Dear Harry Betty and his little son now became our co-inmates. To my astonishment I saw an engraved card in his rooms:—

“ Captain Betty. Tally-ho Cottage, Wem.”

“ Any relation of yours, my Roscius?” I asked.

“ Bless ye,” he laughed, “ then you don’t know that I have been living down in Shropshire among the Hawkstone worthies? must be relations of yours, and there I sported with Jack Mytton and all friends round the ‘ Wrekin,’ mighty different from its namesake in Broad Court. So, to startle the Yahoos, Colonel Hill gave me a sort of honorary step in his yeomanry regiment, and ‘ a livery more guarded than my fellows’, that is, a real Hussar uniform, none of your stage imitations. I was his aide-de-camp, and reviewed the troops; but, lord! I should have been corpsed without a prompter. There was one of the Regulars always at my P.S. ear, to give me the word, for putting the forces through their manœuvres; when they had executed one movement, I used to ask, aside, ‘ What’s to be done next, Serjeant Harrison?’ and if they achieved anything very effective, I’d encore it. ‘ Wheel ’em again, my blessed Serjeant Harrison!’ Jove, it was royal sport!”

“ It must have been.”

“ But, soft,” continued my hero, “ I have become not only military, but literary. I printed a

poem, praising some, and *rather* satirizing others ; not hitting *too* hard, merely tickling their *tobies*."

I remember two specimens.

" May peace and joy o'er all the Wemites shine,  
Who have with me wheeled into line."

The severest couplet was—

" Why sit in study so profound  
Till your ideas are done brown ?"

" It created a sensation, I can tell ye," pursued the author, " yet spite all perils of pen and sword, and hunting-leaps, here is poor Hopton Wafers still,—

" Safe, sweet, quite safe,  
And Imma's still, and ever, ever Imma's !"

Army rank had grown so dear to this good fellow, that he dubbed even the pacific-looking Graham *Colonel*, and professed to " imitate the actions of a tiger," with gestures more resembling the tricks of a fond and funny spaniel, of sagacious breed.

Roscius, Raymond, Yates, Hendy, and a Swedish friend of his, Rolamb, supped with me. My sister had retired for the night. The baron spoke pretty intelligible broken English, but sung us one of his own country's ballads, the plot of which he previously translated, with a difference. Hendy's knowledge of the *locale* made him warn his northern intimate that fastidious, and, too probably, wake

ful ears, were nigh at hand. Somewhat to this effect, then, interpreted the young baron.

“ One varmer, you zee, go to ghurch mid de daughter of a richer, older one; her fader he zay, ‘ Vell, every morning my girl can tell me dat you have been quiet and peaceable I shall give you a fine gow; bot eef she zay you have been violent and disturb her, I shall give no more gows.’ One, two, tree, vour days, dere come gow, and noder gow; weeks, months, more gow; till de lady had very large dairy! at last, her fader zay,—never mind what,—she answer, ‘ Ah, you promise gows so long as I not gomplain. I want no more gows. I gould not have a galf midout a pull.’ So her fader send her very vine pull; that’s all.”

A Mr. Dunkle, better known as “ the rheumatic butterfly,” would now frequently drop in on us. He had sent a drama to Drury Lane, long and often “ wondering that it had not been even acknowledged; if Elliston had decided against it, he would have sent it back, at least, he ought.”

We were thoroughly tired of this strain ere it changed.

“ After all the delay, the manuscript *was* returned, rumpled and dirty, with the common form of rejection; but Elliston was a low man, his theatre a low house.”

Mr. Dunkle threatened going over to Covent Garden!

Twice or thrice had this been sung to us with variations.

“A successful author can always command orders, nay, often, write them, is free of the theatre, sometimes himself and friend, with the ticket transferable. Mr. Kemble had extended such courtesies even to dramatists whose works were not accepted, or had failed—but Elliston! what can one expect of a mad, drunken, extravagant, old libertine?”

Mr. Dunkle had “done with him.”

“That were a pity,” mused Hendy, as the ghastly little man vanished.

“What?” asked I.

“Why, that Ghost-moth should have *done* with Elliston, and cherish such formidable indignation against him. It were a Christian act to reconcile them. We shall see. King Bob has lost no brother John.”

Next day, Hendy with us as usual; re-enter Dunkle; his thin face no longer quite so wan as pipe-clay, a “Dance of Death” smile upon his slate-pencil coloured lips.

“Well,” he began, “you, my dear friends, who all have sympathized so kindly with me, will, I am sure, be gratified to learn that Elliston *has* awakened to *some* consciousness of what is due to a gentleman of education and talent. He has done something *civil*. Can you guess what?”

“ Lay ye an egg *I can*,” cried Hendy, “ always thought that your piece must have been returned by mistake, he has discovered all, sent for it, will bring it out. Give you joy! I’ll go. I’ve got *such* a stick for leading applause, nine rounds. Bravo!”

“ You are very good,” hesitated Dunkle, “ but —no, not quite so, only a letter from his secretary or treasurer, which it would not become me to read, but *you* may.”

“ *Pro bono*, here goes!” and Hendy read aloud.

“ T. R. D. L.

“ Sir,

“ Mr. Elliston desires me to inform you that a slight error has been committed in the manner of returning your long-detained M.S. Though it does not suit the present state of his company, he felt that your preference for his establishment demanded some token of respect. I have therefore been instructed to place your name on the free-list, and remain, with Mr. Elliston’s thanks,

“ Sir, your obedient Servant,  
“ W. Dunn.”

“ Capital!” shouted Jemmy, “ a pleasant Dun’s a miracle. Dun and Dun’s enough between gentlemen. I say, cousin Bell, this same compliment was

thought good enough for some of your sisters—Porters, Baillies, or—eh ?”

“ Yes,” she replied. “ Honour to managers for honouring genius !”

Dunkle bowed, saying, “ I shall go this very evening, but I, as a critic, am for the pit. I suppose this admits to any part of the house, sir ?”

“ Depend on it, sir, just as free of one as of the other ; and, no doubt, will be as available every season as this.”

“ I had better take the letter with me ; but, first, ought I not to answer it ?”

“ Umph ! yes ; only manage so that your reply may reach Drury Lane early to-morrow ; those fellows don’t like being disturbed by mere ceremonies, while they are looking to the receipts.”

“ Thank you ; there is much tact in that notion, sir,—I suppose I need only say”—

And here, Dunkle hammered for some five minutes at the wording of his intended note ; then, rose to go, looking crossly at the weather.

“ I live a good way from the theatre, and, as an invalid, such streets, such sky ! but then, I have goloshes, great-coat, umbrella. I think I ought at once to establish my privilege, and make my face known to the officials.”

“ By all means,” said Hendy.

Away went our literate friend. I liked Jemmy

the better for his obvious enjoyment of another's happiness. Next morn I missed him at the accustomed hour; and my sister said,

" Be on your guard, if Mr. Dunkle calls; for I begin to fear—as we knew nothing in time to prevent—yet could not make *him* believe that—what were the use of our betraying Hendy, if"—

" If what ?" I demanded.

" Oh, merely, about seven last evening he chuckled to himself—' By this time he is Done indeed.' But, hush !"

A cough was heard, and in rushed Dunkle; a pale blue perspiration bespread his brow.

" My dear fellow ! what *is* the matter ?" asked *I*.

He sunk into a chair, and began, in a way calculated to alarm us,

" Oh, Hill ! where is your friend ?"

" In his own room, if not gone out—but, why ?"

" Nay, only that he, throughout—you have been together in the business—all three"—

" Explain, my good Dunkle ! what business ?"

" Why, after posting my note for the morrow's early delivery, I went through all the wet and wind last night ! Got to Drury Lane before the doors were open, had to wait, shivering and dripping, for a quarter of an hour. At last, I was let in. My first question to the man at the free office was, whether a season's admission did not leave it to an

author's option where he sat, in boxes or pit. The fellow stared, muttered something about 'the pit being unusual,' and, pretending to be busy, in a hurry, said, 'What name?' 'Mr. Dunkle;' he 'had no instructions!' I produced the letter. As he looked over it other persons pushed me aside, wrote their names in his book, received checks, and passed on. Some lingered, gazing at me, among the rest, there came one tall, quaint man, to whom the functionary handed the letter. 'I am sorry, sir,' drawled this person, though he looked, if not diverted, indifferent, 'but some wag has taken a liberty with you, and with the supposed scribe, whose name is signed here, it is not his handwriting.' 'Not Mr. Dunn's!' I exclaimed, 'are you sure of that?' 'I ought to be, sir, as I *am* William Dunn.' I was paralyzed! he went on as coolly as if nothing like forgery lay under his nose, and looking at my splashed habiliments with a peculiarly unpleasant smile, 'but I tell ye what,' said he 'as you appear to have had a tiresome, dirty walk, I'll pass you into the house *this* evening myself, Mr. Buncle.' Of course, I refused, and he concluded, 'Well, perhaps you had better get home, and be wrung dry;' and so he sloped off, leaving me at the mercy of grinning strangers, whose remarks were utterly brutal. I hastened to bed, and now I came for comfort to the friends who, all along, have

so kindly entered into my feelings. Dear Mr. Jemmy—Hendy, I mean, only yesterday he made my case his own, and now”—

We were much relieved at finding that Dunkle did not share our suspicions, and comforted him by sincere assurances of our regret at his disappointment.

“Who,” he almost wept, “who have I ever wronged, so as to provoke—to excuse such revenge? If the malice be gratuitous, alas! for human nature. If it be a mere joke, what is sport to one man, may be death to another; and what am I that I should be deceived—insulted thus?”

Poor creature! he knew not that there are men who cannot forgive being *bored*.

He left us. Hardly had he departed, when Hendy, on tiptoe, with his handkerchief to his face, stole in, pointing with thumb over shoulder first to his own chamber, then to his ears.

“He has been eaves-dropping, and knows all,” said Bell, “oh! fie upon thee, cousin!”

“Aye, for not being able to *behold* as well as to listen; but then I should have laughed, which had been death to Dunky, who believes me his friend. Come, 'twas a good bit for Billy Dunn to tell Elliston, too; and the note of thanks! poor, dear, Dunk!”

The lion had renewed his nature's craving by a

sip, and could not rest on this slight refreshment.

Standing at our window that same day, he exclaimed with comic pomposity, pointing to the house of a respectable mercer, at the corner near us—

“I say, friend Rumball ! call *that* a good fire ? you want fuel ; there’s your maid going *in* with a pewter pot, no head ; they don’t sell decent porter, whoever they are. One of your family going *out* in a hack chariot, *that* won’t do ; she deserves a chaise. Must do something handsome by Rummy, worthy man !”

“No, no,” we both urged, “no more such doings !”

But Hendy was of age, we had no right to control him.

Next morning, I was awakened by a roll of waggons and a roaring of drivers such as, even in London, was remarkable. Above the storm rung Hendy’s voice—

“Get up ! they’re coming ! lots of coal, and very good coal it is, my dears ! Now, Meux ! Bravo, Barclay and Perkins ! Go it, post-boys ! Three to one upon the wharfites ! Back, some of ye chaises ! no room for passing. Nice gown they’ve given *you* between ‘em, lady pedestrian ! serves you right for wearing it so ; makes good for trade. But,

by Jingo ! Rummy's great fun ; bears it like an angel ; smiles, explains, disclaims, exclaims, tips 'em to go away. Bless him ! he seems to like it."

One may picture the tumult and confusion ; it at last subsided. We lectured, *but* we laughed, and Hendy would certainly have concocted some fresh folly at once, had he not been imperatively sent for by his father.

Elliston had just then an idea of engaging Betty, to re-appear as Osmond in the "Castle Spectre." The project was discussed at a dinner, where I met the two great men in question, and my friend George Raymond. It was dawn, ere the party broke up. Elliston would not take a coach, but begged my arm as a prop on his homeward way. I was sober enough to guide him pretty steadily. In Stratford Place the housemaid was already stirring, the kitchen fire lit, and *there* her master bade her prepare tea for us, while he showed me over his "establishment." Dining and drawing-rooms, of course, I entered without scruple.

"This," said the hero, laying his hand on the brass ornament of one door, "is the bed-chamber of my angelic girl ! step softly and we shall not wake her ; I want you to see the style of furniture."

As may naturally be imagined, I declined this parental invitation, and was glad to perceive by the

door's resistance, that it was locked within. My mind's eye contrasted the innocent, the industrious occupant of that chamber, with the parent who would have led a stranger, a man, to trespass on its sanctity. But Papa was tipsy.

Over his public temple I shortly went with Betty, from cellar to roof. Nothing was sacred *there*.

Sams offered *us* a private box at Covent Garden for Easter Monday, to see the spectacle. The tragedy of "Jane Shore," with its usual cast, had been announced to precede it; but Mr. Macready, the Dumont, sent in a sick certificate. Mr. Bartley, therefore, would show the holiday keepers that deserted husbands need not pine themselves to shadows. Upon this hint, Mr. Charles Kemble (Hastings) complained of illness too, resigning his wand to Connor, and "if my memory serves me," telling Yates (Glo'ster) that *he* did not look well. Mr. Abbott, I believe, succeeded to the hump. The ladies kept their state. The substitutes said anything, for nobody listened; the galleries were uproarious in their impatience for giants, fairies, combats, foil, and red fire. "The Orphans of Peru" succeeded. Farley, the great contriver, "gave it out" for repetition. Emotion half smothered his (save by Hook) inimitable voice, but the expressive gestures spoke volumes.

On retiring he called round him every individual concerned, and, enumerating their offices, from high to low, from Miss Foote to the scene-shifters, invoked—

“Heaven to bless and reward them all.”

*He* could spare benedictions; for on him were showered the grateful blessings of a blind mother, whose every wish he sought to anticipate.

## CHAPTER VII.

ROASTED ON A SPIT—ZOOLOGICAL EPISTLE—SHAM FIGHT—  
FALSE COLOURS—BREACH OF PROMISE—A MAN OF LETTERS  
—EARLY RISING—COLD COLLATION—DO YOU SEE ANY BODY  
COMING?—PENANCE FOR NO PLEASURE—BETWEEN YOU AND I  
AND THE POST.

YATES and his sister Emma had promised to dine with us, when we learnt that our party would be joined by a very gentlemanly acquaintance of mine, who must here be known as Captain G. W. O., truly amiable, though somewhat matter-of-fact and commonplace by nature, yet rendered by etiquette and erudition rather fastidious.

Now Frederick Yates had tricks, habits, which I cannot minutely describe; in his unconscious obedience to impulse, it was but too probable that he might indulge these propensities before his delicate fellow-guest, and make an unpleasant impression. Ere the Captain arrived, therefore, we begged our little crony to be constantly on his guard.

“ ‘Pon my soul, dear Benson,” he said, “ ‘tis no use my promising. I shall be sure to forget, unless—I say, girls! you will see when I am *going to do it*, just check me, by saying something which I shall understand, but this Captain *won’t*. I know ‘tis—all you call it; and I wish, I’m sure, I could break myself of such ways. Watch and warn me, Benson, or else I *shan’t be able to help it!*”

I promised ; the Captain came ; all went well for a few minutes. On the first symptom of approaching mischief, I asked—

“ By the way, Yates, have you got your *licence* yet ?”

“ Hem ! what the new play in which I have a part? no, ‘tis not licensed : thank you for reminding me.”

“ May I inquire,” said G. W. O., “ as you are not a manager, sir, how may *you* have any influence as to the licensing of dramas?”

“ Oh, merely—I am—intimate with the licenser—have read the piece—if I tell him there’s nothing dangerous in it, that saves him trouble, and inclines him to decide soon in its favour.”

“ Of course, you *won’t do it without a licence*,” said I, detecting a new cause for fear.

“ No, no, Benson, we know better.”

Conversation proceeded ; my military friend was justly complimenting Yates’s Falstaff, Shylock, and

other Shaksperian personations, when I was obliged to break in with—

“ Oh, yes, there are only two things I cannot like his doing—*Lancelot*, instead of the Jew, and *Sir Toby*, when he might be studying *Malvolio*.”

“ True, true, I never *will* again, indeed I won’t,” faltered Yates.

“ Both, I should think, beneath you,” oracularly uttered the uninitiated.

Emma and Isabel bit their lips, but too soon there were indications again, and my sister cried—

“ Mr. Yates, I trust you have got rid of that disgusting noisy *bird*—a falcon, or what was it ?”

“ Faith,” laughed he, “ I know nothing of natural history ; but, yes,—’tis gone, I assure you !”

On we chatted. Once more a threat.

“ The bird just mentioned was no *tassel* gentle,” whispered Miss Emma, twitching the tufts of her brother’s Hessians, under the table.

“ I beg pardon, I’d forgotten all about it.”

G. W. O. mused, and, at Frederick’s next preparatory inspiration, I exclaimed—

“ But don’t you even know whether it was merely a minor falcon from *Spitzbergen*, or a great Flemish *hawk* ?”

“ Devil take it !” bounced Yates, “ I won’t be teased and quizzed so.”

“ Surely,” pleaded G. W. O., with great suavity,

“*you* are not obliged to be a profound ornithologist?”

Other matters were discussed. Frederick did not relapse ere the gentle warrior departed for the theatre, much pleased with this rising genius.

Next evening brought my sister a long note from the urbane *militaire*; the following lines are all I can correctly remember:—

“ Dear Miss Hill,

“ When ladies so young and agreeable as yourself and your fair friend are interested in scientific and philosophical inquiries, I think it were unfair to meet so laudable a spirit with either petulance or levity.

“ I felt it both a duty and a pleasure this morning to visit a museum or two, consulting Buffon, Linnæus, and some travelled friends of my own, on the question recently blinked by your histrionic visitant. When our brave ancestors indulged in the manly, chivalrous, picturesque, and poetical sport of hawking, they generally hawked with birds of their own breeding. As for those of Flanders and Northern Europe, they are thus classified.”

Here followed a procession of “Goss,” “Ger,” “Kite,” “Harrier,” “Peregrine,” “Sacred,” “Fulvous,” “Hobby,” and “Honey Buzzard.” Sweet names for Frederick, but the best was—

“A small snuff-brown hawk, obscene, or carrion, with lightish smoke-green down about the upper mandible.”

G. W. O. thus continued—

“I now come to a point of some delicacy. No one can more admire than myself pronunciation pure as that I heard at your table; yet it is just possible that my ear might be in fault. May I, then, without offence, inquire could your brother mean ‘Auk,’ the Alca, a bird of the order *Anseres* or *Goose*? *Vide* the Penguin. The Puffin, too, is of this genus, and the Little Diver, so called from its *fetching up*.—”

The reader could endure no more of this *naïve* and accidentally appropriate account. In a grave and grateful billet she acknowledged it; but, oh! the delight of showing Fred. the waste of research elicited by our covert cautions against his—fits of *sonorous expectoration*, *et cætera*!

I could hardly, if I tried, define *why*, but to me there was something intensely ludicrous in seeing *Yates on horseback*! Talking of absurd sights reminds me of one I did not witness, but which must have at once amazed, alarmed, and diverted its spectators.

During a contested city election, one day was seen a hackney chariot, making its westward way rather slowly through the crowd of Cheapside;

within it, confronting each other, were two well-dressed young men, their hats and bosoms decked with the symbols of their *opposing* politics, the favours of the *rival* candidates; while the voters, with screaming oaths, and pugilistic pantomime, returning from the hustings, looked like Mr. Daw and the elephant's better half, boxing within the tattered skin.

“ How came a Tory and a Radical to be in the *same vehicle*? no one could have *forced* them! nor could they have entered such a one each unconscious of the other's bias! That ever party spirit should rage so highly in so small a territory !”

“ Jarvey, your fares are killing one another !” roared an old woman.

“ My fare's *paid*, mother,” returned he, with unmoved visage; while blue, pink, and orange fragments streamed through the chariot windows.

The mob, at last, stopped the carriage, and insisted on parting the combatants; who crowned the whole by throwing away their remnants of cockades, and walking through Temple Bar together, arm-in-arm, like brothers.

The facts were these:—I had accompanied Yates to his friend Rowland Stephenson's, in Lombard-street, on a matter of business. We saw one of the banker's tables covered with party-coloured bows, for him to distribute as he pleased.

“ I say, Benson,” cried Frederick, “ we are both loyal subjects, let us show our principles by stealing some of these ribands.”

“ What were the fun of that ?” asked I, securing two bunches of radical finery for myself.

“ I’ll never rat, though,” said Yates, making free with a couple of “ Church, King, and Constitution” emblems.

We adorned ourselves, thinking how good it would be to march along, linked in amity, with these types of discord on breast and brow. But, when we had finished our transactions with the *honest* citizen, we found the throng so dense, that we caused an equipage to be called ; as we popped into that, the notion popped into our heads of not proceeding like luke-warm *rotaries*, but doing ultra. Without a moment’s preconcertion, therefore, we began to row, box, and tear at each other, yelling the names of our supposed favourite members, until we reached the boundary of Westminster, beyond which we did not carry the joke.

While I was away, one morning, Mrs. Damper dropped in, telling my sister that she had called, “ having no chance of seeing us, on the coast, in the summer.”

Isabel asked where Mrs. Damper designed passing that season ?

“ At Worthing,” was the reply, followed by a

question, from Bell, as to whether the manager intended to sell, let, or keep closed his house.

“No—but”——

“Because,” added Bell, “he begged my brother to consider Worthing his summer home, at least till Benson found more profitable engagements for the warm months.”

Mrs. Damper sighed, and shook her head.

“Still,” she mused, “they have the highest opinion of dear Vincent, as an amiable, gentlemanly,—but—they *both* love *you*, Louisa! and yet” Lord Burleigh encore! “Your good Denton, take my word for it, won’t be there, my darling Belinda!” &c. &c.

It was too true an evil, but let it pass.

The invitation of a “Christ Church man” had carried Hendy to Oxford, whither, like the Prince of Cheats, he “bore with him a mind not to be changed by time or place.” A proof of this constancy to things evil reached me, on a Saturday, in the shape of a very thick and heavy parcel, containing three hundred notes, to persons of *all* trades and professions, with this letter:—

“Old fellow,

“No travelling companion like the London Directory! Opposite (sideways) the Royal Hotel, St. James’s-street, where the men of my clique hang out, while in town, there lives a Mrs. General C——,

who must want fun now and then, and other things by this time. Send the accompanying to all the two-pennies, before eight on Saturday evening, and breakfast with me, at the aforesaid shop (where I shall arrive over night), Monday, half-past nine. D—d hour! but business must be minded, lots of lads come up with me, so I'll sport a regular spread. By the Lord Harry 'twill be immense! 'Talk of a coronation!' Duty to dear Coz!

"Thine extraordinarily,

"P. S. Bring Graham!"

"J. H.

"Yes, it *shall* be immense," commented I, and did my *best* with the notes.

"I thought," said Graham, "that you would not rise so early, to marry Canova's Venus with all Europe for her dower."

"Such a general rule is about to be proved by one exception."

Monday morning came, Graham called for me. We found Hendy, half-yawning, half-laughing, now rubbing his hands, and now his eyes, as the waiters laid the cloth, for a splendid *déjeûné*, to which were coming, out of the "lots," three gentlemen, who I will call Lord Keynsham, the Honorable Seyton Darrell, and Captain Fortescue, of the Lancers.

"Walk up!" shouted Hendy, as the arrivals

commenced, "just going to begin. Well, my boys, now for it! table close to the windows, make ready! Eat, drink, and be merry, while there's time, that is, ye who can; for my part, I will not—Ah, ha—dine, until I see their—Ah, ha, heads! as Kean says. Wish cousin were here! Pity she couldn't. Now in France, many very *really* good—How d'ye get on, lads?"

"Why," said Graham, "I approve your breakfast rather than its aim. How do you know but that the 'really good' female you wish so gallantly to hoax may be, at this very moment, ill, or in distress?"

"Pooh, pooh! nice man, you are! eating my caviare, and lecturing your host."

"At what hour are you *sure* of this grand show?" asked Captain Fortescue, "for, when I've made a tolerable repast, if you don't begin, I must go back to bed."

"Thanks to your open windows, I shouldn't wonder if I had a cough, after this," sighed Mr. Darrell, "letting in the breeze of our accursed climate, at such a season, before the day is aired at all! Isn't it too bad, Keynsham?"

"Quite—especially—coffee in the middle of the night. Jimmy, let's have some of your wine, or a glass of Maraschino, to compose one's nerves!"

"Order everything, help yourselves, and me.

I'll snap up trifles, now and then, but—hush ! hark ! listen ! look ! here comes — something. Hollo ! a hearse, as I live, my loves. Well, that is funny. *Vive France and Banting !* The first upon the file ; they *believe* in the dead nobleman, brought from Ireland, in cog, to be carried to his country seat, in one of their gay equipages. But I say, my men ! stop there—you're not up to the house, that is, you have passed it. Zounds ! they've turned the corner. That fellow's not one of us ; never mind."

Hendy sat down, and swallowed some coffee.

" No," said Graham, " there is always a late delivery on a Monday. They will come, as soon as they get their letters."

" Stay," cried Hendy, jumping up, " here's another, like a doctor's carriage ; ought to come *before* the undertaker, quite according to Hoyle that *he* should follow, eh ? rot the fool ! stops two doors lower—what a bore ! but don't ye hear the clatter of half a hundred wheels, drawing nigher and nigher ? *I do ! Benson, I say, you know*"—

" That this partridge pie is excellent."

" D—n partridge pie ! Look at those fellows with the grand piano. Ah, now—yes ! no, thought it *was* for Mrs. General, but tis'n't, you see—no matter, a few minutes, and she'll be in a way—she must !"

“Master Jim,” cried Lord Keynsham, “dy'e know I begin not to like your jumping up and down, in this style. Are you at all aware that you are breaking things? upsetting cut glass, china, and all that? pouring cream on the carpet! The *man* will charge at a nefarious rate, and 'tis so tiresome!”

“Nonsense, I tell ye! here we have 'em, thicker and faster, all of a heap! Umph! no, we hav'nt, *yet*. A regular waiting job, no fault of mine, gentlemen, I can't help it—suppose they *will* show at last, and then you *shall* see what you *shall* see. How goes time? Eleven! Nonsense! Well, I'm spasmodic, and shall beguile the moments by finishing my meal. Confound ye! not a thing worth touching, all cold!”

“Thanks to your open windows,” said Mr. Darrell, “and all for what?”

“Stuff! very hard if a man can't enjoy an innocent joke.”

“But it is *not* innocent, and nobody seems to enjoy it,” added Captain Fortescue.

“Oh you particularly pleasant men, all! lifting your blessed brows, only just because—What the deuce *can* be the reason why they don't and won't come?”

“Why, one reason may be,” said Graham, “that, ever since the Berners-street hoax, they tell

me, your Post-office people have been on the *alerte*. When, at a receiving house, they find ten or twelve letters, directed to tradesmen, in the same hand, with the same fold, paper and seal, (self-betrayals which, of course, all *profound* and *accomplished* hoaxers would avoid, by employing trusty friends)—but to return, in a *bungled* crime, like yours, I don't say that *employées*, 'to do a great good do a little wrong,' and peep, but they may communicate with their co-labourers, in other collateral *bureaux*; nay (if reports tally), with the person to be hoaxed, under seal of secrecy. They may then, in the routine of duty, forward the notes, leaving the chief intended victim to warn as many of his or her intended fellow-sufferers, as possible, to place constables as preventives of the threatened invasion, and finally, to make out the projector of the quiz, which I suppose you know is actionable."

"What! any thing like a prosecution?"

"Extremely!"

"But how could it be traced to me?"

"Ridiculous!" laughed Lord Keynsham, "you remarkable-looking object, exhibiting at the window, have put your secret into half-a-dozen mouths."

"And your breakfast," added Captain Fortescue.

"Besides," cried Mr. Darrell, "if *we* were silent, would, even if bribed, the waiters hold their tongues?"

The “friends” of Hendy had condescended to feed on him, for the purpose of being amused, and no longer cared *how*; since it was plain that their original and ostensible object was not to be attained, the abashed and dismayed petulance of their host was no bad resource. The laugh was *every* way at our eccentric’s *expense*; he raved,

“What! time, pens, ink, paper, wax, carriage of parcel, hotel bill, damages included, with two hours’ sleep, lost to me and my heirs for ever, and worse consequences in perspective! Here’s a rise! Yet come! you say this but to take a start out of me. There must be some comfort in store.”

“Yes, Hendy,” said Graham, “you may retire, fearlessly, remorselessly, from the most honest hoax ever planned, for Benson, on our way hither, told me that he did *not*—put your letters into the post at all!”

Jimmy’s exclamations of “dead take in,” “bit,” “had,” “floored,” &c. and the mirthful chorus, finished it.

While Hendy was thus trifling with the feelings of strangers, those of his good parents, and elder brother, their friend dear Dan Terry told me, were lacerated by his dissipations. I said all I could in the cause, but it was as difficult to affront as to amend my heart-breakingly vivacious intimate.

## CHAPTER VIII.

BATH—MR. DIMOND—GENII OF THE LAMP—MONSIEUR TONSON  
—FALSE PROPHETS—HAMLETS—WALES—THE NATIVES—  
A COCKNEY EQUESTRIAN—GOOD COUNSEL—GAG—MISS PATON  
—THE TWO JONESES—CLARA FISHER—PROSPECTS.

SOME friends now wished me to play at Bath, and secure, if possible, an engagement there.

It was the middle of April, my journey was delicious. Friends and acquaintance warmly greeted me. I was presented to the manager, Mr. William Dimond, dramatist, whose timid hesitating manner astonished me. I should have thought he would have acquired more ease and confidence, considering how many gentlemen's seats he had visited.

In the intervals between rehearsals of "Jack Meggott," I had leisure for being made known to the amiable Coronation heroine, Miss Fellowes, and to most of the (then) magnates of Bath, at parties given by Mrs. Pennell and Mrs. Eccersall, whose son, the Reverend Charles, was one of the finest, cleverest, and most polished youths I ever met.

The audience proved highly aristocratic, and enthusiastic. Miss Brunton and the Misses Dance were with me in the piece. I gained a gratifying share of plaudits, and was requested to speak with Mr. Dimond, in his private room, touching my future appearance in that charming theatre. I rather pointedly reminded Mr. Charlton that “*he*, as stage-manager, must be present.” He accompanied me, and, on *his* being called away, I followed him. If this was impolitic, I could not help it. Such conduct was not likely to extort a better offer than I received, “if I chose to finish the present season there gratuitously, should I continue to please the public the usual terms would be tendered me.” I wanted notoriety, so said aye, and hastened back to town, that I might settle various affairs, and rejoin with my sister.

Ere we quitted the metropolis we dined with Mrs. Trotter, in the mansion of the defunct Lady Briscoe. Our dear Worthing friend had laden my sister with gauzes, artificial wreaths, and other “rumpurable” presents, which she was carrying home gingerly, when, before us, we heard a smash, a scamper, an unmistakable laugh, and two destruc-tives rushed towards us. One imp of inky blackness hurried past, but not before I had recognized him as a popular play-wright; the other, “a spirit,” if unlike an angel, at least “with light hair,”

stopped to "shake hands," as he called it. Odds wires and gum taffety ! Mrs. Trotter's gifts were well worth wearing after that—but 'twas his only vice.

"Tom, Tom ! lamp-breaking and Sabbath-breaking on the same night ?" said I.

"Captain," apologized Comer, "there are now few Observers of the Sabbath, except the Sunday paper so called. I was driven to this by *pique*, but the introduction of gas has spoiled our trade, as well as that of my accomplice's namesake, Dighter. 'Men love darkness better than light, because their deeds are evil ;' but there's no achieving it, shy one's best, no oil to upset, no lamp to knock out now, even in *Berners-street*."

Our last adieus were to George Dance and Graham. We expected to see them both again in a few months !

"God bless thee, my child !" sighed Willie, "Dear souls, write to a poor devil sometimes. Good-bye to you !"

"I hope I should find," said Bell, "something to admire, on the road which led me towards my native scenes, even were the way less intrinsically interesting than is that between London and Bath."

A "young May moon" lit up the pink hawthorn of Marlbro', and its groupes of antlered

foresters, with other objects, so varied, so picturesque, as to prevent our sleeping, until we reached the White Hart.

After rest and refreshment we called on the Dances, and went lodging-hunting. As our free-stone and warm-bath residence was likely to hold us till it would be too *hot* to do so, we took apartments in a cool, airy district—that pretty, but then ill-approached place, King's-mead Terrace, with its gardens, front and rear.

It had been decided that "Monsieur Tonson," which had never been acted in Bath, should be brought out for the purpose of my essaying the part of Morbleu. At rehearsals I perceived that a distaste against me—an unwillingness to do the piece justice, existed in "the management." A cottage scene was, at first, thought quite sufficiently like a house in the Seven Dials, and, as the hut had no second floor, I was expected to rejoice in looking through its one low window, without the fatigue or danger of "sich a getting up-stairs," and down again, as had been imposed on Mr. Gattie! I insisted, rummaged, and contrived, however, till a tolerable front was given for the poor barber's dwelling, and a safe ladder for my escalades behind.

The tag, by Tom King, expresses a hope that the audience will cheer this persecuted Frenchman, and "bid Monsieur Tonson come again."

"That *I* am sure they will *not*, even if they hear out the first act." said Mr. Charlton.

This was an ungracious pre-judgment, and might, by discouraging me, have realized itself; but all the parties concerned with me, especially Mrs. Woulds (Madame Bellegarde), so kindly cheered my spirits, that, in very spite, I did my best, and so successfully, that the aforesaid closing appeal was hailed by universal applause.

"Well, they *did* hear out *both* acts, sir," said Mrs. Woulds to the venerable stage-manager; "are you sorry that, notwithstanding all impediments, Mr. Hill has secured the treasury a series of good half-prices? 'Twill draw, sir, 'twill tell better and better every time 'tis done!"

The old gentleman smiled uneasily, and "confessed the cape."

How different from ghastly, greasy "Vauxhall by daylight" looked and smelt Sydney Gardens, under the genial influence of spring! and then the rapture of not only being in a rural spot, but commanding views of hilly woodlands, such as prisoners to London imagine not, even in their dreams.

Mr. Macready was shortly our star. With my sister, I witnessed *his* Hamlet, not Shakspere's, *I* think. Why would a scholar of genius narrow the poet's fine meaning, by saying—

"What a piece of work is *a* man!"

To make the passage grammatically consistent throughout? as, in it, “*man*” is subsequently compared with “*an angel*,” “*a god?*” “Hamlet, full of a great theme, forgot Lindley Murray’s rules, as to singular and plural,” Graham would have said. No one can admire Mr. Macready more than I do (much) in portions of *Virginia*, *Tell*, &c. but he looked not, spoke not, moved not, like *my Hamlet*. John Kemble would, to me, have appeared too firm, too grave. Kean I considered fiery, vulgar, almost funny. Little soul! Mine idol, Young, I fancied too artificially, yet too merely musical and amiable. Charles Kemble was the Prince of Denmark for *my taste*. The being originally gay, saddened, half-maddened, originally gentle, stung and irritated; wise in theory, wavering in deed, who would have been a brave soldier, though nature made him not for a *stern avenger*!

Whenever I could I strayed from the streets, even such as boasted shopkeepers of names thus formed to woo my stay—*Tosdevine*, *Hornblower*, *Fisk and Fort*, *Rattle and Brine*! Sometimes I left even the fashionable drives and promenades, for cross-country roads, where neither carriage nor carriage company could venture. I pity those who must, will, and can afford to wear such gear as hedge or ditch would instantly and curelessly spoil, which destruction these self-sacrificing martyrs to

vanity can *not* afford. Though they won't put on less perishable garbs,

“ The bonny forest bramble  
Doth make a jest  
Of a silken vest,  
That would through green wood scramble.”

Traits of humorous simplicity often fell under my eye: our rustics appeared to have few faults, save those of being too brave, too loving, too fond of jollification; and yet the Clubs at which they walk, bedizened with posies and favours, evince a domestic fore-thoughted economy; then they are, generally speaking, so civil, so clean, that morality, if not law, must forgive their *poaching* of all kinds!

One day I overtook a buxom wench, crying lustily. “ Why, Virty !” said a friend to her, “ be ye turned moody-hearted caaze Zampzun Kendall a married Hetty Jiner ? I zuppoase thee dost wish he'd a *had thee?*”

“ Noa, I'm dashed if I do,” sobbed the other, “ I do wish he *had'nt*.”

What then *had been between* Virtue and Sampson Kendall ?

Why, Nothing, I assure you, ma'am, *Nothing* ! She soon wandered from her gayer friend, a very comely, well-made girl, to whom a strapping son of Nature now drew nigh, accosting her with—

“ How's all at whoam wi' our Zally ? Be za

mannerly az ta look in a body's veace! Bean't ye glad to zee me, child?"

The maiden, raising her fond eyes, sighed,  
 "Na, drat thee, I do hate the zight o' thee!  
 "Surely?" quoth her *sprunny*, catching her.  
 "Dang thy vaalznis, doan't ee pinch I zo!"  
 "Nonsense," retorted he, "out o' zight out o' mind. I zaay, Zally! thee knew what folk zay?  
 'What the eye doan't zee th' eart doan't veel!"

This was rather sung than said. Sally murmured,

"Doan't it tho'?"

And,

"I left them alone in their glory."

I was walking with my sister, on another occasion, up the Wells road, when, as we paused beside a gardener's shed, to admire "his vegetable store," that alarming sight, a caparisoned but riderless steed, rushed by us. To a sheepish-looking native, who now came to the gate, I said something of an "accident." He pulled his fair fore-lock, answering,

"Ees, zur, I'd zpoaz 'ow it war. I doan't think ad a dunt a purpuz, pore blood!"

"Blood?" echoed Bell, shudderingly—for she is a sad coward that way.

"Now doan't you go vur to vret, Miss. I zaw't

appun. He bean't urt, bless 'ee ! Vell inta az zaft a bed o' dust, like, az iver you zee. Tull brush awf, ma'am."

"But the horse, farmer?" said I.

"Oh, a may be they'll stop 'un, at the turnpike, down yander," ('twas a mile off.) "The beast war in want of a gallop. Too much carn *in* 'un, measter, and too little o' man *on* 'iz back."

The now powdered beau ran up. To him my new acquaintance coolly continued,

"I be zaaying to thic genlemun, az zum brutes be better ved nor taught. What a you iver done that they should stick you a top o' a hoss?"

"Vy, you uncommon stoopid, and purtickler rood person!" fumed the dismounted dandy, "carn't you nither ketch a oss, nor elp a shuperior hup?"

"Volk bean't as cute az Cockneys in our parts," replied the bumpkin.

"Har yer larfin hat me feller? Hits wery vell as I bruk my vip, lest vise my temper's riz so that I've a moind" —

"Well, I ax pardon," pleaded *my* friend, "I didn't azist 'ee, but now, I *will*, raay-ur-lee. Teake a vool's advice ! Avore ever you trust yourzelf agin outzide a speretty animal, in the very power o' a creatur as *can't* like 'ee, you come any day, zee one o' our bways back a unbroke colt, wi-

out zaddle, or bridle, or aalter, and yit stick on, houlding by *main* vorce, as a body may zaay. Then you'll vind out that tiz *one* thing to ha' a good hoss, and another to *know how to ride 'un.*"

The disconcerted Calico pursued his steed, without a retort. We "laughed out openly," and I said,

"That's treating the gentleman with an odd spice of the respect for which *you* Westerns are famed."

"*He a genleman?*" cried his Mentor, "I'd knew one when I da zee one, Lard love 'ee, an a Western too!" here he doffed his hat, with a bow to us both, concluding, "Tean't vine weathers 'da mayke vine birds, vur we as be 'customed to ha' the best o' gentry come amongst us, and beat us at our own zports.—Good daay, Zquyur."

These fellows evince much distaste for most fops and strangers. One gentleman uniting both these advantages passed through a field, where a dairy-man was milking, to whom the "superior" said,

"Those cows, my friend, must make plenty of fine cheese and butter."

"Must 'em, zur?" cried the man. "When? I never saw 'em *try* to do't. Ma'hap you be come to *teach* 'em how. There, zee! they doan't *make* any thing that's good to eat or drink yet"

It is not easy to write, nor to read, when another has written, a Western dialect, by ear, unless one

has a good ear oneself, and a habit of noticing peculiarities of pronunciation.

Yankee, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, French, German, York, even Cockney dialects, I believe, are, intelligible to printers and public, but the provincialisms of Bath, Bristol, Cheltenham, are “quite *too bad.*”

I had not been long at Bath ere I was in the secrets of Blood, who was the accepted lover of Miss Dance.

My greatest favourite in the company was a Mr. Sackville (by birth a Smith) who had deserted his studies, as a surveyor, to measure strength with our tragic heroes.

Mr. A——, my Tom King, was clever and odd, but, when “elevated by wine,” said the most outrageous things. Himself and Mr. R—— one evening were both tipsy, and, in alluding to some melo-dramatic slave, favoured the house with this choice scrap of dialogue.

“A——. This poor fellow’s dumb, he says.

R——. Dumb, says he?

A——. Aye, and perishing for lack of hunger!”

On another occasion the first of these worthies asked the other,

“What’s your name, Spiller?”

It was reported of A——, that he said what he liked in every thing. Forgetting the last words of

a farce, and recollecting somewhat *like* those of the “Wonder,” he uttered,

“ Let us no more the ladies’ feelings vex,  
For man has no advantage—but the sex !”

Messrs. A—— and R—— were intimate with a young editor, whose good word it was thought politic by any and all means to conciliate. The means *he* wished theatrical aspirants to adopt were those of giving and accepting invitations in his *coterie*, to use a strong expression, not a *very* intelligent or refined one; but then they had such *winning* ways; their little quiet *loo soirées* lasted for nearly twelve hours. An editor’s taking so much of an actor’s time from study, may not appear to *some* “the effest way” of serving his professional interests, but such was the current creed !

I recollect, on finding Miss Paton unmatronized, unprotected, in the green-room, I (not yet disguised for my night’s work) removed her from her draughty seat, to a more comfortable corner, and, as others came in, set them the example of paying her attentions. She afterwards confessed that she imagined me the manager. I did not pride in the mistake, which reminded me of another.

When Miss M. Tree was about to join the Bath company, her good mamma said to Mr. John Loder,

"But, tell me, what *is* the mysterious something about one or other of the men in power—there?"

"Oh," replied the wag, "only that *Charlton* is a devil among the *girls*, keep Maria out of his way."

Under this impression the discreet mother repulsed all the grey Saturn's civilities, till she learnt the *truth*.

I repeated Morbleu, and verified my kind fortune-teller's predictions, by producing increased effects and receipts. I also enacted the Frenchman in "Lethe," for the benefit of that wildly beautiful creature, Lydia Kelly, half-sister to Mrs. Mathews, but resembling neither that lady nor *the Fanny*.

We heard that our Windsor home had been destroyed by conflagration; the nest of such turtle doves. Their household gods—"the very bed!" If the wife *had* one of the "fits" enumerated by Mirabel, I can't think that *those* "burnt features" would have revived her.

Templeton in "Deaf as a Post," did me good service, ditto Frederic Gower, in "Peter Fin." Strange that two Mr. Richard Joneses should be light comedians, teachers of elocution, dramatic translators, and adapters, both well made, and juvenile of air, both moral and gentlemanly, yet

not at all like or related to each other. I had never met “Edinburgh Jones” when I owed him the pretty little part above named, which called forth, in one scene, my best broken English.

Mr. A——’s saying “I saw you play a Frenchman once, and devilish well you did it!”

Drew down the most cordial tributes from my indulgent patrons.

Little Clara Fisher was at this time amongst us. She recognized me sweetly. Hers was certainly the strongest instance of precocious genius I ever contemplated. She was self-taught, her own judgment and feelings inspired her ; to beauty she owed nothing, though her grace of form, and varied animation of face, her rich true accents, in speaking and singing, made her altogether delightful. Old actors might have taken lessons from her Ollapod and Gregory (“Mock Doctor”); as for “the Four Mowbrays,” they were all perfect. And the creature hardly yet in her teens !

My friend Sackville anticipated the pleasure of summering with her at Swansea. He and I were to meet again in the autumn, as I was engaged for Bath, though not on liberal terms. We envied him his months in so pleasant a spot as that “tried” by dear Apollo Belvi.

The only lessee who bid for me caused my think-

ing twice ere I said "Yes." I feared it would prove a black business. His theatre might again be "burnt by fire, sir," leaving me to cry, as poor Tom Green had done in 1819,

"Oh my *wig* and *feathers!*"

## CHAPTER IX.

BIRMINGHAM—A HOT-CROSS-BUNN—THE HEROINES—PU  
LADIES—MACREADY—KING JOHN—WILLIAM FARREN—ART  
AND ACTORS—THE MURDERED HEBREW—THE MATHEWS  
ELLISTON—SCENERY—HARDWARE—LITTLE KNIGHT—CHAI  
KEMBLE—THE GOTHS—FREE LIST SUSPENDED—POST O  
CERS—AN ACTOR'S TRIUMPH.

IN the *patter* to one of poor Mat's songs are to be found these words :—

“ Suppose, Lady Elinor, by way of a variety, we were to *this summer*—in Birmingham !”

There my next engagement drew me. I went forward to secure apartments for my sister, who was to join me in a few days. I reported myself to the manager, but liked nothing I saw or heard.

An overgrown place, neither paved nor lit, pitched with petrified kidneys was the land of hardware *then*. The old parts of the town dirty, ugly and bustling ; the new upstart and vulgar. How unlike picturesque Bristol ! The population was

black with smut, the skies red with frequent fires, the brick houses adorned with holly and mountain ash, threatening berries red as the walls. Queer lanes and courts abounded. The paths off the stones were crisp with unsavoury ashes.

In mentioning Mr. Alfred Bunn, as my manager, I neither "dare nor deign" add one comment.

"Tonson" was got up ill—Hooper, Cordell, and the few human beings there, were all despondency. I heard that a penny diurnal publication, called "The Looker-on," existed in the place, to the great annoyance of the company. The large gaudy house was woefully thin of audience. My neck in danger from an unsteady ladder; all went wrong. Under these disadvantages "Tonson" fell flatly on a rude, unappreciating, unselect few.

Mrs. Bunn, to whom I was presented next day, proved kind and lady-like, but it was evident that the fine creature had no power to amend my case. I found my Morbleu was to be followed by mere walking gentlemen, nay, by parts unworthy even of such name, new to me, and, though not long, as troublesome as unprofitable; some, which would have been too degrading, I refused.

All things must yield to stars, "Kenilworth," and music.

Of the first—more *anon*, of the second it is well

known that (when it was impossible to act the *whole* drama) addresses were written, in which the *belle Agnes* could shew *her* dress, coming up a trap, to spout the “God ha’ me’s,” as what her classically learned husband, but for Augustus Dobbyn, would have announced in the bills,

“Queen Elizabeth *Redivivus!*”

As for operas, the Alfred loved music, in what *Way-let* gossips say.

Feeling no danger of falling in love with any of the rival queens, I had some claims on justice, from a manager who did not *act himself*.

I had taken a lodging at some distance from the theatre. Mr. A——, my Bath “friend,” was my fellow-inmate. He had married an *un-theatrical* little person, of good birth, education, and “character;” young and pretty. My sister had already a speaking acquaintance with her, and I rejoiced that Bell would find some companion in a strange place. She had a slight antipathy to the *generality* of actresses. Fully aware that many virtuous, exemplary women are on the stage; but, as a mere matter of taste, a private female has a right to dislike exaggerated and affected manners, independent habits of business, and, if I may so express myself, *enforced freedoms* of speech, attire, intercourse with men, to the loss of personal sacredness. I pity the best, most successful maid or matron who

ever exhibited herself for hire, and was kissed for her own benefit.

My sister joined me at the end of the first week in July.

Mr. Macready was our star, and what the call-boy saw of *his* Macbeth—George Colman, in Mr. Daw, may tell—not I.

I could not bear to be seen by this gentleman as an unresisting, unresenting *thing*, fit only for “general utility” at Birmingham ! But Mr. Macready knew that I was not of the herd ; the following evening he invited me to sup with him, at the “Hen and Chickens,” kept by Mrs. Waddel, I believe his foster-mother. We talked of Raymond, and, very differently, of poor Graham, to whom the actor had been a constant, a munificent friend, meeting an ungrateful return, which grieved him less than did his inability to save from vice and ruin so highly-gifted, so interesting a young man.

When our own parents, when our chosen, obliged companions pay us evil for good, and slander for pardon, if we have pride, if we have sensibility and passion, is it not excusable that our spirits should be depressed, our tempers embittered ?

To me, that night, the great man was truly agreeable. There was a deep charm in his infrequent smile. He had just played his best ; for Mr. Macready looked King John to a horror ; though

chronicles and effigies represent the unnatural usurper as better featured than the tragedian, and more capable of expressing levity, yet there must have been about his face, generally, that “victim making victims” air, that nervous irritability, which Mr. Macready could always, to say the least, assume.

He did not act the early scenes, merely letting the words drop rapidly, scarce audibly, from his lips, without much change of accent, attitude, or aspect ; he put himself by for his hits, and they were hard ones.

This was the only Shaksperian character, save sick Henry IV., in which I could greatly admire him. In John he was unrivalled. I had seen John Kemble’s King John ; but, full of mind as it was, he could not persuade me of its reality, of his identity with that cruel, wavering, faithless, mean tyrant. A very intelligent deaf and dumb lad, who had never read the play, on witnessing it, when last Mr. Kemble starred at Bristol, believed *him* justifiable all through, and secure of Heaven ; now Mr. Macready would have made the plot clear to *deaf* and *blind*. He seemed prevented by nothing but constitutional cowardice from child-killing with his own hands. Cooke, in Iago and Stukely, made one hate him ; but one knew nothing particularly good of George Frederick Cooke. Ma-

cready, moral, honorable, more than duteous, generous in his private relations, forced the beholders of his John to *loathe* him.

I was escorting my sister to a box, whence she could see Mr. Macready's Julian, when I beheld Mr. (now Serjeant) Talfourd, who spoke to me with his wonted suavity, and was anxious to get at his friend the star; but I, knowing that some actors, while dressing, are ill prepared to welcome their own brothers, volunteered to apprise Macready of the Barrister's arrival. Making my sister known to one who had always proved his admiration for her writings, I left them together, went round, was thanked for my pains, and procured a key, wherewith to open a communication between the front of the house and behind the scenes. Isabel, meanwhile, had been delighted with her brief interview.

As Miss Mitford's heroic patriot kinsman, son, and husband, Macready was resistless, "natural, simple, affecting!" His Cardinal Wolsey pleased me less. The hospitable, almost jocund speeches came not heartily home to me, nor the—

"Let's dry our eyes!"

For the christening the properties of this theatre had no waxen Princess Elizabeth; a real, live, year-old "babby" was therefore hired, who squalled

most lustily, and in *other* ways performed with such distinction, that I trust “its first appearance on any stage” was its last. Mr. Smith, in his poem of the Nympholept, says—

“ How sweet are the remembered smells of infancy !”

But “ Mr. Smith, you are not a father,” I believe.

As great a favorite of Thalia as was Macready of Melpomene succeeded him—Mr. William Farren. These *artists* are as worthy of comparison as were Fawcett and Charles Kemble, actors; no doubt as hard-working, as pains-taking, only, somehow, they did not *seem* so. One wonders at and admires laborious cleverness; genius, apparently effortless, must content itself with being loved, and never forgotten.

Mr. Farren was extremely polite to me, and said several handsome things of my performance as his foppish valet, Brush.

My sister had not been long seated in the upper boxes when, a little removed from her, she saw three faces, two masculine, and known as those of friends; one not seen for above a year. As soon as she could catch the younger gentleman’s eye, she bowed with her finger on her lips, as who should say

“ *I will not betray to the audience that Mathew is here, on his return from America.*”

The son, very ardently, pointed her out to his parents, who *both* kissed their hands, with the fondest smiles.

"Pray," asked our fellow-lodger, Mrs. A——, aloud, "do you know that lady with the irregular profile, the remarkable head-dress, and *low* brown silk gown, slashed with pink, fastened with gold buttons? she who is still nodding to you, ma'am?"

"I have not the honor of her acquaintance," truly replied Isabel, as young Charles came round to her, saying, "in a stunning whisper,"

"A thousand thanks! so like *you*. Of course *he's* in cog; we went to meet him at Liverpool. I am to carry a message to your brother; but first, here is mamma's card, you must both sup with us, at the Albion, to hear all about the passage, and the Yankees, and, dear me, so awkward! have dropped the pasteboard—thank you, madam!" as Mrs. A—— picked up, read, and gave it to Miss Hill.

Charles waited not for her ceremonious refusal of this invitation, but hastened to me; he had *accidentally* laid a train, but the powder was damaged by sea-water, it did not explode; a fizz ran round the house; button-makers stared, but no tumult of welcome violated Mathews' *sincere* desire for privacy.

I supped with the trio, and had a very Yankee

night. Bunn came, entreating Mathews to stay and act, if but once, at his theatre. This my friend declined, but spoke in the highest terms of my Brush, recommending me to the manager's good offices. The Mathewses left Birmingham next morning.

On the following Saturday I witnessed Mr. Farren's *Shylock*, which he played for his own benefit. Before he could leave the town, next day, he saw its walls placarded with bills offering a high reward for the apprehension of a well-known comedian, who had barbarously murdered a still more celebrated Jew. The manager was suspected of paying Farren's tragedy this ill compliment.

Elliston followed him. The difficult and unpleasant *Ennui* fell to my lot. Robert William being very nearly sober, gave much of his former spirit to the misnamed *Vapid*. During the rest of his nights he was scrupulously drunk. I owed Ephraim Smooth to his visit, and M'Query ("Way to get Married") I believe the only knavish Paddy *on the stage*, except O'Cutter.

The people of the town were not averse to me when I had any thing like a fair chance of pleasing them.

I am convinced that a particular kind of talent, a set of requisites, must be made by nature for the line of walking gentlemen, and that these by no

means contemptible qualifications are often possessed by persons who would be out of their element in parts of bustle and dialect.

As for "the rest that soothed our lot," no views, no scenery lay within walking distance. In vain we marched our five or six miles out, whenever leisure and a dry day allowed. Not one of "the five ways" gave us any satisfaction.

Thomason's ware-rooms, with their ornamental steel goods, and model of the Warwick vase, afforded *some* pleasant material for thinking.

The Emperor of Russia, on beholding this splendid specimen of modern bronze, offered its proprietor an enormous sum. The British tradesman respectfully refused, saying that he "should leave it as an heir-loom to his family, or to the nation."

Could we have visited Stratford-upon-Avon, the Leasowes, or "the Castle," we might have cried content; but we had neither time nor money for these excursions, nor for becoming known to the select few, who, with "souls above buttons" did exist near "beastly Brumby." I joyed, however, to hear my landlady, in perhaps unconscious quotation, talk of "sober sadness," for "serious earnest," and of "making" for fastening a door. She was a civil woman, but boasted of having been "intimate as a sister with Miss Brunton," which assertion I did not quite believe.

August began by “little Knight’s” playing one night with us in his native place. He was a long while dressing, yet his toilet was complete two hours before he would be wanted, as I, being in the play, could not help knowing. He walked up and down the green-room, pretending to cut his stick, as he did even if performing a Venetian, Siberian, or Arabian; however scarce timber might be in the scene of a drama, if Knight were in it, he must have a stick to carve.

My costume caught the small artist’s eye.

“You have made up capitally, sir,” he said, “quite a picture. That’s right; dress is *more* than half the battle. There are not three men on the boards careful or particular enough in what they wear, or how they put it on. Jones is. Farren is. I am. You seem a fourth. The rest, from Kean to Coveney, shameful! John Emery was a notorious sloven; now every body knows that ‘little Knight’ is *not*.”

Not in any way like John Emery, certainly.

Before the middle of the month, to sweeten mine imagination, came Charles Kemble. *His* dress, though perfectly neat, betokened a carelessness of appearance (off the stage) which reminded me of poor dear Lord Londonderry’s clean *un-tidy* costume; such men can afford to wear unfashionable hats, and nankeens both faded and shrunk with washing.

There was an abstracted languor in Mr. Charles Kemble's air, not apathetic, for his eyes were very observant, nor melancholy, for his lips *would* not be kept grave by his brows, if they of the lower house must smile. His manners were cold, but *not* without sugar; rather shy and sly in their polished easy suavity; yet, strange to say, of so mature, so travelled, so learned, and so famed a being, by fits his expressions betrayed an unworldly simplicity which had a very comic effect. This arose from the modesty of his mind, and the imperiousness of his "*circumstances*." If he aimed not at the eager, equalized, warm sweetness of Young, he was, at least, as free from the freezing hauteur and dictatorial petulance of—other stars who shall be nameless.

Mr. Kemble's Friar Michael, in "Maid Marian," improved upon acquaintance; his enamels required close inspection, such as many effective displays will not brook. The savages of the company did their utmost to disgust and mortify him. One low fellow talked to his mates of—

" My old pal, Vin' de Camp!"

Now, though Mrs. C. Kemble's brother was a fallible mortal, I do not suppose that the vaunting Fugglestone had ever touched his glove.

No stuffed false cudgel being furnished for Tuck's threshing scene, the Star struck as wide of the mark

as possible, for the preservation of effect, and, though only beating the robed Sheriff within an inch of his body, kept up the illusion, by seeming fearfully in earnest. On coming off, he said, very considerately,

“ I hope I did not hurt you, sir ? ”

“ Yes, explode my eyes, but you did, sanguinely ! ”

That is the most literal translation of the thankless irreverent ruffian’s retort on which I can venture.

“ You forgot, sir,” said I, “ that you were not in your *own* house, where the body corporate of Nottingham is constituted of more respectable men than are here playing Earls or Kings.”

Mr. Kemble raised his brows, protruded his lips, and seemed to agree with my opinion.

Next night I was Petit to his wondrous Mirabel. The various passions of that character found ample justice at his hands. Why was it called “ The Inconstant ? ” Bob loved Oriana faithfully enough, though he loved liberty too ; it was only “ the contract ” he disliked, as privileging his father, his mistress, and her friend, to persecute him in ways at once artful and indelicate. While he fears that he has driven the lady mad, his remorseful pity transcends her deserts ; and his marrying her, after she had attended him in boy’s clothes, to a brothel, is really too kind by half.

Lamorce (a good soul) was imperfect, the hero prompted her all through. His hysterick at his rescue from the Bravoes was so painfully true to nature that *one*, at least, of its witnesses believed him really ill!

I had never been introduced to him, and could not guess whether or no he remembered my face, and name, or knew anything about my former life; he got into conversation with me, on general subjects, as though to prove that, if he liked me at all, it was for my own sake, not as the ex-officer, known to many of his private friends, and eminent co-labourers. By degrees, however, we talked of them too.

I must notice one result of the party rage, which agitated the theatrical factions. Mr. Bunn, believing that some Elizabethean worthies of his squad went into the front to hiss "Clari," or some such musical piece, gave orders that none of his actors, actresses, nor their families, should be admitted into the audience part of his house, even if they paid. I will do him the justice to add that he said to me, before his mob,

"I am aware, sir, that Miss Hill, your sister, is with you, and knows nothing of these people, these affairs. Any night, every night, that you will bring the lady to the stage-door, I will pass her to my private box, with pleasure.

I thanked him, but it was impossible for her to avail herself of this exception to his rule, unless she created an envy, which could only have been vented on *me*. Besides, he said not that in his box she should be *alone*, nor *who* she might expect to share it with her. A fallen pillar of female virtue would have been sadly in the way, especially one she could not help remembering with sympathy as “a little Western flower” of taste *August*. Excuse a false metaphor! Still more dangerous were the propinquity of a column just tottering. No sorcerer was by to say ‘twould stand as long as Isabel wished it so to do, therefore she was constrained to sacrifice some high dramatic treats.

My being Paris to *the Romeo* gave me one crow over the turners-out-of-gentlemen-in-clean-shirts. A dress of mine having been admired, some time previously, I had said,

“It was fac-similized, by Palmer of Covent Garden, after one of Mr. Charles Kemble’s own designing.”

An incredulously sneered “*Oh!*” had convinced me that my word was doubted; but now, when our great man entered the green-room, he started and observed with a smile,

“Why, Mr. Hill, you have my *Eugene de Biron* costume, colours, material, cloak, hat, boots, and all. Palmer, of course, and it becomes you vastly!”

“ I am obliged to you, sir,” I answered, “ for assuring these *gentlemen* that I did not assert an untruth.”

“ Oh, *you* mustn’t mind *them*!” he murmured, behind the handkerchief with which he was patting his lips; but the Boors did look somewhat confounded.

Two sufficient reasons made me regret having, for the first time, to enact Catesby; one was the apparent insignificance of this very difficult, or, as actors say, “ particular” part; the other was my aversion to the idea of Kemble’s playing Richard. The tall, fair, frank, Charles, with that face—that voice! Sensibly as, of course, he read it, and gallantly as he fenced, I was sorry; but did my utmost in the cause, and received his kind acknowledgment for my pains.

He was to all about him, very lenient of defects and imperfections. One of the profane vulgar, knowing that Mr. Macready and Mr. Kemble were not on the most friendly terms, said—

“ I find, sir, *you* never rehearse; that is, never exert yourself; now, Mr. Macready, in the morning, does everything that he intends to do at night.”

“ Mr. Macready is quite right, sir,” returned Kemble, “ when I had been as *few* years on the stage as he has, I did so too—but now I have not *his*”—

I would not let *him* talk of vanished youth, so illustrated what I was about to say by an interruption.

“Now, *rules* are *your servants*, not *your masters*.”

His exquisite Octavian gave me Kilmallock.

To turn for a moment from professional matters, I must here do honour to a great townsman of my own. Letters to my sister and myself were always directed with our Christian names at full, they being far less common than was our surname; yet despite this precaution, our dispatches had been falsely delivered, nay, opened, by a Mr. John and a Miss S. Hill, tradesfolks of an adjoining street. Very civilly I begged the postman to be more careful.

“Oh,” laughed he, “I can’t be noticing the mock titles of stage-players, birds of passage, here to-day, gone to-morrow, and called something fresh in the next place they stop at.”

Sometimes letters of two days old were left at the theatre, instead of my private abode, and *never* left till paid for, though I might not be there. I went to the postmaster, and stated the case, bidding him warn his underling against such neglect and rudeness.

“He’s *never* rude to *anybody*,” contradicted the higher Jack in office. “We can’t be answerable for what becomes of *players’* letters.”

“ But,” pursued I, “ it is your duty to be answerable for pedlars’ letters, as sacred, as valuable, as those of princes; and if I chose to report you”—

“ Do,” he grinned, “ who’d care for your reports? Do, and be d——d! Go to the devil, if you like.”

*Au contraire*, I went home; whence I wrote an unexaggerated account of these facts to Francis Freeling. Without delay I received an epistle from him, commanding the course I had taken, as it was *his* wish that all persons so employed should conduct themselves with punctuality and attention. He added that, by the same post, the parties of whom I complained would get their dismissals.

Delightedly, I sought the office. The fellow looked ashamed to meet my eye. I asked him if he had heard from his master; he faltered forth,

“ Yes, sir! indeed I *have*, and am extremely sorry; I have a wife and family, sir, I beg your pardon! if I petition to be kept on, promising that *you* shall have no reason to find fault again, I trust, sir, you won’t oppose me?”

“ No,” I said, “ you cringing reptile! but may this be a lesson to you, and remember that you had it from a *player*.”

## CHAPTER X.

THE BERKELEYS—ALFRED THE LITTLE—MAT'S MORBLEU—COOKE'S MONSTER—MEETINGS AND PARTINGS—AN ESCAPE FROM PURGATORY—BACK TO GLO'STERSHIRE—BALLOONING—FEMALE FORTITUDE—PROMOTION—HE GOSSIP—PROJECTED GYPSYING.

ON the 21st of August, my sister's birth-day, we had, for a wonder, a rainless, glowing afternoon, and, in our walk, met Mr. Kemble, book in hand; he had been studying in the fields, and talked of the "glorious harvest, blessed day, sweet air, and lovely weather," with looks and tones that proved him "full of piety."

"I like not greetings in the market-place," therefore did not present my companion to him; the interview lasted but a minute.

Next evening, we had a night rehearsal, with *the* Berkeley amateurs, who had volunteered playing for *his* benefit. To my immense satisfaction, the Colonel and Captain, to whom I was already known, met me with the warmest familiarity, intro-

duced me to the elegant Mr. Dawkins, in a gratifying manner.

“ Hill is one of *us*, you know,” said the Colonel, “ ‘twas his fondness for getting up charity plays, while he was in the army, that made him take to the stage. You must come to Cheltenham, Hill——you are a Glo’stershire man, I think—I’m *somebody* there. Here we are not on our own ground; besides, you’ll dispense with *my* calling, as you are not *en garçon*, so no *more* ceremony, but join our friend Kemble to-morrow, Hen and Chickens!”

The Daws, Fugglestomes, Daggerwoods, and Belvis stared; also at Mr. Kemble’s saying,

“ *Your* house will be mine, to-morrow, Mr. Bunn,” as he presented me with an order “ for Miss Hill.” On this example, the manager repeated, nay, amended his request that I would “ bring the lady, he would show her over the theatre, before any one was in the way. She should be quite to herself,” &c.

I did as I was bid by Mr. Bunn, whom we found coatless, playing the “ clean shirt part” of general director, among his carpenters, scene-shifters, &c. He led us everywhere; we met no one of consequence, save the amiable Mr. Banks (*amateur*), already dressed for Poins; in such a habit as was worn before the Creation, by Nobody,

in No-man’s-land ; call it tunic, shape, Romaldi, it must remain unmeaning ; but so far useful, as it is quite as fit for one age, one country, as another.

My charge being fixed in solitary safety, I went about my business. The first part of Shakspere’s “Henry the Fourth,” with the Colonel’s Prince, the Captain’s Falstaff, Mr. Dawkins’s Francis, and, “last not least,” the *Beneficier’s* Hotspur, drew an enormous house. There the stately wonder of the Castle was a glorious novelty. But I mean not to criticise amateurs, “a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind ;” like my “lady with the light hair” I had still some “*corps d’esprit*.” I may say what I like of *public property*. Charles Kemble’s Hotspur, then, was *no* splenetic weazole ; though hasty, moody, dreamy, in his brave ambition, he neutralized the effect of his words to Kate, by looks and caresses, concluding the scene—“Tomorrow—you,” as if to oblige *him* his wife must follow ; as if, though, after a fortnight’s neglect, he *had* teased, he could not live two *more* days without her ; there was husbandly selfishness, conscious power, privileged levity in this, but none of what *I* understood by “spleen.”

Our supper Bunn contrived to join, and laughed at some story of his own, till he fell off his chair. When called to order, he confessed being “liable to

aberrations of mind." If so, he has an excuse for every thing.

Without him, on the following day, I dined at the Berkeley board; meeting only its amateurs, and Mr. Kemble. That night the Colonel was Falconbridge, to his brother's King John, for the benefit of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, whose inmates were present.

The Colonel gave a superb supper at the Albion, to his dinner party, with the additions of Bunn, Mr. Salter (the Birmingham stock tragedian) and my fellow-lodger A——, who amused his host by telling why Elliston had recently engaged A—— for Drury Lane; because that gentleman, as John Dory, had *sworn* with such energy as to astonish the natives.

The Sheriff of Nottingham, aforesaid, adopted the cast-off oath, which had so served a superior actor; but a superior Manager felt no desire to offer such persons situations at Covent Garden.

These four noble beings gone I could bear my fate no longer, and told Mr. Bunn so. Without his leave to depart I laid siege to Cheltenham, and, while my paper bullets winged their way, I wended mine to London, for supplies.

While there I went to the English Opera. Mathews's Colonel Fiegnwell ("Bold Stroke for a Wife.") *He* looked not the man to whom any

Anne, lovely or otherwise, could be constant. Catching my eye, he smiled, nodded, and said, aside,

“Hills and Mountains will meet, come round!”

I went, and then saw his Morbleu, which I did not like. My motives were no ways similar to those which, some say, made plump Mr. Gattie, the original, dispraise all his successors. Mathews’s oversights, as to dress and language, were astounding! His saying “*chevaux*” for “*cheveux*” might be a slip of the tongue; but the threat of “charging his enemies with a bag of nuts,” was an absolute going out of the way to be wrong. A Cockney, who could read, and had ever seen the word printed, or even heard it spelt, could scarcely stray farther than “*Baynet*” from the right. But a man in whose native land Bayonne existed!

On the 6th (September) I again “went round,” early; all was in confusion. Mr. Wallack, announced for Frankenstein, in the first piece, not having arrived, “Tonson” was to precede “*Presumption*,” and Mathews, luckily on the spot, had to dress in a hurry.

“Very annoying!” he vapoured; “hot night, and the people who come to see *me* won’t be here, till *I’m* done with. The dear creatures who flock to behold Mr. Cooke’s *parenthesis*,—Wallack? pooh! I say the adorers of ‘Tippy’s Green-man-and

still,' at least speechless, for *that* is the attraction, *they* don't want *me*, won't mind *me*, *I* shan't be half naked! *I*—but no matter! must do my duty, never make a favor, nor a merit of that. Great mistake! virtue of necessity, all bad. Only, I *do* wish Master James had pleased to be upon his post. *I should* say 'for this relief much thanks.'"

Dressing through all his fidgets I left him, that I might collect reports. In a few minutes I imagined myself the dove of peace, in being enabled to fly back, and utter,

"Make your mind easy, dear Mathews, he's come; he will be ready in no time!"

"*He!* *who?*" demanded Mathews, looking blankly into my face, as he adjusted his wig, "who may you *happen* to mean?"

"Why, Wallack, of course."

"Well, what of that?"

"Only that nothing of what you were just now deprecating *can* occur, all you were wishing *will*. The 'Fate of Frankenstein' is to be done before Tonson."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mathews, with a bitter laugh, and ironical bow, "and *that* is to 'make *my* mind *easy*,' is it? Thank you! If, when you said *that*, you, by any chance, perceived that I *was* ready, and had to be congratulated on the prospect of cooling my heels, for two hours, in a tight peruke,

a face plastered with wrinkles—Well! you *are*, I *may* say, a *particularly* pleasant fellow!"

Now that I was no longer a military amateur, I *fancied* a harshness in this successful man's ways. What had formerly amused now humiliated my mind.

Mr. T. P. Cooke's extraordinary naturalization of the superhuman astonished, melted me! The apparently unconscious impulses with which, *sans* attitude, he betrayed the unbegotten, unborn man's strength, new perceptions, passions, virtues; all useless, worse, because his *exterior* terrified those he served; his first acquaintance with fire, music, bloodshed, beauty; his own frightful contrast—the resemblance of all fair things, in form, grace, hue, to his love; his sense that a blind man must be more wretched, more lonely, than himself; his enforced revenge on an ungrateful race; all these attributes of half-reasoning mortality were expressed without any need of words, without the aid of any such pantomime as is usual, or conventionally graceful, it was strange and thrilling as Grimaldi's Orson.

My best hopes for Graham were revived, by finding him at tea with Mr. Brian Procter, (Barry Cornwall) at the Wrekin. Though the Poet spoke with toleration of the Prize-ring, I could perceive that he was as moral as mental, and

trusted that his influence might yet retrieve the character and fortunes of my friend ; who engaged my sister, on *promising* terms, for a work he edited.

George Dance, *per contra*, appeared altogether less comfortable than I had left him. But he assured me that *love*, not *law*, would cause him to leave England, not *alone*, nor *without resources*. I gave him an introduction to the only intimate friend I knew of in France (Mr. Thomas Colley Grattan.)

Returned to Birmingham, I settled, packed, and at my sister's request, took two outside places for Cheltenham, whither we were to start by dawn, on the 15th. When we were called, sheets—ropes of rain were falling, no hackney coach to be procured, both wet through, ere we reached the Inn, but, fortunately exchanged for inside, paying the difference, and gladly left those ashy flats behind.

I sung,

“ We're gang nae mair to yan toon,  
Betide us joy, betide us pain ”—

My sister was continuing

“ I've tint my ”—

When she interrupted herself, with—

“ By the way, about the tottering pillar of female virtue ? ”

I satisfied her as to the *direction* in which *it must* fall, for I guessed that it would be placed beside the “curosities” of Berkeley Castle, though it had yet that pleasure to come.

If wives are insulted, wronged, sold, who is most to blame—weak, vain, wearied women? wealthy gallants? or venal husbands?

The sun broke over the Malvern hills; we passed very cavalierly through porcelain-windowed Worcester, mustard and stocking-famed Tewkesbury, with its fine old Abbey, then rolled, o'er silver sand, into green, clean, flowery, quiet, gay Cheltenham, by noon. After “Brummagem” what a Heaven!

Leaving my fellow-pilgrim at the Hotel I sped to the theatre, where Abbot and little Kenneth warmly greeted me, as did many other pleasant creatures, how unlike the set I had escaped!

My next step was to take lodgings. Those of Berkeley Cottage were let, at thrice the rent I had paid, to my disinterested joy; but I found rooms in Corpus-street, not built when I was last in Cheltenham. No other inmates threatened to disturb our snugger. There I installed my sister.

In a few evenings I met Colonel Berkeley, behind the scenes; he felicitated me on my change of quarters, adding,

“ Who would put up with Birmingham, if they could better themselves ? ”

After some days of rest, and exercise in the open air, I played the old Marquis de Grand Chateau, for my young acquaintance Hunt’s Benefit. I found “ Beauty ” a very diverting, good-humoured, worthy, gentlemanly being.

A balloon ascent had been announced, as to take place from a yard near St. George’s Chapel, about two, one day; but it did not tempt me forth. I had not to accompany the “ corps ” to Glo’ster or Tewkesbury, at one of which places they were to perform; so *we* dined at four, and afterwards wandered down the High-street, imagining the aeronautic vessel long launched, and sailing before the wind; even when I saw a crowd I believed its people returning from the sight, till I heard shouts of—

“ It’s loose ! it’s rising now ! ”

The safest place at hand was the Chapel square, into which I hurried my companion, thence we saw two or three open carriages, filled with my theatrical co-mates, unable to proceed through the throng.

In a minute a shabby, half-empty, calico balloon did rise, slowly, not majestically, with unsteady motion. Its proprietor and another man in its car.

The populace had been kept waiting for three

hours, not that any thing but the *Yard* should be filled, at a shilling a-head, or more. It had transpired that only a very poor supply of gas had been secured, groans and hisses therefore saluted the unlucky wight (not Green), who, in his pallid abstraction, began throwing out ballast, *bags and all*, instead of cutting them, and flinging dust into the eyes of the multitude. A slight impetus thus given the machine again moved upwards, and we thought it best to get home. Scarcely had we quitted our holy refuge when down into the street came the car, at moments even touching the ground; in its way it knocked off some coping from a house, by which a man was killed on the spot, and borne past us. Rage contested with grief and fear among the assembly. The horses of *our* carriages plunged and reared. The ladies screamed. Connor, Hunt, and Comer had their hands full. I half bore my sister back to sanctuary; a fat old woman clinging to her shawl, thereby tightening it chokingly round her neck, and forcing its pin into the flesh, so that phlebotomy might avert suffocation.

As the calico concern kept frictionizing against the hot free-stone, I every second expected it to ignite, explode! I anticipated that the proprietor would be torn to atoms, though the actors shouted loudly for "fair play!" He made his friend leave

him, and take all his heavy apparatus. In this insecure state he rose again, and floated swiftly on the way to Oxford, cheered by the Thespians, whose equipages now drove off.

“ What a coward you are, dear girl !” cried Hunt, to Miss Forde, as they got clear of the riot ; “ shrieking and clinging to me so. See how well Mrs. Southey bore it all ! not a cry, not a movement, there's self-command, there's presence of mind ! quite an example to her youngers ! You were not frightened, were you, ma'am ?”

“ On their own merits modest women are dumb.”

“ The Xegril lady rose not.”

“ Speak, my good soul !” persevered Harry, lifting her veil.

The secret of her fortitude was soon evident. The Laureate's half-foreign sister-in-law had *fainted*. Smelling-bottles, and a glass of water soon revived her. Had she squalled she would have suffered less.

The pilgrim of the air alighted, unharmed, beyond *the* University, from a journey of almost railroad speed.

It was a satisfaction for me to learn that, through my recommendation, the Norwich and Ipswich Manager had engaged the Tangent 'Prentice, Worthing Wardrobe-keeper, and Repentant Ruf-

fian, for good business, on eligible terms, and, that since his joining, "thrice the *brindled* cat had mewed," to the content of all parties concerned.

Next day Comer dined with us. Redolent of puns as usual. On my brushing up my mass of curls, while giving Isabel some rather minute directions, as to a job of stage needle-work, he asked her what poets meant by a "Bushy Dingle."

"Rascal!" laughed I, "we'll cast you for some wild beast, and apply to the poets for a felicitous description of you."

"Oh," quoth he, "you will find many wild beasts in Dry-dén—Nay, now, I'm going"—

"You 'fly not yet,' " said I.

"No, I'm only going as far as Syren-sister, or to Ax-Mister, for another dish of tea, and chat!"

We told him that Hendy had written, warning his "cousin" not to keep up an acquaintance with an interesting girl (called "Miss Elmy"), for "she had so far neglected appearances as to *seem* no longer worthy of Bell's friendship." We asked Tom if he believed this meant any thing more than that Jimmy had discovered her having acted at a minor theatre.

"No, Captain," answered Tom, "I don't think we need saddle White Surrey with her foibles.

You know, Ladie, that it is a failing of her family, this getting into Lipsbury pinfold. As for the Minor Miss, who hath been of age these five years, though she groweth not comely, she doth wax-dollish ; hath a very *meritorious* air, and, though she sings ill, is *in-de-corous*, Nathan says. An artist of my acquaintance took a picture of her, from the pit ; while he sketched her from afar he thought her pretty, but when he began to draw near, and saw her more plain, he betrayed his disappointment so frankly that, though she sat to him but a short time, both were tired out not with standing."

These allusions led us to talk of a pupil of Comer's.

"He," said Tom, "deserves to make a fortune. Indeed he ought to be a leisure man, for when he sings, his *time's* his own. I never hear him without thinking that he had dined with Mr. Huskisson."

Little Kenneth now dropped in, with the news that "dear Old Powell, Charles Connor, and himself, as they, Tom, and I, would have more than a half-holiday on the morrow, had been arranging for a pedestrian steeple-chase, across the fields, to 'jump over every where,' and dine when they found themselves hungry."

"Will you think it beneath you to come?"

asked Kenneth of me, "all to be early, sober, respectable; sure of a fine day. Ah, now Mr. Hill."

"Not *now*, Mr. Kenneth, nor before noon tomorrow, but then I'm yours, for a walk."

The party was knocked up in two minutes, yet even on such occasions the weather always changes.

## CHAPTER XI.

ET DAY—STROLLING—PUNISHED CATTLE—WILD FRUIT—  
OUR HOSTEL—NO LARDER—GAMMON IN PERSPECTIVE—FORAG-  
ING—RURAL Dainties—STORIES—OF BURGUNDY—HOLMAN—  
MASTER AND MAN—FIDDLE OF THE COMPANY—PEDANTIC RE-  
MEDIES—PERSECUTED PADDY.

HE morning proved cloudy ; nay, a fitful drizzle is borne on the chill breeze. Nevertheless I inctually met my friends, at the place of rendez-us. Mr. Powell, who never wore a great coat, is, however, “brown-stoutly” clad, and shod ; were the rest of us, save Connor, who, too severely got up,” for so unpromising a day, stood ating the Devil’s tattoo, and biting now his lips, w his nails.

“ You come to your *assassination*, Connor, more le Warde than Washington Irving,” remarked ormer, playing with his own spaniel, Flora.

“ Like the devil, sir,” fumed Charles, “ nice alking ! wet grass, or muddly bridle-road ; no dy knows where, nor how long !”

“ Sure you needn’t come, if you don’t wish, my boy,” said Kenneth.

“ D’ye want to get rid of me, sir?”

“ Aye, that he may play the first Irishman himself,” laughed Powell.

“ Do one of two things,” said I, “ either let us part, go home, and forget our disappointment, or push on, without grumbling.”

“ Ah then, if any one of ye had brought an umbrella,” murmured Connor.

“ You’d have tried to secure it, but we’d have seen you—*damp* first, Charice,” added Tom.

“ I’ll go, if you will, Mr. Hill,” cried Connor.

I agreed, on condition that the first who complained should turn back alone.

“ Faith, we’ll make a pleasant day, if we can’t find one,” said Kenneth.

“ Well,” half-coincided Connor, “ if we are to be rained upon, it need not be standing still in the streets, any way.”

“ Hie, then, Flo— on, thou shining Rover,” punned Tom.

So off we set, and had not gone ten paces beyond the town ere the folly of one pulling one way, one another, was illustrated before our eyes.

A heavily laden wain, to which a couple of young cornuous cattle were yoked, had been left to take its chance, in the road, while its driver alighted

to pick a rose—our rustics dote on posies! One of the animals remained steadily quiescent, the other “so strutted and bellowed,” so kicked and dragged, snorted, and lashed out, “with a tail,” that Connor feared to pass. Tom sung—

“Mr. Metcalf ran off, upon meeting a cow,  
With pale Mr. Turnbull behind him.”

“Don’t you see the tether will prevent your suffering aught from this mere heifer-vescence of animal spirits? Mere ox-ygen gas?”

And as the over-fed, angry beast strove to poke its horn into the other’s eye, Tom added,

“There’s what a Scotchman, who had been in France, might call ‘*a coo de grass*,’ certainly deserving record, Mr. Hill, in your friend the Doctor’s invented paper, the ‘Cowes Courant.’”

“That’s a bull, if you please,” said Connor, “for, if those creatures *are* not males, they *never* *were* females.”

“*Neatly steered*,” allowed Comer, and, as again the enraged musician of these twin granivorous Farinellis gave way to increasing fury, which began to infect his yoke-fellow, the punster exclaimed:—

“What a pair-ox-ism?”

Over bridges and stiles we now went merrily, pausing here and there, to admire the varied pros-

pect of cliff and woodland, distant hills, and undulating fields, which surrounded us. As bursts of watery sunshine rent their way through the spongy vapours, broad abrupt shadows floated over the grass, while patches of its moist blades were converted, for us, into diamonds and emeralds. Whenever we came to any ascent I noticed that Tom danced up it, to his own music. Connor checked him, with—

“ Be *quite*, can’t ye? Is it to crack your voice you want, sir?”

“ *Voiccy-versey*; the best preventive to all pulmonary attacks is that of running up-hill, with the wind in your teeth, singing as loud as your lungs can clink.”

We now came to some old trees, their gnarled and mossy branches hung with mistletoe, its slimy beads just ripening. Bird - catching parasite! Druidical kissing-bush! we called it all sorts of names, till Tom said to Connor,

“ Here abouts, if you are appetized, you may be sure of finding some prime crabs!”

“ Crabs? at near fifty miles from salt water? Dy'e think I’m an ass, sir?”

“ Comer means *land* crabs,” said I.

“ Land, sir! sure arn’t they corpse-eating tropical reptiles, whose touch is mortal?”

“Especially to dead bodies,” added Kenneth, “but *we* mean wild *fruit*, my dear fellow.”

“Oh, crab-apples!”

“Yes, with bullaces, white and purple, worth a plum,” continued Tom.

“Are such berries good ating then?”

“I believe you, taste and try! Good for the voice!”

We, the initiated, gathered the stores so tempting to the *eye*, and, getting ahead of Connor, pretended to be enjoying a delicious feast. In a second or two he came up with us, sputtering forth execrations, with his half-masticated mouthful, and making the most verjuice-like faces.

“Pah! I’m poisoned entirely, how dare ye seduce me into attempting such curst cut-throat messes? Ugh!”

“What, don’t you like ‘em?” we asked simultaneously, in tones of wonder, assuring him “if they had a fault it was that of being too saccharine.”

He really believed that we found, although he could not, these acidities “very pretty picking.” “In a pie” they might be, with about thrice their own weight of sugar.

Between two and three o’clock a heavy shower induced the prudent Powell to propose the compromise of our dining at the first house we could find, whether hungry or not.

"I'll engage it will be late enough for us all to be hungry, before we find either house or dinner," said Connor.

"Go back! go back!" we chorused. Connor cried,

"I know *one* of ye's a Guinea-fowl!"

But he obeyed not, and we soon came to a little farm-like, road-side public-house, "out Cherrington way," which we hailed.

An un-landlordly young, slight man, and his un-hostess-like wife, answered our call, without bustling loquacity, but with cordial respect; we clamoured for—"Cold meat, or chops, or steaks, or poultry, with a bit of fish."

The man of the house sheepishly scratched his head; to our utter amaze he had none of these matters *in* house. We moderated our demand down to "eggs and bacon."

"Beacon, Squires?" repeated he, with a hope-inspiring air, that faded, however, as he continued, "Why mizisis vrends *was* to ha' zent us a zide o' beacon, *next week*."

This was a rare satisfaction for us.

"But eggs," took up the wife, "a neighbour o' oun ha' moastly got plenty o' vresh uns; awnlee we've nobody to zend 'dreckly, vur our bway be gone shopping vor us, and wun't be whoam till night."

" But where do neighbour live ?" asked Tom.

" At yan thatch-ouse, measter, you can see't—tean't a mile awf !"

" A mile off neighbour !" groaned Connor.

" Well, let us start and forage," said I, " the neighbours shall find that they have brought their eggs to a rare market, and that distance shan't save their bacon."

As, however, we wanted to rest and dry ourselves, till the rain should cease, more than we wanted to eat, we first entered the tidy room, " which served for parlour, for kitchen, and every thing." The rural incense of its wood fire was very acceptable, after the raw air of the hills. The stone floor of this chamber, where not covered by a carpet, all the thicker for undateable darnings, was neatly sanded, and flourished with Bath-brick pattern-work. The newly-whitewashed walls were adorned not only by glittering rows of copper, brass, and pewter, earthen ware, and glass utensils, but by bone and straw ornaments, two saints in wax, a cat and a parrot in plaster, three Jew-boy pictures, gaudily coloured, of Nelson, Wellington, and the King, also one small old mirror, that would have put all our noses out of joint, had enough silvering remained on its cracked plate for it to cast any extensive personal reflections. All, however,

was clean. The high oak chairs and worm-eaten table quite picturesque.

The front window looked on a garden, rich in late flowers; the back on an orchard, laden with fruit, doubtless more palatable than Connor's feast. We asked our landlady if she had no private room

"Ees, zure," she said, "the common public one," pointing at a wing, added to the cottage for the reception of convivial meetings, to which an outside stair ascended, in a somewhat Swiss fashion. We ordered all to be made ready there for us, and Connor proceeded to inquire "what wine she had."

"Wine, zur?" echoed Dame, "We've niver no caal vur wine here. Zider, ale, and stout we ha', wi' some awld Jimaky, vrum Brister, and, I b'lieve, a drop o'whiskey."

"Irish, of course," screamed the two Paddies.

"I'll *not* go back, sirs," added Charles.

"But are you quite sure you've *no* wine?" I persevered, "because I once heard of a strange discovery in a house no better than this."

My friends entreated me to tell them the story, but, as we were now warm, and as the effects of recent pluvious deposits were much neutralized by the earth's absorption and evaporation, I postponed my tale until we should have provided something for the pot or pan.

Sallying forth, we soon collected among the “neighbours” nearly two-dozen bran-new eggs, and a remnant of bacon. These would make a capital fry. Returning to our inn, we found a fire lit, and a snowy cloth laid, up-stairs. Though the cutlery and china were but homely, all was neat; to what we had brought our “entertainers” added fine red kidney potatoes, a brown loaf, new and old cheese, nuts and pears; the British beverages already named, the old rum, the whiskey, and some lemons. With the two last Connor and Kenneth brewed “a big jug of punch;” treating the “Jimaky” as a liqueur.

Tom had a lot of special cigars too.

“ You bear this mighty well, Mr. Hill,” said Connor.

“ Bear? how many a long-planned, luxurious dinner have I eaten with less relish than I have felt for our extemporé scrambled meal!”

“ Yet, sir, I’d be on my oath you never before dined off such fare, at such hour, in such place, with such company!”

“ Good Heaven! how often, on service, would I have given a month’s pay to be half as well off in *any* respect, not to mention the privations of College.”

“ College, sir? then upon my honour and conscience, when *I* was at *Trinity* College”—

“ Dublin, not Cambridge, I presume.”

The others laughed, knowing poor Charles’s love of vaunting his “ University Education.”

“ What did you mean about wine, sir?” he demanded, to change the subject.

“ Simply that, at such another house as this, only in flat Essex, beside the Thames, below Erith, many years ago, two boating pleasers arrived, and asked for refreshments; porter and spirits were there, but one of them knew not how to dispense with wine. The master of the inn said, ‘ Why, now I remember, sir, some time after I took this place, as it stood, I did find, under a heap of old saw-dust, in the cellar, an odd bottle or two of some stuff, that looked like wine; too dark for currant, and too light for elder-berry, but red—so it was port, of course—we are never asked about wine, whatsoe’er it be it must, by this time, be spoilt, good for nothing, no better than ditch-water. I thought of throwing it away, the last time I wanted bottles for my beer, but there it is.’ ‘ Bring us a sample, and mind you shake it not,’ said one; the host obeyed. The cork was drawn, a bouquet-prologue prepared them for ‘ the sunset glow and quiet balminess,’ which followed. The most discreet sipper gave his friend a warning glance, and said, coolly, ‘ No, though too weak for port, this wine is really not *spoilt* by age; what do you ex-

pect for it? 'Oh, sir, say you two gentlemen drink that, instead of a couple of glasses of brandy-and-water a-piece, and pay me accordingly, I shall be thankful. I'm sure none of my usual customers would, though I see there is a pretty large lot of this stuff in that old cob-webbed hole, below.' 'Let us see,' said the judges. Some dozens, indeed, were there. 'Will you help us to pack and convey this to our boat, if we give you half-a-crown a bottle for it?' The man was in extacy. The purchase completed, and, at that time, such BURGUNDY could hardly be procured, by the Regent, at ten pounds the dozen. Alas, *this aubérge* hath no cellar!"

"If it had, with such *stuff* in it," said Kenneth, "we'd club for the purchase of it. Mr. Powell, Tom, and I carrying it home in hampers, at the heels of you two College gentlemen."

"You remind *me*," laughed 'daddy' Powell, "of Holman and old Murray (when *not* old, *neither*); they had been angling together in the country. Holman, as usual, richly dressed, 'confessedly the handsomest man of the day,' you know, as he had himself announced 'here in Denmark,' by Gag Watson.—Murray, on the contrary, sported nankeen breeches and gaiters, such as those wags exposed, who screwed him too far up the trap, as the Ghost of Henry the Sixth, till he was obliged

to *crouch*, that his black velvet cloak might hide his modern half, as he said, ‘ Let me *sit heavy* on thy soul to-morrow.’ But that’s nothing to do with my story. The two fishers stopped at a public house to dine. Murray, seeing his friend’s swagger, fell a pace behind him, doffed his hat, and as Holman looked round, to bid *him* become spokesman, t’other said, ‘ My Lord wants to know what you have in the house, and if you can cook the trout, in my basket, which his lordship has just caught?’ The bumpkins stared, all bows and curtseys. Holman kept his countenance, but perceived, by Murray’s following him into the private apartment, that he had cast himself for no less a part than humble friend and table companion to this nobleman of his own creation; accordingly the suddenly elevated peer said graciously, ‘ You need not wait, William! Landlord, let my man assist you, and give him something to eat, in the kitchen!’ This, of course, was too much for the gravity of either party; both laughed, explained, and sat down together, in their proper characters.”

“ That reminds *me*,” said Comer, “ here and now the country gentleman’s costume ‘ in which my spirit doth take delight,’ though I am tied to half-mourning, but Hawthornism is patronized by my superiors, yet I remember once, dressed very

greenly, putting in, during a heavy storm, at a public house, across the Passage. In its common room sat a wandering minstrel, somewhat inferior to myself. The sight of his violin made my fingers itch, not that 'twas a Scotch fiddle. Its master, making room for me, very civilly began to ask concerning the harvest, and field sports, which showed that he took me for a farming squire. I humoured him, he told me he 'had just come from Bristol fair, having been engaged to play at its balls'—bush-house hops he meant,' but I said nothing against their gentility, only begging him to give me a tune. He hemmed that he 'had so much practice he was tired, and did not like to wear out his valuable instrument,' but, on my offering to treat him with some perry, he relented so far as to scrape 'Speed the Plough' to death, with such time and touch, on his squeaking old kit, in fact, Captain—

*‘Such were the sounds that o'er the velvet pride  
Of the first Trotter scattered wild dismay!’*

Yet I vowed 'twas 'wonderful,' and asked if he would teach me, how much time and money would it take? 'Why, sir,' quoth he, 'that will depend on what you can afford. I could not make your Honour a first-rate violinist, like myself, unless you had a taste, a talent for it; now a genius for music, young gentleman, is a nat'ral gift, which

may be you never heard afore.' I looked abashed. ' Still 'tis a pretty thing, will ye sell it, sir?' ' Lord, master, what would *you* do with it? I could not buy its fellow for less than five-and-twenty'— ' Shillings,' interrupted I, ' that's deuced expensive, a plaguy deal of money, to be sure; yet I should like to have it to say that I had had such a thing in my hands, for once in my life; if I do it any hurt I'll pay you honestly.' It came into my head that I might tune it for the poor vagabond, in pity to his future hearers I'd try; so, taking it very awkwardly, I twanged the strings, scraped with the wood of the bow, close to the bridge; then, turning my back on the owner, secured the resin from his green bag, applied it, and began screwing things to rights, ' Sir, sir, you are killing my Cremona!' stormed he. ' I don't care, I will have one trial, who knows but the way of it may come on a body, all at once?' so saying I adjusted myself, and struck off ' *Non piu*,' like a leader, though not quite like a Loder. No savage, at first hearing music, could have been a finer study, than was my friend the boastful fiddler. So electrified, so confused, so grateful, so curious to know who I was! but, laying down the kit and the clown at once, I threw my landlord his money, bade my rival good day, darted from the house, and never saw this Nero of an *Orpheus* again!"

"And if *we* threw our landlord *his* money, and darted off for Cheltenham, again, it would be well," said Connor.

"Aye," added Tom, "I'll send him to ye. I'm going to fetch Flo."

But our host entered, ere he had met Tom, and, in enumerating the articles consumed, added a pint of ale.

I never drink ale. Powell *was* "brown-stout," the others had chosen a little cider.

"Oh," said the landlord, "'twas the silver-polled way-farer, as 'tother young gentleman had in to take care o' his dog. *They* finished the scraps you left. I forgot Squire told I that were *his* concern, not your'n, Measters."

We would not be outdone, but joining Tom, ere he could dismiss his pensioner, gave our mites to help the old man on his way.

Comer had been the good son, "of parents passed into the skies," and the sight of grey hairs warmed his heart.

Early, sober, self-satisfied, we paid reasonably for our harmless pleasure, and made for the high-road as safest at that hour. The stars came forth, but the way was "a-muck," and Connor afraid of taking cold.

"He dreads disappointing the hundreds of fine women who never attend the theatre unless *his*

name's in the bills," laughed his comical countryman.

"Or he fears if he can't act that Abbot will stop his salary," said Comer.

"Very likely, sir!" retorted Charles, "as *I* never cut him blind. It is *sometimes* lucky for an actor to *strike the eye of his Manager!*"

"I have struck Managers wherever I thought they most needed or deserved a blow," returned Comer.

"Connor," said I, "eschews a chill lest a fever should oblige him to starve and renounce the whiskey."

"I do *not*, sir; it's the physic I hate. I tried once to swallow some castor-oil, but it hitched in my tongue, and got so tangled about my teeth, that I pledge ye my word 'twas half an hour before I could *unfurl* it. Ye may laugh at my antipathy to intarior medicines—but few of ye could be braver than I beneath any kind of *cutaneous* or *extraneous* remedy!"

Here burst forth another roar.

"Did you learn that at College, Charless?" cried Kenneth.

"He was too intimate there, with Polly Syllables," said Tom.

Poor Connor! how we persecuted him. It is very unfair that nervous, irritable subjects, who re-

quire the most considerate treatment, are almost universally voted fair game by your well-tempered quizzers and teasers.

All the Covent Garden Fund Committee once entered into a league against the peace and reason of this good-hearted, but combustible Hibernian. How many of the hunters are now with their quarry !

## CHAPTER XII.

SATURDAY-NIGHT—FAREWELLS—VESTRIS—A FRIENDLY BISHO —  
—TO BATH BY WATER—DOCTOR HARINGTON—MRS. WEST —  
GATE—MURDER—IRISH FRENCH—BAPTISM—HIBERNIAN T —  
POGRAPHY—A MALAPROP VISIT—INSTRUCTIVE CONVERSE —  
THE GAMBLERS—SLEEP-WALKER—MORE RAMSBOTTOM—THE —  
SON-IN-LAW.

NEXT evening, being out of the bill, I took my  
sister to witness Peake's clever farce of "The  
Duel." Connor's O'Mauley delighted us. The  
second act was on foot, and a scene in which Au  
gustus Buoyant (Abbot) had nothing to do was on  
when he rushed amid its *personæ*, laughingly mo  
tioning them to silence, and thus addressed the  
house,

“Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg pardon, but this  
is Saturday-night, and I tremble for my licence!  
Will you kindly dispense with the rest, and go?  
that the doors may be closed, ere the clock strikes  
twelve; not for worlds would I trench on the  
Sabbath!”

After a hurried applause the audience departed, the clock *had* stricken twelve before my William discovered that various delays and interruptions had cast them thus late. I never saw the dismiss of a *full* house before, or since.

Sunday evening Comer called, to take leave of us; he had to rejoin at Covent Garden, for the re-opening.

“There,” he said, “I am well-paid, and have acted as substitute for all of ‘em, save Mr. Kemble and the ladies; though, be it remembered, that my Glumdalca and ‘Ah, poor gentlewoman!’ prove my Kynastonian powers too. My commander is ever amiable with me, though, thanks to Fawcett’s thwarting him, he can’t do all I know he wishes. The last time I was Austria to his, the *only* Falconbridge, when, at rehearsal he said, ‘Will not a ~~calve~~’s skin stop that mouth of thine?’ I replied, ‘Try me with a ~~calve~~’s skin waistcoat, sir. I want a country boy.’ The reviewer of the ‘London Magazine,’ whoever he might be, had pleaded for me a year and more since, but men with rapid studies and versatile capabilities must be useful! Then, you know, I’m ridiculous; when I played in the ‘Provoked Husband,’ the papers called me, ‘Count Wooten-Basset,’ and, on my supplying the place of another, in ‘Julius Cæsar,’ they had—‘Decius Brutus, Mr. Comer! In *his* own hair!!!’

as if I were either carotty or parsnippy ! Yet so it is."

Hoping soon to meet again, we parted.

A pretty little theatre had been built at Tewkesbury, and there, to the most enthusiastic of audiences, I played Colonel Epaulette and Templeton. Ditto, subsequently, at both our other houses.

Hunt, not returning to Covent Garden, dined with us, ere he started for Dublin. He seemed a man who never knew a care, a fear, and certainly deserved to escape such, as much as mortal may. Liston came again. Then Madame Vestris, who did not draw. Few ladies were in the house, few gentlemen applauded. Our people did not think the star perfect symmetry, nor a perfect beauty. They have a prejudice against any thing Jewish, any thing foreign, even, unless such a *some-thing* as the tall, the lovely, the virtuous, the charitable Catalani.

Our season ended, with the month of October.

A highly respectable Cheltenhamite, who sometimes played as an amateur, had proved my friend in need, on a little pecuniary matter, begging me not to think of a settlement, till we met again next season.

I set off, alone, as usual, for Bath. I travelled with Mr. Stewart Rose, who talked of Sir Walter. We did not meet one coach ; on asking why the

road was deserted I learnt that the floods were out, and the streets of Bath “ boatable ;” by a circuitous route we got in late, with a high tide in our favour. Kingsmead-terrace not being a winter quarter, I took apartments in Harington-place, so called after the eccentric Doctor, about whose sagacious dog, large head, and gaunt figure, so many odd tales have been told.

A rustic went one day to consult him, was shown into a room filled by odd-looking preparations ; and, stepping heavily opposite a closet door, touched a spring, which caused it to fly open, and a skeleton to wheel forward. Hodge ran roaring from the house, he held on by some rails, a few doors off, moments seemed ages while he remained in that vicinity.

The Doctor, who had heard in what apartment his intended patient had been left, guessed something like the truth, and, looking from his door, saw the poor fellow, spell-bound by fright ; he called to him in the kindest tones, to come back ; the man turned, beheld the lean, ghastly Physician, and, with a fresh yell, uttered,

“ Na, dang tha, I da *know* tha, though *thee'st got thy clauthes on !*”

Then, with a desperate resolution, fled ; firmly believing that an animated skeleton did practice medicine there, and that Doctor Harington “ when quite undressed, was most astonishingly ugly !”

I fixed at the house of a childless couple, who had only one old lady beside. Mr. Westgate was a solicitor; his wife a lively little woman, with good taste in dress, natural feeling, and right principle; but—a heroine who, Sheridan assures us, once flourished in Bath, must have dropped her mantle o'er the cradle of this dame, who had subsequently embroidered it with devices peculiarly her own. In giving something *like* the sound and sense of what she meant, she not only parcel-misapplied, but mis-pronounced, making the vowels and consonants of her words change places, as if dancing reels.

“ La, sir !” she said, “ I remember your calling, when Mr. Blood was conciliated here, for a short—indeed for an infinite period; if he practices he won’t prove an emripic, what the learned call a charterlan, he’s scientifick, and, as in poor Mrs. Amy I have one valediction in my house, I wish he *had* continued my residuary. Dear old lady, fretting, because a junevile friend of hers has married for money, an intrepid man of seventy, and sold the diversion of her life !”

I longed for Bell to share this with me.

Captain Peach had succeeded Mr. Dimond. Mr. Charleton “ keeping the stage.” The audience, kind and elegant as ever, welcomed me back, in Jack Meggott, warmly; but my spirits received

a frightful shock from an account of the Gill's Hill Murder ; in which the unworthy brother of dear Harry Hunt was concerned. These horrid tidings had reached Cheltenham, and my sister was unsupported by my presence.

“ Six days did she labour, and do all that she had to do.” On the seventh she started to rejoin me.

Getting into the coach she there found a pretty well-drest girl. The opposite side was soon occupied by two aristocratic-looking lads, who stared at both females, for a minute, when the eldest said to his companion,

“ Magh fwaugh loon poor voo, loter poor mwaw ; la p'teet est be-ang jolee !”

“ May stoopeed je craw—loter-o contraire”—

“ Gentlemen,” interposed Bell, “ it is fit that you should be aware *I* understand you, though *I* question if any *French* person could.”

Without either anger or shame the young men laughingly apologized. Not a look, hardly a word could they extort from the shy, inanimate, budding Miss. My sister, therefore, became the recipient of their histories.

One, born, and educated, by Irish parents, in India, was returning thither, from a brief sojourn in the Green Isle, with his cousin ; both wished to see as much of English scenery as possible ; had

visited the Lakes, and other Lions ; one of them saying,

“ But we’ve heard much of Matlock, if you know this part of the world will you tell us when we’d be getting nigh it ?”

“ Certainly, as soon as we enter Derbyshire.”

“ Ah, now, that’s right ! none of the English prudery that Tom Moore complains of. D’ye like po’-try, ma’am ?”

“ Rather !” laughed she.

“ And music ?”

“ Much ; only I know nothing about it.”

“ Oh, then, sure you sing !”

“ By ear, about as well as you speak French.”

“ Capital ! d’ye know the Canadian boat song ?”

“ Yes, and ‘ God save the King ! ’ ”

“ ‘ Dost thou remember ? ’ ”

“ The second of it I do.”

“ Come then, with the coach’s rattling accompaniment, let us, ma’am, dear !”

Though these were men, strangers, and Isabel no singer, a sort of recklessness inspired her, so they “ Chough’d and Crow’d,” and “ Whistled cold,” and “ Flow’d on,” till they were all thirsty.

“ What will I order you, my dear crature ? ” inquired one.

“ No cratur, but a draught from the pump.”

“ With a drop of wine *in* it ? ”

"Not a bit *of* it."

Too gentlemanly to oppose, when next they stopped they called out that "a lady was fainting, and wanted a drink from the well." A boy brought a large glass of the pure element. She took a portion of it. Her friends would, with more gallantry than etiquette, have drank after her, but she insisted on their returning the vessel to the child, as their vehicle would be in motion again directly. It was her design to have given him a few coppers; the eldest hero now asked her,

"Would *this* be Matlock?"

"Not quite."

"What's the name of this place, me man?"

"Stroud Water, zur."

"Thank ye!"

So saying, the abstracted Pat flung the remains of the goblet's contents into the little fellow's face. Even he grinned, but the beauty, in her corner, though wide awake, never moved a muscle.

"Put a shilling in the glass, now," said Bell, "a fine for your blunder."

She was obeyed, and again they progressed.

"Do geographies ever reach India, or even Ireland?" demanded she.

"By coorse, what for are ye asking?"

"I'm only thinking what nice maps you have studied, that placed Derbyshire between Glo'ster

and Somerset. Did you expect to find Wales shaking hands with Cumberland, or Sussex with York?"

The boys drew diversion from their own mistakes ; it was past seven when they reached Bath. The number of sedans astounded them, and one exclaimed,

" Sure it must be somebody's night for a great rout, by the lot of cheers in use."

Again undeceived, he continued,

" Now I'm sure you'll sup with us, at the hotel, and we'll send a message to your house, and see you safe there, like brothers."

" Apropos of brothers," concluded she, as the coach stopped at the York, " here is mine. Thank these gentlemen for their attentions to me, dear."

I did so, and, on our way to Harington-place, heard the foregone particulars of her journey ; we had tea, and I went to play. Glorious Westgate supplied my place beside her lady lodger.

" Ah, ma'am !" sighed the matron, " your good gentleman implicated that you both had an invurious interest in this horrid *Herefordshire* business ; but, as to the brother of the preformer, he, I fancy, will only be incarcilated, and then they'll deliberate him."

In spite of tragic feelings Bell had to conceal a laugh by coughing. Mrs. Westgate went on,

" You've got a slight guitar, Missee ; a stitch in

time, you know, don't wait to let your throat get into a scurrilous state. I'll bring you some of the lozenges Sir Francis used to take, to lucubrate his palate upon the hastings. Dear! he's talked about abortion, and who he shall emancipatate, till he's nigh lost all his population. An inuflential cariter here, ma'am, everybody knows him, as they say, by his permanent profile. But, bless me! how I'm running on, and perhaps you would rather be left secluse."

"On the contrary, I shall be happy in listening to *your* opinions, whenever you can look in on me."

"Thank you, sure, Miss; then if I can bring a little noose"—

"You'll bind me to you for life."

"Now that is *too* kind, but, if I prevail myself of your fallibility—Will you in return *come down*? I have but one sedulement, you shall see my phantoms!"

"I've only heard of such things as yet."

"Gracious! Never see a phantom? The prettiest little pets! I shall have quite a conoly, fluey to the toes, one of 'em laid to-day, fowl phantoms, you know!"

Her hearer mentally conjured up chicken ghosts, spectral pullets, bogle's eggs, and unearthly capons, but merely said,

"Will you let your handsome Hester fetch my

brushes and combing-jacket, from my room? I will prepare for bed, if you don't mind seeing me do so."

"An honour! here, Hester, child!"

All was arranged; in a few minutes Mrs. Westgate started back, exclaiming,

"Oh, the Epistle, the beloved Epistle! that pull-on-easy, so pale and loose, in long dark waves, dissecly the pictur of John in the Revelations!"

Isabel, resolved on talking as good nonsense as her hostess, if possible, bowed, saying,

"Do you really think I have an apologetic and epistolary style of head?"

"I do, mum; 'twould make a good altar-place for the Nanny Bابتists. I like to see curosatty churches. I went so far as to enter the Jews' Synygog, at Brister, once. Saw their Sham Abram, and all that; but there's my master come in, I must banish. Proud to have conversed with a littery caritur, and to find her such an accessory one, too, though there's a waggery about your brother that shows he *can* be a bit of a Satyr!"

Meanwhile *my* patrons were crying, "*Vive la Bagatelle!*" in which I enjoyed the favourable impression I made. Like the Irishman in Rosini, this Frenchman is left for the actor to fill out, *ad libitum*, a privilege of which I availed myself pretty freely, with great success.

Sackville was now much with us. Between our sitting-room windows was a stone, marking the division of two parishes ; thus we could consign our "brother Sack" to the matronage of one saint, while we kept the patronage of another, and all sit at one table, while disdaining to sup in the same parish.

I was unwontedly vivacious, when the intelligence of Graham's bloodless but disgraceful duel with Ugo Foscolo overset all my confidence in his recent good resolves. He had disposed, I believe, lucrative, of manuscripts for my sister, but *she* was never the richer by their publication. Poor as we were, we would not have grudged our profits to assist a friend in any *meritorious* pursuit.

"Certain Parties" wrote me—

"Yates has now charges against him which he must bear the Brunt-on. I thought he strove to please a certain clever pree-yude, and did in part tickle her ; but 'tis said now they are wed he intends to give her such a Punch under the ribs as shall make the Queen of Judyisms rejoice that he was not just the thing for joining in the Dance, or climbing *even* a Tree."

They came to star in Bath. Frederick again confirmed my fears as to Graham ; *he* told me that a former friend of the unhappy youth's, a gentleman who boasted how well he could keep a secret, proved his word by telling it to every one ; and

asserted that, in Graham's boyhood, some misuse of names, and imitation of hand-writings, to “raise means by indirection,” had caused his uncle to banish him. This friend had contrived his escape. Some said in vain, and that our elegant Willie had flown from America, *branded* as a *felon*. That was false. It appeared that, in consequence of his having informed against the unfair dealings of his fellow-gamblers, Thurtell, Probert, and Weare, the name of Graham had been on a doomed list; it was planned to destroy him by an air-gun, leave a recently discharged pistol in his hand, and pass murder for suicide, which he was known to defend, and likely to commit.

I strove to forget all this, in any foolery, and, while rehearsing Sir Patrick Maguire, to Yates's delicious Somno, I said seriously,

“When I give you the letter I shall tell you not to be after reading even its address, which you will, of course, do directly, aloud; 'twill be a natural bit of business, and must raise a laugh.”

Yates thanked me, and promised.

Not contenting myself with the “property” provided, I had folded and sealed a tolerably-sized epistle, writing on it—

“To Miss C—— G——,  
Care of Lady S——,  
At Mrs. M——'s, Rochester.”

Introducing the names of three fairs the bridegroom had formerly visited, in various disguises, male and female.

The moment I handed him the paper, forbidding him to look at it, he did as agreed, and, at the sight of these "once familiar words," went off in one of his hoots of laughter, rushing from the stage under torrents of applause, the people thinking Somno merely tickled by his own impulsive disobedience of his master.

Mrs. Westgate daily contributed something to our stock of knowledge.

"Mr. Yates," she said, "if he'd like to naturalize his Shylock, had better learn the Jewish accent from a Jeweller as I know. Any rate *his* codicil is worth exfoliating, for he has the largest Hebrew Pentagraph ever seen; yet, just now, for sale, rests upon that very book, the most Catholic Invention! The embrocation of Scotch Queen Mary, whose path is full of crosses, and crucibles—Hostesses, and Pixies, and other Popishtical enigma. Queer garbage for a house of Israel!"

In decorous Bath, it was a feminine privilege to walk alone, even to and from the theatre; and there sit unmatronized. Every chairman being a constable, the streets were safe at all hours. Yet my sister rejoiced when Mrs. Westgate, a being of such creditable reputation and appearance, could accompany her.

“ Why, ah, ma’am !” said the good dame, “ Times was when the wives of purfessional men did not bemean themselves by going to the pit, but now; not even to hear Cantalatni herself would I take such a step ; for, ma’am, that part of the house is so infected with reprimands that no modest woman can, with impurity, put herself on a bar with *them*. My better-behalf was there ’tother night, and he told me that it was becoming a mere market, where precarious little minxes was disposed of, to a set of aged voluminaries.”

“ Distressing indeed !” sighed Isabel, demurely.

“ It *is*, ma’am ; what but corroborating with *such* as depilliated Mr. Kean before his time ? driving him to brave the pillars of the Antalatnic, and go even into an opposite atmosphere ? To think that a man who was once so fortuitous should ever be obliged to give up his nativity ! I can’t say I admired his voice, though it was a laudable one enough. But here we are derived ! And there’s old Mrs. Amy’s dear Mr. James Brownell, with his kind handsome face, and other commendations, by no means so supercilious.”

How many faults, of idleness and dissipation, do we excuse to good-looking, good-humoured fellows ! It is not common to find *very* domestic, *ultra* dutiful sons. Plain James Hendy might laugh—

“ Oh, if you expect from *me* the virtues of an

F—— or a M——, you must give me their faces to boot, worthy men!"

But James Brownell, with form and face not easily matched, connected with that tempting, bad-examplified, opportunity-giving place, a Theatre, in a fashionable town, was as thoroughly a "worthy man" as if he had looked like *Quasimodo*—He thought nothing about his looks. In his hours of labour he patiently brooked the querulousness of his old chief; his leisure was devoted to soothing, cheering the age of his father, and attending the sick-bed of his mother-in-law! He had once ('twas said) broken off an eligible match, because the lady liked not living with tedious invalids. He made no merit of anything he did, but said "he should miss his step-dame, the friend of his boyhood!"

Yet no one, except perhaps the grave-looking Mr. John Loder, was better audience for a joke than this politely smiling moralist.

## CHAPTER XIII.

A NEW YEAR—SINCLAIR—POLITIC CANDOUR—A MUSICAL GALLIPOT—A MAN OF WAX—PERSONS OF NOTE—LISTON—BISHOP—GRIEVE—YOUNG—BOWDICH—BENEFICIAL PLANS—THE FRENCH SONGSTRESS—DOCTOR CROLY—KEELEY—T. H. BAILY—WESTGATEISMS—MAGIC MUSIC—INCREDOULITY CURED.

ON the second day of 1824, we witnessed Yates's Rob Roy, which had been called a Scotch Hudibras, in London, though very popular in Glasgow. His Iago pleased me better. I made Roderigo what Shakspere called him, “*a silly gentleman*,” if he be not so played, how is he to contrast the weak Cassio?

A visit from my friend, General Wolfe, drew forth some characteristic remarks from Mrs. Westgate, who vowed,

“ Ever since I was child I had heard that the dear gentleman received his immortal quietibus at the siege of Candy.”

I assured her, that he hero who had fallen there was Charles Fox !

Playing Doctor Caius, enabled me better than

ever to estimate the truth and richness of Yates's Falstaff; but, going to call on him, I slipped on the icy pavement, and severely bruised my side. Yates and Sackville were very attentive, but they both left Bath ere I was able to resume my duties.

Doctor Dablancour ("Budget of Blunders") was my next essay, my audience doubly kind, from having heard of my accident. Papillion also gained me more applause as an actor than it had done as an amateur.

Sinclair was our next star; unaffected, friendly little man!

One of the ladies, perhaps from a spirit of mischief, said,

"Yes, you two gentlemen ought to get on well together, as you've both been in the army."

"Eh, mem!" laughed the God of Song, "I was a Bandsman in the Renfrew Militia, and so was Bailie Mackay, of Edinburgh, as clever a player, and as good a body as ever took King's pay, or Manager's salary."

This frankness quite defeated any feminine spite that might have prompted the remark which elicited it.

The Bloods arrived in Bath, where *he* intended to practice as a surgeon. His wife was in a hopeful way. So accomplished, witty, well-looking, and well-dressing a young pair, were sure of being

kindly received by their Western friends, and invited to share the gaieties of the season.

We had little power to evince our regard. My sister had but her time to devote, delightedly did she help to make baby-clothes, and walk with, her good-humoured, stylish friend, at whose house we soon met the estimable Miss Fellowes, Mrs. Pennell, and other agreeable persons, who would fain have wooed *her* into society; but Isabel liked not parties, could not afford to array herself for them, nor accept chair-hire.

A plain woman, who cannot sing, dance, play cards, is live lumber in company.

Liston opened the month of Valentines with us, in Sam Swipes, wherein he called me (from my wearing pink silk stockings, as Lamotte), "the young man with the hally-cum-pane legs." His Sam Savoury ("Fish out of Water") fully proved that he did not depend on a grotesque appearance, at least on a queer dress.

Madame Tussaud was exhibiting her wax-work in Bath. I *had* seen it, with the Fleas and Henri Quartre's chemise. There is something gloriously vulgar and unartistical in these displays! Ten years had effected many *political* changes, for old Mary of Scots, having really lost her head, on some hard hilly road, Marat was left alone in his currant-jelly, that Charlotte Cordée, in the

Stuart cap and ruff might abdicate "under the sign manual" of Ruthven.

Borrowing a label of—"You are requested not to touch the figures," from one of them, I hung it to a button, on my breast, placed myself in a formal, stiff position, assumed a glassy stare, and had the satisfaction of hearing "some of the ladies who did me the honor"—as Waite, the dentist, used to say, exclaim,

"La! here's one of Mr. Hill! well, I'm sure *he's* not flattered.

On this, without moving a muscle of my face, I began to nod, which drew forth a volley of screams, that ended, of course, in a general laugh.

Young arrived, recognized me most amiably. I was "the Ostrich" to his Hamlet.

I became known to two great artists that week—Henry Bishop, the composer, and W. Grieve, who was getting up "The Broken Sword" in such style, that no real water could have surpassed, in effect, the fall he had contrived, of revolving check and silver leaf.

Young, in the "Iron Chest," realized all my dreams of Godwin's sensitive victim. Kean's was too fiery, too sturdy; too far from gentlemanly. But peculiarities of Young's, which seemed defects, in some parts, became beauties in this; for Sir Edward is, per force, artificial, until glozing

will no longer conceal the fact of his once having too rashly obeyed the impulses of nature.

After Duruset's, I admire the Wilfred of Mr. F. Vining, "sober, clean, and perfect," ever inoffensive, and respectful to his audience, he would, at rehearsal, take the most amusing liberties with the text. I remember, in Gratiano, his saying to Shylock,

"Oh, you be d——d, you inexcusable old dog!"

His wife's manners were not theatrical. She had been bred in an atmosphere where jealousy came not; and he was blest with both spirits and temper to make home comfortable. Spite some strong and strange mishaps, the prospects for a young family, were bright.

The following remark applies no more to Vining than Macready, Kemble, Bartley, or Lord Byron's Lambro. Persons exemplary, within a contracted sphere of duties, have few virtues or sympathies to spare from home consumption; while those who diffuse the minor charities through a wide circle, are rarely just to all persons within it; neglecting or wronging their nearest ties (because *they* cannot be broken) in order to be known as generally hospitable, courteous, and liberal. Few, like Young and the Dove, are at once the true comforters of their own nests, and the messengers of loving peace to all the world! Yet mere prudence (so that it

be free from meanness) extorts the envy of those careless Yoricks who, among all their talents, have not that of thriving, and making money.

The 12th of March was fixed for my Benefit. I had to devise something funny, for the filling of my house when I learnt the death of my school friend and townsman Bowdich, the African traveller; climate had put an end to his adventurous career, leaving the widowed mother of his children in straitened circumstances, to break her heart, or — to marry again.

Still business must be minded. An amateur friend, Captain Eyre, insisted on playing Duke Aranza for me, and I hit on the notion of singing, between the play and farce, "*Partant pour la Syrie*," dressed as a French woman, accompanied by Mr. Latham on the box organ. I hired one, to rehearse, of an old blind man, who asked leave "to come and *see me sing*." My sister made my bust and bustle, apron, toque, &c., &c., but, as her dresses were not long enough for me, I borrowed a gay flowered gown from Mrs. Westgate's servant. "Our Hester" was a beauty; between a Hebe and a Pomona; yet knew no more about her own looks than of the two ladies just named. She was equally indifferent to the appearance of others. Against her will a sweetheart would walk from the country, after his day's work, to "kip compnee" in the

kitchen.—There, without mental resources, yet with perfect safety, would the young pair sit together, for hours, *tête-à-tête*, sometimes with no one else in the house. Surely hard labour, simple fare, and the absence of education, must be rare preventive checks to passion ; though our rustics are so liable to “misvortins,” that Hester really was an ‘ Arabian bird,’ without the least merit ; for she vowed she “hated men, the nasty messes !”. While sentiment and imagination were setting white thread-papers on fire, “all along shore.”

Hester was sent to see her own garb on the stage ; my sister dressed me, ear-rings, ringlets, cross, all point device. I went in a chair to the theatre. A street scene was ready for us. My coadjutor had made himself a rare picture. We were received with shouts. Latham ground away, with the utmost gravity, and chorussed my “bis” in a tremendous *bass*. I curtseyed, and held up my tray to the windows. We heard a shower, but heeded it not. The dear people would have it three times ; “the brave and fair” retired, stumbling over pence and shillings. I did hear that “handsome Philipson” flung something of more value on the stage, but I assure him that *I* left all the coin to “content the humble gleaners” who swept the boards.

I understood that dear Miss Fellowes said I had looked like *her*. Dark and tall as she was, and *fascinating* as I had striven to make myself, I could not have looked like what she *must* have been *once*.

With a heart full of gratitude towards my friend **Eyre** and the public, I soon started, alone, for **London**, where business led me.

Sackville and I visited the first Diorama either of us had ever seen. A new field of enjoyment seemed created for me. I could scarcely believe that I looked not on nature.

I was glad, also, to meet Comer, though not so prosperous as I could have wished. At Covent **Garden**, his obliging temper and amusing ways had long rendered him a favourite; even Macready had more than endured him.

"I know," said Virginius, when that play was coming out, "that *you* will be particular, as the little you have to do is chiefly with me. I shall depend much on *Lucius*."

"I don't think I'm fit for it, sir," answered Tom, simply, "I thought the part sent me by mistake, and intended for dear F——y."

"And why so, sir?"

"Aye, indeed," asked Hunt, "he would look even less like Mr. Kemble's brother, than yourself, Tom!"

“ Nay, Harry, the context bears me out ; for Mr. Macready has to say something like—‘ Speak, my Lucius, thy face is full of matter !’ Now, I’ve not Mr. F——y’s comic *humour* in *my* countenance.”

“ Go to, you’re an ass !” grimly laughed the Roman.

Well, Tom, with teaching and public dinners, became a warm man ; when he made himself responsible for “a friend,” who, “from no fault,” was not ready with the heavy sum ; and poor Comer gave up horse, gun, watch, rings, all save the mourning one which held his parents’ hair, to meet demands. These goods not sufficing, he had but his liberty to resign.

The theatre broke his engagement, and now I met him, with the world to begin over again, but with an invitation from his unmarried sisters, to come home, till he had something profitable to do. Not a word said he, nor would he hear one, against Mr. Charles Kemble !

At Yates’s, I was presented to the Reverend Dr. Croly, author of the successful drama, “Pride shall have a Fall,” in which Frederick shone as Cornet Count Carmine. Some stories against the Tenth Hussars had been grafted on the plot (apparently taken from a *nouvellette* of Kotzebue’s) ; it was strongly cast, splendidly got up, and—I did not like it.

That night I first met Robert Keeley, and felt an instant regard for the little man, which time and better acquaintance has increased.

On the 20th, I was at home again.

A little drama now failed in Bath, though written by the popular Mr. Haynes Bayly. I was sorry that anything should annoy a young gentleman so interesting and so amiable. Some of his songs are as sweet specimens of lyric poetry, as ever we owed to Moore himself.

Talking of songs, how potent was the spell that lay in these play-bill words—"Between the Tragedy and Farce, a Comic Song by Mr. Woulds;" and such, I believe, was the only or *no* title of his very best; but, whenever he came on, in a long-waisted scarlet coat, yellow wig, and pigtail, to the prelude of "Leaze me on my Highland love," anticipative laughter greeted his appearance. Not that the verses of the promised ballad were "more than common" droll; nor that the air was either new or funny; but wherever, in the original lay, the words "Bonnie laddie" occurred, the humorous author had substituted the syllables "Toora-looree!" For these Mr. Woulds extemporarily composed "variations," expressing the spirit of the preceding line; from simple narrative to the shivering agonies of a cold wet walk, the bubble of a frying-pan, the sudden concussion of a box on the ear, down to the accents

merely signifying "That's all, your servant!" When encored, he varied again; one "Toora-looree" would deprecate the incredulity of his hearers; another imply that their laughter hurt his feelings; the final one evince the most respectful gratitude. Still I have not described the crowning charm, which was, that Mr. Loder's violin precisely echoed these wordless speeches, change as they might.

A lady of fashion "bespeaking" the song by letter, not knowing what to call it, wrote for "That with the chorus of Toora-looree, or something like it," and even so was it announced in future,

"Mr. Woulds will sing 'Toora-looree, or Something like it.'"

The effect of the *ensemble* was perfect. Many admired it as ludicrous, who thought not of the cleverness, the actual science it required from both parties.

Woulds, in fact, was one of the best comic singers I ever heard; a ready and diverting *improvisatore*; as an actor, great in many lines; his silly foreign servants, such as Karl, Blaise, and Blaisot, his Pedrigo Pots, Zekiel Homespun, Squire Tallyho, Sir David Daw, Acres, Tony Lumpkin, Tag, and many other achievements, rank him with our first-rate *farseurs*. Then his face was highly pleasing, and his Blanchard-like sing-song was but one grace

the more. His pretty little wife was a very original style of chambermaid ; drawling, not flippant ; plausible, not brazen !

The most respectable member of our corps was Mr. B. P. Bellamy, a Tory, a Kemble-ite, and a gentleman ; extra professionally clever ; well-read, scientific, moral, religious, but a sworn foe to *cant* of all kinds !

Mrs. Westgate now grew solicitous for my sister's health, saying, one day,

“ Don't you lead too sedentary a life, ma'am ? Doctors may describe requestian exorcisings, but I say, trust to your own pibeds, though they are but Lily-Prussians ! What's a ploughed field, when once you're manured to it ? There's fine sublunious air, under the equinox ; though at present we have but vaccinating weather ; in this climate one had need dissemble the gigantic statutes I left at Cornwall, in their minorities, undergoing every variegation of temperament, as if there was no more penetration in them than in the antick Saxoms, as put Stone hinges to Salisbury plain ! ”

These flowers of rhetoric, reported to Mrs. Blood, were accepted as inventions.

“ Give me a fresh Westgate, Bell ! ” would she say, as if her friend could create what she merely repeated.

The “ Cataract ” was brought out with enormous

expense, but the horses (a set new to their business) took fright at the glare, and dragged the car so threateningly near the orchestra, that parties rushed in dismay from the house, and the piece never drew, in spite of the vigour of its stud.

“Quardypids!” said Mrs. Westgate, “and Jim-nasties, is fit only for the amplithatur, or such circuitous holes!”

By this time Comer’s “foot was on his native heath,” where he liked to beau parties about to our rural lions,—

“For,” said he, “you cannot judge from a distance the peasants I *Saw close* in my youth.”

On one of these excursions, to try an echo, he called stentorianly,

“How do you do?”

And, in return, received *such an answer*, from some unseen clown, as disconcerted him and all its fair hearers.

Again, I praised his *William of the Forest*, and he returned,

“Ah, such foresters, like the woods they’re made of, be ‘ard un’s; but what would you say to dear John Duruset’s *My Lord of Amiens*? He looks, plays, and sings it so beautifully, that, between the first and second lines of ‘Under the greenwood tree,’ he is obliged to cry, ‘Now don’t all speak at once, ladies!’”

This was whispered to *me*. He told us that a Yorkshire farmer had set up a plain stone in his garden, inscribed with,

“SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
OF POOR JACK EMERY.”

“Oh, you ought to walk more here, Captain ; besides Hampton Falls, Landsdown, Claverton, Prior Park, the Canal, you ought to see Farley’s Castle, and the caves of Monkton ; and all the Hayes, and Combes, and Fords, here,” (*aside*) “except Beckford !”

Turning to my sister, he asked,

“Ladie, have you not blistered your tongue ?”

“No ! why ?”

“Why I have just met Mrs. Blood. Such a Ramsbottom you have made here ! She gave me some ‘*incredulous*’ bits !”

“Nay, they are *voracious*, on my honour.”

On this laughing duet, enter its theme, who, as if to substantiate her inmate’s questioned statements, said significantly,

“Well, ma’am, I’m glad to conceive that your grief for Mr. Sackville’s departure is beginning to subsist. I heard *who* was here, but, if I had not, though we never before accumulated, sir, I should have reconciled you as a cotemporist of these parts, by your likeness to the whole of your fraction ;

though some is darker, some redder headed; now *your* hair is like barley-sugar, or some beads I have; not garnets, no! bless me? Hamber! to be sure; for a friend of mine brought 'em from Hamber."

After this sample, how could Thomas remain a Dedimus?

He had a musical appointment with a good and beauteous young lady, who then gave high promise of the histrionic excellence she has since displayed.

"I must," said he, "go and give a few bows to the Trees, with their leaves, four branches of such symmetry and grace deserve to be engrafted with laurel; so ere Queens Eleanor and Matilda have time, to ask 'Sister Anne do you see any body coming?' Ad—D—I—O—you have heard the singing Tree, you shall soon see the dancing Waters."

His last words the next chapter will explain.

## CHAPTER XIV.

**F**EMALE ADVISERS—MASQUERADE—BE-WOMANED AGAIN—DOCTOR O'TOOLE—BILLY WATERS—THE CARTER—A GIPSY—YOU'LL SAY 'TIS PERSIAN—BLACK RIVALRY—A WELSH GIRL—EQUESTRIAN COMBAT—THE TWO LYRISTS—THE EATING HOUSES—MYSTERIES DISSOLVED.

BATH was now all alive, preparing for a Grand Masquerade, for which my sister had several chances, but, of the three theatrical or ex-theatrical ladies known to her there, two had *no* offers of tickets (though their husbands, as well as myself, had), and one, Mrs. Blood, was not in a situation to brave a crowd. Isabel, therefore, would not avail herself of this opportunity for witnessing a decorous and aristocratic masquerade, the first and last such treat that might ever fall in her way.

One of the ladies in question had said, as did Mrs. Damper, at Worthing, that “Miss Hill, as a duty, ought to take to the stage; by a sort of honorary sinecure, walking gentlewoman situation, she might command an income, as she had a rapid study, and made stage things ingeniously.”

Isabel asked me if I *wished* her to do this, *professing* no ambition, nor much repugnance. The idea of *her* losing her private station, even for fame and fortune, was insufferable to me.

“ Nay,” she yawned, “ ‘twas merely as a matter of form that I mentioned it. I *have* been like the old man and his neddy, for docility, but now, *whoever bade* me go on the stage, *I wouldn’t*.”

Nor would she have ventured on any masquerade personation, but it *was* painful to find that she could not even go in domino, without making enemies!

Those who united genius with good looks were studying how to make themselves funnily frightful, for this occasion; while others, neither handsome nor witty, were lost in dreams of finery, which would not oblige them to say or do any thing.

One fubsy, red-armed, squinting miss, was puzzled between Iris, Flora, Lalla Rookh, and La Valliere.

“ Cleopatra’s dress *were* the richest,” suggested I.

“ Yes, but then *she* was little, and brown, with a pug-nose, now *I* don’t intend to *wear* my mask, in that hot crowd!”

Warde arrived from Dublin, with hopes of a winter engagement in the scene of his early conquests; for the few days of his stay he divided his time between us and Mrs. Vereker, an old lady

who, though in a romantic manner, had substantially befriended himself and family, for many years, continuing to do so for many more.

He aided my sister in dressing me for the rooms. The *éclat* with which I had (of late) worn ladies' clothes, emboldened me again to stand forth as a representative of the fair sex; now, not only as the practical champion of British grace, but of the feminine beauties which survive the bloom of youth.

To begin at the base of the pedestal, and trace its architecture up to the flourished capital; a pair of rusty twine-tied brogues partly concealed, one a black, the other a mottled worsted stocking, both very *open clocked*, and showing the *annato*-died Morbleu legs through their apertures. These were met by a short, patched, stuff-petticoat; an aged brown Holland jacket was confined round the waist, by a *holy* check apron; at the back hung a darned and tattered grey frieze-cloak, the hood of which was pinned to an opaque, borderless cap, whence straggled locks, half-carrotty, half-grey. The mask, which I had cut off close under the bottle-nose, allowed plenty of play for eyes and mouth; a broken basket, full of oranges, hung on my arm, and the ould Irish woman's "dhudeen" or short black pipe, was ready for make-believe "smoken."

Sure never was seen such a daughter of Erin! the wild Glorvina was tame to her.

But was I to sup in this guise, and so be known as the perpetrator of my intended feats? Wait a-while! I did not enter my sedan without a change of raiment. On arriving at the rooms I deposited this in the cloak-room, which was devoted to the toilets of such as intended to alter their dress. The other apartments remained in *status quo*, save one, which would not be opened till after midnight. It was now about ten o'clock, and the motley crowd every instant increasing.

Blood, the Messrs. Comer, and others, appeared as priests of Saint David, and sung a series of Welch pieces. My Doctor then changed to O'Toole, for which I had lent him my dress and wig; he could assume an admirable brogue, though when speaking seriously, it was only by his warmth of manner that you might guess his country. I thought I had heard what Tom was to be, and made my way to a figure, admirably masked and wooden-legged, as Billy Waters, the black, well known about town, and immortalized by "Life in London." I accosted the plumed hero,

"Mister Waters, my black diamond, have you picked up enough this day to buy a few of them fruit, as I am tould grows wild in your own land?"

He replied in such a vile attempt at Nigger, that I saw *he* was not *my* Childe Waters.

Close behind me I heard a rich west-country dialect, and, turning, beheld a very long-smock-frocked, red-headed, well-whipped Carter, louting about, in true "Zaw Claws" style. This might be the man.

"Would de boy like to whet his whistle on a bit of Chaney?" asked I, dropping a curtsey.

"Noa, thank'ee, muther," returned he, whistling, "indeed I da vind a mug o' drink do't vittier."

It was not Tom's voice, but whosoever Carter might be, I saw and heard enough to convince me, that he was a first-rate masquerader; though he wore no mask, his face was gloriously made up.

"Is it your wishy-washy ale and porter ye call dhrink, my lad?" says I, "if you'd stick to de whiksey, now"—

"Ma-hap I'd spile my pratty hay-ur, as thees't done."

The by-standers enjoyed this retort, and Carter, scratching his head, "Gee woo Dobbin"-ed away, to another part of the room. A Domino near me, vowed it was either Paul Methuen or Sir Henry Lippincott.

A highly picturesque group now drew nigh. The Queen of the Gipsies, attended by two or three young Bohemiennes, in correct costumes:

“ I knew,” said the Domino, “ that *she* would be here, of course, the leader of fashion, Miss Wroughton.”

“ Would yer ladyship’s glory tell the fortin of a lone ould cratur?” whined I.

“ Yes,” replied her Majesty, graciously, “ I predict that you will be much better dressed than you are now, before to-morrow evening, and that is a happier prophesy than I could give to three-fourths of the *ill-starred* wretches here present.”

“ Are ye there, ma’am dear?” says I, “ wid de voice dat gladdens the heart of man, woman and child, wherever ye go? and is it to be demaned, by wasting its swateness upon monkeys?” (of which Miss Wroughton kept many) sinking my tone, I added, “ I’m not to be *wrought on* by common report; they may call you the Queen of the Gipsies, but *I* say you’re the King of good *Fellows!*”

“ Take a charm against the head-ache, woman, and leave me!” returned the tall Sovereign, presenting me with a witty kind wish, in French, written within a triangle, or some such mystic figure.

The crowd separated me from my Gitana.

I next offered my ware to a gentleman, seated between two ladies, in very showy, *fancy* dresses. Without deigning to answer me, the man said to his fair charges,

“ I thought that something like niceness and *foreignness* of costume was indispensable here. *That is a real Irishwoman, let in to sell fruit.*”

“ And what else would ye have me be, I wonder?” asked I, maunderingly.

“ I thought so,” said one of the ladies, “ genuine *rags and dirt.*”

“ Rags, if you plase, but, as for dirt, the devil a ha’ perth, my darlint! yer welcome to sarch me to the skin; if yer the worse for it, I’ll ate you. Mighty fine to diskiver that I *sells* fruit, widout either of yez havin’ the heart to buy—and why not?”

“ Persians don’t eat oranges,” haughtily returned the, as yet, silent Grace.

“ Och! they don’t, don’t they? that’s iligant jogruffee, any way! and yet they spake English, the craturs, and fancy no honest woman has a right in this presence, unless she’s as fine as a Pa-cock!”

“ Go away, woman!” said the man, rising.

“ After you, sir!” and I followed them, teasingly repeating, to all we met, “ *They say Persians never ate oranges!*”

My attention was soon attracted by an angry voice, and I beheld two beings, dressed precisely alike, confronted in hostile parlance. The Waters’s. I thought as much—and observed that, while my

first William's exaggeratedly African features remained stiff as *papier machée*, the Billy's black, but Saxon countenance, worked with comic rage, which darkled even the large eyes, thickening and widening the mouth. I drew near, and found that the *first* comer had not anticipated—nor prepared himself for—an examination as to his claims; he evidently would have attempted anything like supporting a character, only as long as nobody questioned him; he now gave it up, and faltered, in fashionable English,

“But, though the original Simon Pure may be a lesser part, a worse actor, than the Feignwell, yet—may there not be two Richmonds in the field?”

“Me no know nor care what you mean, sar! Nebaw saw eider ob de blackards you talk ob in Richmon fields. Go, you wuss dan de dam nigger as 'tend to be me, at Delfi play-ous. Me go see seberal times. Him 'bleege to ab seen how me walk, hear how me talk, but *you!* berry like nebbaw in Lunnon!”

“Yes, often; I *have* seen *him*, *you*, *me*! Pray don't be so loud!”

“Loud as me like, sar! no, you see only my pictuss! gran gentleman come, on dere knees, ax me to sit, sar! You hold a fiddle? you man o' colour, you! me no rest till me play you out, me wash you white; you may be Bath Waters,

**Hotwell Waters, Cheltam Waters, but, by Gor  
A-mightee, you no Billy Waters!"**

The false Martin Guére retired to don some  
dress of less responsibility.

Many, besides Doctor O'Toole, his poor country-  
woman, and a glorious man's-hat-red-cloaked,  
Welsh dairy-maid, in search of a place, had seen  
**William (Second) proved the Conqueror, and now  
Tafline, cried,**

“ Teed to goodness, Master Waters, your kit for  
a hase ! nam o' cod, and dance the reel with us ;  
here's four, with the two Irish shentry, I peg of you !”

Spite wooden leg our musician joined the set,  
but as he had no hand to spare for his partner, he  
soon found a double ganger, in the figure. My  
friend Carter ! and, among the most complacent  
lookers-on, was the Gipsy Queen.

“ Sorrow the head-ache I have *yet*, thanks to  
you, my charmer !” said I, as we paused, tired  
out.

“ Don't discourse her, ma'am !” cried Doctor  
O'Toole to me. “ Sure I know, though *you* don't,  
that as late as yesterday, that enchantress was try-  
ing to kidnap into her gang yer own and only one  
lamb, as ye've lift at home, in her innocence, this  
blissid night ; barn she may be wid de wife o' me  
—Missis O'Toole, the Saints presarve her !—as  
most like yer colleen *is*.”

“ *My child? Is it my babby? would she there  
stale?*” cried I, sticking my arms a-kimbo.

“ Shure would she, and, as she pins luck to the  
name that’s on yez, it’s my belief she’s got a still  
younger and prettier cratur, so called, by her side,  
this minit, if not *two!*”

[Miss Fellowes had offered to make my sister one  
of her gipsy girls. Two charming Misses Hill  
were Miss F.’s nieces.]

“ Oh !” answered her Majesty, “ it is inevitable  
that all admirers of nature, who study the stars,  
should love the hills ; though, spite my prescience,  
I was not sure, till now, that this daughter of an  
orange-man was so Western a mountaineer. A  
black doom fall on her head to-morrow, and may  
she have not a gown to stand in ! Such is my male-  
diction !”

We were called away by a terrific equestrian  
combat. Don Quixote and Sancho encountered  
two Knights, on Abrahamides’ wicker steeds.  
Reeve himself was never more in earnest.

“ The sun’s level ray makes the shadow taller  
than the substance,” said a Domino, pointing to a  
male pair, neither to be called tall ; by the voice I  
recognized *one*, as a poet ; and by the last speaker’s  
hint, I guessed that the *lesser* was a greater bard,  
successfully imitated by his companion, who now  
said to me,

“ There are many clever creatures here, yet I want to multiply the race of wags, by getting up some marriages. Doctor O’Toole and his Welsh friend are betrothed already. Will you have Mr. Waters, my good lady ?”

“ Shure if I was *that* way given, my Butterfly, he’d tear the wind-pipe out of me first, and then the *ould* Bailey would ring with it, worse nor when the unfortunate *Miss* war mislisted, at Halifax, by Captain Smith.”

“ Well, there’s the young Carter, I think, in *one* respect, would suit you better; if you will forget your grey hairs, look over the disparity of years, and”—

“ If I do, I’m a Dutchman !”

“ No,” whispered my catechist, “ but I know you *can* be an excellent *Frenchman*.”

He was gone, and I attacked his late companion.

“ Shure it’s you that are the melodiousest small man here present; there’s *more* in that *little* body than most folks see. You’re the pride of our country, Tommy dear ! But ah ! the gay divil you’ve been, small blame to you if any, ’tis folly to talk, we’re not all priests and friars ! Shure I know’d you when you was forced to live under false names, Mr. Nackreen Brown !”

The genius took these liberties in good part, but soon slipped off.

It were tedious to attempt a description of the sundry odd dresses and assumptions that graced the evening. About twelve some of us retired to beautify; the ladies so doing in their own *sanctorum*. Such as wished to escape detection stole away, for this purpose, with only a confidential assistant. Blood, myself, and others, donned handsome court suits. Tom's tied-up leg was somewhat fatigued, and a pretty job he had to wash off his dark paint. We were now admitted to the refreshment-room.

Instead of being formally prepared for a sit-down supper it represented a street; canvass fronts of houses having been admirably painted by Mr. T. Grieve; behind these, bars, larders, &c. &c. were tastefully fitted up. In an elegant Casa, a Signor, appropriately costumed, and speaking "choice Italian," served up hot maccaroni. A *belle Limonadiere* almost persuaded you to believe yourself in Paris; an humbler Flamande's little botique furnished *Eau de Cologne*. From one shop pastry, ices, tea and coffee, tempted the ladies. The British Lion Hotel supplied sandwiches, cold sirloins, fowls, tongue, wines, and bottled porter; while the Red Cow, kept by Dennis Brulgruddery, was milked of whisky-punch, in lashings.

Though the *personæ* who had not re-dressed, still played their parts, it was for the rest of the *féte* unmasked. The Gipsy Queen retained her at-

tractive habit. Miss Wroughton was seen to great advantage, in a splendid ball-dress; but 'neath what insipid Domino, or fancy suit, requiring no personation, had *she* hitherto been concealed, or had *she* but just arrived? The Empress of Ton looked into the eyes of her querists, and archly answered,

“ I wun’t tell ‘ee, thur then!”

She had been the Carter! and the Welsh girl proved a fine young English gentleman.

Quadrilles and waltzes were gracefully executed by the young and gay, innocent flirtations went on, and day broke ere the revellers parted to seek their virtuous beds.

## CHAPTER XV.

EMINENT LADIES—ANOTHER CONVERT—PLAYFUL ANIMALS—  
FANCY BALL—FALSE REPORTERS—DISENGAGED—SECOND-  
HAND GLOVES—A THUMPING BOY—CHARLES KEMBLE'S FA-  
STAFF—IMPOSSIBLE SNUFF—INCREDIBLE PLACE—MATHEWS  
CONVINCED—DUCROW'S WATERLOO.

SPRING advanced, and dear Westgate asked Bell,  
“Well, now ma'am, don't you enjoy your walks?  
all the young birds in a state of imbucation, and the  
flowers odoriferizing better than any of the mottoes  
Mr. Stockman sells to his astirocatic customers!  
That man is very prevalent among the great, and  
a clever hair-dresser he is, but I don't admire his  
own frisiology! However, Miss, that's nothing to  
do with what I was saying, except as far as the  
*crops*, potatoes is to be profilic, this year, good news  
for the sons of Herrins, as have nothing to call a  
subsidy, beyond what's indig-inous to the soil.  
Let charity begin at home, is my maximum; and  
in an ordithox manner. I won't arrogate any of  
their eliptic prayer-meetings, for the refusion of

knowledge. What learning our Bishops preside upon, as most salutary for the multitude, shall have my modicum, and so I have just sent our little annuated dotation to the Dioclesian Schools."

There was a Concert at the Rooms, for the benefit of a recently widowed mother, in whose behalf Miss Fellowes had indefatigably exerted herself; walking and talking, among her friends, till none could resist her applications. She had politely presented us with tickets, and a full assemblage rewarded her. There she sat, all smiles and majesty, crowned by a large geranium-coloured velvet *chapeau*. Between the acts we made our way to her, agreeing how to behave. As she held out her hands, and "Dear thing'd" us, we touched the gloves with reverence, and bowed, as though longing to kneel.

Now nothing annoyed this frank, noble woman more than the servile carney she sometimes met from *old stagers*. She therefore stared at our solemnities, and fluttered,

"Darling creatures! what *can* you be thinking of?"

"Of the conclave here called together, by your pious charities; long may such spectacles requite the *Cardinal* virtues of your *Eminence*!"

"Oh, capital, only quizzing my *red hat* after all!"

Mrs. Blood still doubting the merits of our hostess, achieved "an interval," and drew the good Dame out, as "Doctor's kind ex-landlady." Mrs. Westgate replied,

"Well, though I suppose they was but fabulated hoixes, I heard that he intended partnerizing with Doctor Gore, of the Vine-yards. What a sign ! and he himself told me 'twas like to have been all Blood and Thunder with him at Brighton. Fancy that, for an Ibernican, ma'am ! and if your good gentleman had been an officer his name would have fitted that calling as well—though he might never been indebted to *you* for his martial rights ; but it seems you was both erected by Providence, and, excuse me, not to found a race of Piganies!"

"Piganies won't do," laughed Mrs. Blood, "what did you call this scrap's feet, the other evening?"

"Oh, Lily-Prussians, to be sure, ma'am ! I've seen her barfut since, and *Lily*-Prussians they are, in every sense of the word."

"They ought to be," said Emily, "for she brings me good tidings, and tells me no lies."

"Why, that's out of a West-country song, about the Guckoo ! Spring's wharfinger, as the poets say."

"Veracious," concluded the young wife, "lead me home ! I shall have a fit, if I do not *banish* and become *sendatory*."

She also was now convinced that, far from having exaggerated, we had hardly done justice to the Westgatian eloquence.

I was telling my sister of a recent *soirée* at Mr. B— S—'s, where Blood, Comer, and myself, had met the young editor, R— A—; Mr. R—, the actor; Dr. B—, and a stout commercial gentleman travelling in the gold and silver line. An eminent papist musician had been expected, waited for; on giving him up our *hospitable* host said,

“Never punctual, that’s just like *him*; yes, that’s Cumberland Manners!”

“It may be *Cumberland Manners*,” punned Tom, “but ‘tis deuced ill breeding in Somersetshire.”

“He knows, now, that it was *not*, though,” said Isabel; “he is aware that Mr. Manners has *long* declined singing or *playing* at Mr. S—’s. Mrs. Westgate told me why (for the set boast their conquests, at the Christopher); from a somewhat similar reason to that which made Sackville cease to visit Mr. R—! A— confessed to me, at Birmingham, that, though, for *his own* part, he did not mind cheating, still he lost.”

I proceeded to talk of Tom’s returning with me from this evening party, by broad daylight, and saying, as we passed any persons,

“Make haste, Captain, or we shall be late for the coach.”

As if, though inappropriately dressed for the parts, we had just risen, thus early, to commence a journey, instead of being on our way to bed, after a night—about which Isabel had heard every particular, from the Bloods.

Doctor and Tom were kidnapped, by the promise of a musical evening, but found it one of drink, and cards. S——, knowing Comer's recent misfortunes, had, nevertheless, *looed* him out of “I.O.U's” for twelve pounds.

“I am glad, however, that he did not *win*,” said Bell, “and so acquire a passion for gaming, like Graham and Fairfield. To *begin* by *losing*, yet *go losing* on, were inexcusable.”

When my sister met him, he was full of penitence, and said,

“Strange, that the inferior fiends are elderly, the boy R—— A—— appears the ruling Satan, who turns each home into a hell; to be sure, though vulgar, he has learning, and, by that brainless stripling have men, in the middle of their thirties, been plucked. A young fox is more than a match for a grey goose.”

Let me at once conclude this theme.

Doctor B—— drank himself blind. Mr. B—— S—— died of apoplexy. Mr. R——, resuming his own name, keeps a shop in a small country town. Mr. R—— A——, having jilted a virtuous

actress, and failed on the stage, as writer and actor of tragedies, married richly, and is now the instructor of youth. The rest of the philanthropists are in another, and, I trust, a better world !

Mrs. F. Vining, in the temporary absence of her *caro*, favoured us by meeting Mr. Bellamy at our table. When the ladies retired, the elderly gentleman and I laughed over the following fact : at a gardener's gate, a little way out of Bath, had long hung a board, on which was painted these scarcely intelligible words,—

“ Do rabuts takn in here to brede by me James Ivins and ushal charges.”

“ So much for Bucking 'em !” had been added in chalk, by some Shaksperian wag.

The Masquerade had set people mad for fancy dresses ; a dramatic *fête* followed, to which I went, in a genuine uniform. A young man, note-book and pencil in hand, walked about, collecting particulars, that he might not let the paper he was on report a dress, as that of Fergus M'Ivor, which was meant for Gibby's ; also that he might know the real names of persons merely wearing their own court or warlike costumes. Imagining that he knew me by sight I answered—

“ Colonel Epaulette.”

“ Thank you, Colonel !” said he, and, to my amaze, next afternoon, I found, among the Naval

and Military commanders, my friend from Fontainbleau, also (this must have been owed to a second reporter) "Mr. B. E. Hill—a splendid foreign uniform." I was two gentlemen at once.

How oddly would read "Admirals Brown, Thunder, and Jones. Generals Smith, Tempest, Verdun. Governors Harris, Heartall, Mills, Curry. Majors O'Flaherty, Bright, and Sturgeon. Captains Wilcox, Plume, Uniack, and Absolute. Lieutenants Melhuish and Worthington. Cornets Jerningham and Carmine. Ensigns Simcox, Dudley, and Maule. Then, oh, the Lords and Honourables, Baronets and Ladies of the drama!

Many persons known to me have entered such false arrivals at the *Pump*-room—so called, because Curiosity and Stupidity walked there arm-in-arm. The grave ex-actor, Mr. P——, who lectured people on Elocution, thereby *Puttin' em* to rights, wrote in the books of that aquatic lounge,

"Lord and Lady Randolph, and the Hon. Master Douglas."

And even so was it printed.

Engagements for next season were now making, and, to my disagreeable surprise, Mr. Charleton informed me that "he *thought* there would be no room for me at Bath, in the winter, so, meanwhile, I had better look about, considering myself free."

For a long time he had had my services on very

moderate terms. My best exertions had been made to give satisfaction, I had succeeded with the public and the press, but——. On this annoyance fell a tender for Worthing. My sister's constant correspondent, the Manager's wife, had long since convinced us that Mrs. Damper herself had caused my absence from that dear little Theatre, during its last summer's season. Thus I looked forward to some months of tolerably profitable employment; during that period something might turn up, enabling me to meet the winter with courage.

I forget exactly when I returned my kind Cheltenham acquaintance his timely loan, but the certainty that we should *not* meet this summer made me doubly rejoice at so doing.

William Farren arrived to play for the Benefit of Mrs. Faucit's sister, and claimed me as his Brush. I said that——“though still in his Lordship's service I had travelled into a Swiss Canton.”

Woulds told me that, on hearing my reception, from his dressing-room, the great man had said, “The Ogleby could hardly expect a better.”

Just as he was going on for the Garden scene, a glove into which he was thrusting his hand, split. There was no time for any arrangement, but the one I hit on; begging him to “make business,” while I fetched a fresh pair. I always kept a flock of kids in my dressing-room; descending thence, as I

heard him call me, I replied *without*, and, running on, presented the needful, saying,

“ My Lor, you froget you clove.”

“ Thank ye, Cant !”

So far, so good ; but, as the play concluded, *he returned me my gloves*, “ much obliged.” I took them.

“ These I shall keep, as having once been worn by the mirror of old school noblemen, and peerless peers of courtesy. Of course the articles can be no *other* use or value to *me*.”

He bore this reminder of his abstracted outrage on tact with good humour, and told me of several solecisms, into which excitement had hurried men almost as *great* as himself.

For my worthy Tally-hy-ho Latham’s night I was Morbleu, and the fair Gallic vocalist again, repeating the latter for Mrs. F. Vining.

While the rustics were preparing for Oak-apple day, my sister was entreated to take charge of a little Dance, with abscesses in his back, “ who must be kept perfectly still,” though blest with animal spirits, prompting perpetual motion : his protectress, formerly a servant in the family, had arrived, as head nurse to Mrs. Blood, and, “ for two or three days, would not be able to attend on Master Harry.”

“ Under ~~her~~ Bell’s care he must be safe !” She went to his aunt’s for him.

The *ci-devant* domestic was a walking a manac who inconveniently dated every one of the race. Sweet-tempered Emily only laughed, and the friends separated. One dear lady was to remain in the house (not in *the* room) till—what? She promised to give Isabel the earliest intelligence, and the servant soon after dawn presented my sister a billet, which looked liker this than any thing else:—

“Thump Grog, ale is soap! a fun bag.”

(“Thank God, all is safe! a fine boy.”)

Legibility constituted not the charm of this lady's epistolary style, at best, and agitation had now rendered it less clear than ever.

Isabel hastened to “Doctor.” There were lots of people on whom *she* would call, to whom *she* would write.

At last interviews with Emily were permitted, Master Frederick deified, the note shewn, and a series of jests founded on it.

“Why, Bell, Grog is to be thumped, that I have had soapier ale than is usual—and the *bag* is *fun*!”

“If you thump too loudly you will not be so well off for soap as ale desire.”

“Well, but what says Westgate? will she not moralize this spectacle?”

“Oh yes, into a thousand similes, one of her charges was, as I came out, ‘And I must beg you

ma'am, from me, to facilitate her safety in the most respectable manner ! ”

“ Bravo ! she shall see the Prussian lily, as soon as we've gone thumping to church ! ”

Meanwhile, I joyed to behold the cram at Loder's Benefit, at which Fawcett, Sinclair, and Miss Tree assisted, bringing the season to a brilliant close.

In June, while in *town*, I witnessed Charles Kemble's Falstaff, with regret ; it was obviously better understood and felt by him than by the generality of actors who had been admired in it, but his great height, his light voice, the intellectual purity of his face, which he could not disguise, rendered him no more like *my* Sir John “ than I to Hercules.”

The following day I passed at Ivy Cottage, finding many improvements, both in grounds and gallery. While I was there a letter arrived from young Charles, who had been for some time abroad, and now wrote, promising mamma his speedy appearance at home.

I was present at Mathews's American Entertainment, previous to which I had sent him round a tickler, for these reasons :

On my first acquaintance with him he had taken a fancy to some snuff, of which I had purchased a large quantity, at the Havanna. Mat asked its name, I replied,

“ Natchitoches.”

“ Nasty what ?” he cried, looking through me.

I repeated the title.

“ Oh, nice ! you travellers see and hear strange things. *May* I ask *why* it is so called ?

“ After the place in America where it is made ; some way up the Mississippi, above New Orleans.”

“ Ever there ?”

“ No, Jackson prevented ; but”—

“ But you don’t believe, nor expect **ME** to believe, that there ever *was* such a place, do you ?”

“ Believe what you like, so you accept a pound of the dust.”

“ Good fellow, call it what you please, after that Capital Nancy ! famous Dodget ! only *of course*, between friends—you do *not* **MEAN** that, even across the Atlantic, such words would pass current, eh ?”

We had laughed much over his pretended incredulity, and now I saw that the second part of his Yankee monologue was denominated “ All’s Well at Natchitoches ;” accordingly I sent him round a billet, reiterating all his own comic phrases of doubt, so that when he caught my eye, as I took out my box, he nodded and laughed forth,

“ Excellent *snuff* they have *here*, as I am now *convinced* ; for travellers *do* find out incredible truths ; especially at Natchitoches.”

Even after so recently revelling in the talents of Mathews, I looked on Yates's "Cozening" with delight; his Imitations of Young and Braham were wondrous.

Once a year, as long as Andrew Ducrow is to the fore, every admirer of genius ought to enter "Hashley's Hamphi-Theat'r." An old soldier, on the 18th of June, not to have sought the field of Waterloo, as there represented, would have been insensible to Britain's glory. I anticipated much food for mirth; but was amazed at the accuracy with which the military evolutions were executed. Colonel Dickson (of Limerick) was with me, and we were as excited, as appalled, as the Imperial Gomersal himself could have desired. In him Napoleon looked risen from his ashes, like what Ducrow would call "a blessed Phoenix!"

Some of the "*dialect*," indeed, diverted us, but the horses were perfect, and the musketry went off admirably.

I talked it over, at night, with little Keeley, and fat Reeve, who seemed pleased with this tribute to *such* a branch of the histrionic art, from one who had been obliged to know "*how fields were won*," and *lost* too.

## CHAPTER XVI.

CORONATION REMAINS—SALISBURY—THE THREE KINGDOMS—  
SOUTHAMPTON—OLD CHRONUS—WORTHING AGAIN—MATTERS  
OF TASTE—CHANCE LIKENESSES—FEMALE CHARACTERS—THE  
CUT DIRECT—MR. AND MRS. MATHEWS—MY LOST BROGUE—  
PECULIARITIES OF GENIUS—NEW NEWSPAPER—CASTING CAIN  
—PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL—DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE.

WE enjoyed, on my return, a select party at Miss Fellowes's, when, to gratify my sister, our hostess “entered through the centre door,” in her full coronation costume, her “treasure,” and “Betty House,” following with the baskets, &c.

July began; we took leave of our friends, and, on a very fine morning, set forth for Worthing; had a Welsh companion to Warminster, an Irish one to Salisbury. Fain would I have paused, in its rivulated streets, and to see the interior of its cathedral, to which a painted glass window had been contributed by a native worthy, William Benson Earle, my travelled and erudite Godfather.

Gladly would I have seen the sheep nibble the moss away from the "hinges" of the plain; but I had no tourist's purse; so on I journeyed, o'er lovely downs, or between hedges full of white convolvulus and wild rose, much in favour with peacock butterflies, and water wag-tails.

Arriving at Southampton a Scotch waiter crowned our British re-unions. We put up at the Star; the romantic house had a corridor, filled by old paintings, in elaborately carved frames; which, when lit up by a very antique-looking lamp, had an imposing effect. I took our places for the morrow's dawn. "Cha'-maid" begged "the lady to leave her door unlocked, as she would be sure to have every thing brought at the proper hour." Bell complied, and was awakened by a gentle shake of the shoulder, and the faint coo of—

"Lady! 'tis time."

She fancied herself still in a dream, or that one of the Star's painted sages had stepped from the canvass, in high-heeled, square-toed, paste-buckled shoes, clouded silk stockings, black satin very smalls, and pink spencer. His white locks almost swept her cheek, as, in tones more silvery still, he murmured,

"'Tis *time*!"

"Aye, father Time!" thought she.

Then, putting down the warm water, he glided away. She thought of *the friar Lawrence, Chapman*; but this was the Star Chamberlain. He was able to take the little sleep he needed by day; night opened the gentle "old man's eye," which was almost large enough for "Care" to "keep his watch in," provided the watch had been a remarkably small, flat French one. Years and goodness also privileged him to enter ladies' dormitories, at hours when strapping waiters and bustling chambermaids still lay in the arms of—*Morpheus!* He did little else in the house save call his juniors, with those significant words,

" 'Tis time!"

Once more I looked upon Southampton water, and the Isle of Wight; picturesque, ivy-crowned Porchester Castle became visible. Goodwood and Arundel having been in their turns admired, we reached Worthing in the afternoon.

I took a lodging at a fisherman's, in Market-street, clean and comfortable, with no inmates, save the elderly couple of the house. Master Goddard was just Fawcett in Captain Copp. Glass ships, and other tasteless trumpery, that adorned the parlour, we gave up to embellish the kitchen, substituting, on our walls, books, prints, and drawings, that nearly covered them, to the vast wonder of our good woman, whose notions were any thing but classic.

A young miller took our breath away by his extraordinary resemblance to Charles Kemble. We were raving on him, as Mrs. Goddard lay the cloth, and she exclaimed,

“ La, Sir! that pale, serious-looking boy, in his shabby white gaberdine? You should see our butcher, on horseback, with his black curls, and whiskers, cheeks as red and as round as two apples, and, when he laughs, which is pretty often, he shews such teeth! then his brown eyes are as bright as jewels, and he’s quite a dandy!”

We *did* see him, with his narrow forehead, cock nose, and double chin; he, too, however, was like another being we regarded, in another way; and a little shrimp-boy walked the sands, having stolen the owl-lids of Emery.

Give the vulgar gay colours, fat, fun, and fine feathers, they’re yours for ever.

Mrs. Goddard was quite shocked at our never having hot suppers, like other “theatricals.”

“ Changes had occurred,” Mrs. Damper said, “ in the theatrical politics. The manager expected down the pretty young wife of a very old gentleman, highly talented, *but* — perhaps *if she* liked comedy better than domestic pathos to expressive music, Mrs. Vining might hope for a few holidays, poor thing! she wanted them, worn to the bone, and making her *husband’s trowsers*—although”—

**A**t rehearsal I met the young man who had been engaged for the business I had played two seasons before. He did not threaten a very formidable rivalry to any one. On the opening night I was kindly greeted, in the Honorable Tom Shuffleton, which I acted throughout with considerable applause.

I had procured an engagement there for a girl—neither pretty nor clever, but useful; her family had been patronized by that of General Charlton, which remembrance induced me to interest Mr. Trotter in her behalf.

My sister felt greatly for a young maiden, arriving alone, at night, in a strange place, with no lodging provided. Accordingly we took a bedroom in the same house with us, and secured her “the refusal” of apartments a few doors off. I went to meet her at the coach, and brought her home, to drink tea with us. “Grateful she felt, but yet a little sore.” Embarrassed, out of her element, we could not understand why; for her new friend treated her with the gayest fondness. Whenever this led Miss — to warm up, she would begin to talk, then check herself, look helplessly round, and sink back into a sort of mechanical drawling servility, any thing but acceptable.

Bell gave her an elder's advice, as to who of the

company's ladies she ought to conciliate, introduced her to Mrs. Trotter, walked with, taught her a French part, and, from serving, began to love her.

The Mathewses arrived one evening. Next day, ere my sister kissed hands, she attempted a lonely ramble, but met two very respectable members of the company, with whom she had a slight acquaintance, and whose offer to join her she could not with civility repulse.

They soon saw approaching our Manager's carriage; whoever might be within it, Mathews was on its box, doubtless thinking "the more public the more private." Isabel said to her companions,

"If you have not the privilege of bowing, I shan't; but pull down my veil, and account to *him* for everything by and by."

"Oh, we have both played often with Mr. Mathews, ma'am; besides, he is staring at us all."

"Nay, then, we must salute him, *en passant*."

They did so. *No return*. The actor and actress were mortified, but my sister assured them that they could not have been recognised.

An hour after the termination of this walk, she met Mathews at Mr. Trotter's. They had both called on me in the interim, and I had gone with them, to pay *Madame mes devoirs*.

The star was "beasting" it away, against the wretches, who haunted and waylaid him, with

‘There he is! That’s he!’ While he had the means of pulling up a blind and defeating their impertinence, it might be borne; but, very annoying, so it was! that *he* could not enjoy a drive in the air!”

“Shocking, sir,” said Isabel, “those *miscreants* must have so disgusted you, that you could not observe the greeting of my humble self, and two poor players, who do not meet you in society, yet naturally bent their heads to a great man, who had ever treated them kindly, though ‘their untaught love must needs appear offence.’”

“Fore Gad!” cried Mathews, “they’re *all* in a tale. Here’s our manager, who was inside with my wife, *swears* ‘twas you; and she ‘*knows* it was you;’ and Mrs. Trotter *vows* *she saw you* going *that very* road, with those two good creatures. ‘*I*’s an understood thing that you and they are to agree with the other conspirators. *I said so!* *I knew it!* Trotter has set a couple of his band on to beg *my* Pardon for *my* supposed rudeness to *them*. But it *won’t do*. Not a bit like *any* one of ye. As if I ever could be capable of a brutalism *half so filthy!*”

“Call it what you will, sir,” laughed my sister, “I pledge ‘my minstrel faith’ to the fact.”

“Then I will apologize to them both, since *you say* you believe it; but—I don’t—for all that.”

A friend, after reading “Home Service,” said

that "he had but *one* fault to find with it." I asked him what might be the glaring blot which struck even his eye.

"Why," said he, "you make Mrs. Mathews say 'Mathews'; now, she always said 'Mr. Mathews'."

How my *corregidore* could know what the lady *always* said, in addressing her husband, I cannot guess. But I do remember that, generally speaking, the fair matron of Ivy Cottage *did* "Mr." Mathews. Good breeding points out that near relatives *ought* to set acquaintance a respectful example as to the *accost* due to certain parties!

But to return to Worthing. Mrs. Mathews spoke of her only child, regretted his absence, but said that the Murray had offered high terms for his Letters from Italy.

The vast number of works which had, even then, been published on that fruitful theme, proved its popularity; but the mother, not needing any pecuniary advantage from this correspondence, refused to sacrifice it; wisely did she keep it from the enchanting medium of type, and the hard test of purchased circulation.

She rejoiced in his travelling under the patronage and matronage of Lord and Lady Blessington; such illustrious individuals! his intercourse with continental society must greatly benefit the morals and tastes of a young man, except, perhaps, as far

is regards female attire ; foreign women do *not* lace so tightly, nor dress so "confidingly," as some of our own "chaste maids and faithful wives." The reason, all patriots are bound to swear, must be, that no virgin in her teens (born out of our realm) can have a bust or shoulders so well worth shewing as hath *every* Englishwoman, up to the age of seventy !

"*But*," sighed Mrs. Damper to *us*, "why did young Charles go abroad at all ? and so suddenly ! I do not think he *need*—I do not think he *did*—from any motives, save such as do credit to all parties ;—only—the envious, ungrateful falsehoods with which merit, of every kind, has to contend ! The auspices under which the dear lad is seeing the world *are* very eligible ; they will efface British prejudices, perfect the liberality of his mind, the leniency of his notions ; at thirty, men tolerate *much* that *scared* them at twenty ; all *I* hope is, that *none* of our travelled youths may run into extremes, —begin, as Pope says, by hating a monster's hideous mien, grow familiar with it,

'First endure, then pity, then embrace.'

Men *can* be quick-sighted about their *sons*, even fathers who, as husbands, were—mum ! but I never heard of the most ingeniously charitable foe to jealous suspicion inventing a race of *women*, the

less capable of really—playing the fool, the *more* they had gained the *reputation* of doing so. Mind! I allude to no one in *particular*. I revere those in *question*, Katherine, and build many castles in the air for our juniors, my dear Gill!"

Mathews gave his "Trip to America." We met next day, at rehearsal.

"Well, my boy," said he, rubbing his hands, "saw your First Irishman in 'Rosina,' and your Looney; very nice! capital appearance! the gag story quite original, and the best I ever heard; business, locomotion, all right!—*but*"—[here, without intending to mimic Mrs. Damper, he assumed a half-pitying, *more* than half-contemptuous and disgusted air, as he dropped his lids, and drawled,] "where *did* you pick up your *brogue*?"

"On the Worthing beach, perhaps," I returned.

"I should think so, my dear fellow!"

"Yes, 'tis meet you *should*. I see you *do*. I *had* a good brogue once, which I picked up in my Irish quarters, twelve or thirteen years ago; but one Daniel O'Rourke tempted me to *give it away*, to a friend, at Kentish-town, with a short memory. He, of course, had previously a much *better* of his *own*, as he was an actor in Dublin, when I was a cadet."

"Have me there, you dog!" laughed Mathews, uncomfortably, "my question was a *lucky* one;

very! Never mind! Let's call another cause. Glad to have *you* as my Tom King. Hope Morbleu will do well here; genteel audience—ought to appreciate an old court military man, a singer, a dancer, a creature all soul, and sensibility!"

It seems to me impossible but that then, before, or subsequently, I must have boasted to him my Bath success as Morbleu.

Mathews was pleased to compliment my Spado.

"Never saw such a head!" he cried, "very annoying! I've given the clearest orders, fifty times, for just that hair, and yet I *can't* make the *idiots* understand. Is it a Truefit, now?"

"As you see; would you wish a truer?"

"No, thank ye! sticks like wax, straight and smooth, black as ink, the centre parting so even! the scalp looking like natural skin."

"Tis my own hair, oiled and brushed out of curl."

"Your own, being paid for, of course you mean."

"No, I don't," and I ran my fingers through the locks. Mathews sighed,

"Poor Moon! done for, occupation's gone!" meaning not the planet, but the conjuror so called.

Mathews's way of affecting to discredit the statements of his friends was a dish to be eaten "with a grain of salt." I knew that he was privileged even

to knock unoffending persons off their horses, in obedience to resistless impulse. These peculiarities were portions of his genius; had his nerves, his imagination been differently constituted, he could not have become the extraordinary man he was.

It is all very well for a Young, a Kemble, a Scott, a Sir Isaac Newton, a Sir Thomas Lawrence, to behave like common-place gentlemen. Yet talent would cease to astonish the many, if some of its possessors did not assert its rights to such originality as breaks through all musty rules. A Kean, a Byron, a Maturin, a Harlowe, should now and then rise, “in a fine frenzy rolling.”

My courteous Manager, who justly prided himself on his rigid adherence to veracity, was almost too matter of fact, in taking literally the incredulous contradictions of his guest. Trotter became so pugnacious that I feared there would be noble blood spilt between them. To which could I have acted as second? It was best to perform Mr. Harmony, and turn the affair to a joke.

Our former landlord was about to start a newspaper; he asked my sister to furnish it with poetry and anecdotes, as covers for “Clement’s devils” visiting her abode. The proprietor’s chief wish was that she should do dramatic articles; he offered high terms. Although his aim, as she ascertained, ere she consented, was that of serving the Theatre,

and praising its actors, yet, from the critic's connexion with one of them, it would be necessary to keep this arrangement a secret, shared only by worthy Mr. Burton, who was to have some "feeling" in the "West Sussex Advertiser."

My sister resolved to laud talent, rather the more than the less for her having any private and personal distaste against its possessors, and never obtrusively to eulogise me, though to depreciate or suppress my name would have been an extreme equally likely to lead towards detection.

The moment this paper was announced all my brethren and sisters of the stock were up in arms, "wondering who would review them, and how, and which would fare best."

"Pride shall have a Fall" and "Life in London" were in preparation, and my sister was happy in any way to spare from exertion Mrs. Trotter, who, like an elder sister, was constantly making her some little feminine present, with a manner that put pride at ease, and rendered refusal impossible.

I fain would have been out of the "Tom and Jerry" mess, but it was discovered that I accidentally resembled Cruikshank's pictures of Pierce Egan's Corinthian, that, as Mr. Trotter expressed it—"the part was too much of a horse for Mr. F——, though he had been engaged as top saw-

yer ;" so I was booked to make myself " conspicuously ridiculous."

We stole time, between whiles, for one bit of fun. I had hired Byron's "Mystery," and we had been amused by the Stage Directions, "Enter Adam and Eve." "Exeunt Cain and Abel." Accordingly we cast the Drama for all the London Theatres, writing the names of actors and actresses against the *personæ*, thus,

**ADAM.**—Mr. Bartley, Mr. Farren, Signor Ambrogetti.

**CAIN.**—Mr. Kean, Mr. Macready, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. T. P. Cooke, Mr. Ducrow.

**ABEL.**—Mr. Charles Kemble, Mr. Braham, M. Le Blonde.

**EVE.**—Miss Chester, Madame Catalani, Mrs. Davenport.

Or by the Cheltenham Amateurs, thus,

**ADAM.**—Mr. Dawkins. **CAIN.**—Captain Berkeley. **ABEL.**—Colonel Berkeley. **EVE.**—Miss Foote, or Mrs. Bunn.

Oh ! to fancy them all in the proper costume.

"Pride shall have a Fall" came out. The Mathewses shared Mrs. Trotter's box ; Isabel, fearing that she might be *de trop*, went into the front of the house. Scarcely was she seated when the curtains of the managerial *loge* were stealthily drawn, to let forth a beckoning hand. She would not see. They

gaped a little wider, and to the “becks” were added “nods and *writhe*d smiles,” as Mathews waved his arm, with Farley’s “To Africa!” face. She would not obey, till a box-keeper came, with a kind summons from Mrs. Trotter.

“It seems I’ve *done* it,” said Mathews, as Isabel joined them, “I must have given you a pleasant idea of my courtesy, if you fancied I could sit here, under the consciousness of turning you out. Room enough! and *I* want you. *These* ladies, bless ‘em! they mean so well, don’t know what they do, can’t guess my feelings—have come to support this ‘Comedy with music.’ That *used* to mean an opera. I’ve seen the thing in town. Curious. A literal translation from the Chinese.”

“The Mesopotamian, *I* heard.”

“Thank ye, that’s better! Talk of Sheridan? Nonsense! A fool to this man. Could *he* have got through five acts, without one symptom of character or plot?”

“Nay, sir, the plot is *like* a very good one, only damaged, and there is much real poetry, of the present author’s own, in this”—

“Mess-a-pot-amian Mystery, which is not a Morality! Could Colman, or even Reynolds have written two or three hour’s-worth of words, with so *very* few meanings, and those too poetical for the understanding of Common Sense! This writer’s

cleverness is contagious. Look at Hill ! did he ever do any thing so *wonderful* before ? he is actually making the audience believe that he has a *part*, as that little Viper did, in town—imposing on them, till they really fancied they were seeing a play. Bravo, Benson ! bless your witty whiskers!"

Thus did he proceed, till the curtain fell, when Isabel rose to take leave. He started up, seized her arm, and burst forth,

" You don't mean to *say* you are going ? See that," pushing the bill close to her eye. " Can you *read* ? Do you know what's meant by an ' Agreeable Surprise ? ' Are you aware that they are going to give us a genu-i-ne English farce ? an old glory ! founded on no lie of the day, no scandalous town-talk, but on Cheshire, on Lingo, on a Cowslip ? worth sitting out for the ninetieth time ! "

" And I never yet saw it once," she admitted provokingly.

" Oh, then, happy man be your dole ! Of course stay you must, can't help it, 'tis n't in nature to"—

" Good evening," said his perverse hearer.

" Why, you wouldn't *think* of such a thing ! you would not have *dared* even *pretend* to agree with ME, if you had not intended to wait for a bowl of cream with her Catholic Majesty ? And have I been talking to one of the enemy, in disguise,

all this while? Hang me if you have *not* mistaken that thing for a Comedy! You *are* a Mesopotamian. That ever a woman, professing two ideas, should endure such stuff, and run away from Rustifusti!"

"Which I must do now; *à revoir* ladies. Pray forgive me, sir!"

"Oh you dead take-in! but, no—I beg pardon—*my mistake*. Go? ay, *go to CHINA!*"

## CHAPTER XVII.

CRITICISING—PROFESSIONAL VANITY—TOM AND JERRY—THE  
BRONZE HORSE—AN ANSWER TO NO QUESTION—THE ORDERS  
—SMUGGLERS' FIGHT—SELF-CORRECTION—THE HEADBRO-  
ROUGH—POET BAILY—TROTTER'S RETIREMENT—WHEN  
NEXT?

ON the contrary, she went to finish her dramatic article, as the Paper's first number was to come out next morning.

It came, was greedily purchased, and read. Most persons were praised above their deserts, but this was done sportively, and the Fainwouds wished to be treated with reverence.

Mr. B—, whose Job, in "John Bull," had been justly eulogized, was somewhat condoled with, on having had to personate Ventoso, in Mr. Croly's piece, the writer hinting that it was not easy for a man of sense and taste to play a bad part with the same spirit and gusto which must inspire him, when his talents were exerted in a character worthy of them.

Our dear friend all at once discovered that “if there was *any* thing in which *he* excelled it was in playing bad parts well, good ones played themselves. The fellow,” he assured his “dear Miss Hill, must be a *fool* as well as a *liar*.”

“Do you observe,” asked Mrs. Damper of Isabel, “how the man who writes about the theatre flatters the melo-dramatic heroine? He’ll turn her brain, my dear Mabel!”

“And yet my brother says that the lady is not satisfied with his notices, ma’am.”

“Oh, that must be all put on—a lover—perhaps—but—well! I can’t say that he intends to spoil your good Hendon, my Harriette! there is an under tone of sneer, very likely to injure him, but—don’t let him find out who the person is, Millie-  
cent.”

“Nay, Benson is quite content, ma’am.”

“Ah, he may *say* so, to spare you feelings, till—*too late*; but be prepared!”

She was prepared to keep her countenance under all these trials, though they surprised her.

Persons who “lead the business,” in the country, expect critics to forget the fact that they are merely useful in London. In vain you compliment, you never can please them. A singer, four feet six, in his shoes, values not your tributes to his voice or skill, if you talk of “dear little M——.” An old

gentleman who you say “frisked like a boy. Long may he *frisk!*” cries—

“Now it so happens that I never was a frisky comedian, don’t know what *frisking* means. Impudent puppy!”

Another week produced another number of the “West Sussex,” and another series of groans, from most of the parties mentioned in its laudatory critiques. I was told that, “as an *ex militaire*, I ought to insist on Verral’s giving up the name of the hireling scribe, who had called me, while personating a *Cornet*, ‘*a gold and silver laughing-stock!*’ I ought to horsewhip him, or, if he was a gentleman, call him out.” I merely opined that “Fops were laughing-stocks, that Yates liked to be laughed at, in the *Cornet*, that the author wished him to make himself laughable.”

Whoever knows what a candid grateful woman should be, will need no assurances that Isabel Hill could not sit in the Manager’s box, exchange smiles with the *elite* of the company, and then go home to injure the concern, abuse individuals, and, years afterwards, permit me to betray her treachery!

One night, when Pierce Egan and George Cruikshank had come from Brighton to witness our “Life in London;” Jerry’s view-halloo called a stentorian echo from the private box of Mr. Nimrod

Damper, who, presently rushing round, between the acts, laughed bashfully,

“Trotter, forgive my foolish enthusiasm, my dear sir ! I can never help it, boys ! imagination, association, gentlemen. Yoicks ! Tally-ho ! my lads, that’s the sport ; but, zounds ! I have wasted hundreds on such unsafe, showy cattle, Captain ! Now, by Jove, I’m going to buy a thing which, if the absence of grace be a pledge for steadiness, Benson, ought to spare my few unfractured bones. Yet, my good friend, by his bright skin, though coal-black, I fancy he’ll prove a fiery, high-mettled animal, sir ; he shambles along, at a great rate. I think I’ll have him, however ; if so, some of you histrionic wits, Mr. Hill, must hit on an appropriate name, my fine fellow, eh ?”

“ Let me see,” pondered I, “ bright surface, mettle, fire, coal—Scuttle, sir ! for his ungainly pace call him Scuttle, and may *he* never endanger your knee-pan, as the *last* did !”

Mr. Damper laughed, but looked daggers at his wife.

There was then at Worthing a *ci-devant jeune homme*, called Captain La M——, though I believe he belonged to the Corps of Stock-brokers. His appearance betokened a due respect for his own neatly dandified person, and an *insouciant* complacency of mind, to which much thinking would have

been a fatigue. I was therefore astounded at reading, in the Paper's "Answers to Correspondents,"

"Felix is assured that Captain La M—— does *not* write the dramatic articles for *our* pages."

"Why, Felix must have been a fool to suspect him," I cried, "or, query, is not *he* himself the Felix? wishing thus easily to win a brevet rank in literature; to be thought one who, if he liked, could pen bitter philippics, and withering satires? Why d'ye smile, Bell?"

"Oh, only they came pestering for copy, scraps to fill corners, and *that* was *one* I sent, just to make a laugh; of course no one ever *could* imagine that the Captain had turned critic."

To this day I never pass that blameless gentleman, with whom I have no acquaintance, but I mentally repeat, "Felix is assured," &c. &c.

Mrs. Orger and Mr. Evans proved their good sense by implying a thankfulness for what the Paper said of them. I believe they began to guess its source.

I hardly ever met a more intelligent little creature than was Mrs. Orger's only child, Caroline. Her erudite papa's image, dark and bright.

I had given the golden lady some fur, with which to trim a stage dress; it was round, about the size of a Bologna sausage, buff and white, but, at hands'

lengths of distance, marked with black, some of the variegations were in lumps, others in tapering stripes.

The frock-and-trowsered girl was seated, with my sister, in the Manager's box, when the heroine came on, with my slight *cadeau* tacked to the edge of her robe, on which Missee impulsively exclaimed,

“Enter Mrs. Orger, in a *litter of kittens!*”

Her remarks on the acting were original and just.

“Poor F——!” she would sigh, “he's very plain, not a bit like it, but then he's always perfect. So is B——, and a better-looking man, but heavy.”

We accused her of writing the critiques, but there was nothing forward nor old-womanly in the Fay's manner.

Freed from my toils rather earlier than usual, one September eve, I proposed to Isabel a turn on the moon-lit beach. The tide was low, and, at a distance, the sands were covered by a dense mass, which we might have taken for sea-weed, but that there had been no recent gale, of sufficient violence to cause the washing-up of such a quantity. As we gazed on this appearance it *moved*, scattered, collected again, drew nearer; and, though the wind blew *from* the shore, we soon heard a hoarse confused murmur of human voices.

“Some drowned body discovered,” thought I.

Behind us peeped a few humble Worthingites,

chiefly females, of whom I asked what *they* thought, as to the cause of this stir. With timid simplicity all agreed in knowing nothing about it. Presently, from the throng before us, rose a laughing shout,

“Our boat! we’ll have it back!”

This was followed by a general scuffle, a clash of gleaming steel, the flash and the report of firearms. I felt assured that we were in for witnessing that melo-dramatic spectacle, a battle between the smugglers and the Revenue people.

I would have hurried my charge from the scene, but she was too much excited for fear, though this was the first time *she* had ever heard shots fired, in earnest.

No indecent execrations, no personal malice, deformed this contest. Duty urged one party, desperation the other, to a civil war upon their fellow-subjects. A vehement cheer soon announced some triumph, on which side we knew not, till we were passed by an exultant group of the contrabandists, carrying off their re-captured boat. The Government sailors pursued, but now the natives, late so innocently ignorant, were suddenly inspired with knowledge of every particular.

“We knew they do it! Hang the law!” cried several stout men, hitherto concealed, and rushed to the spot; so many women, also, stood between the boat-bearers and their foes, that the Preventive

tars were posed. The cry was one of derision against *them*.

“Are ye sure the kegs you’ve seized contain any thing better than salt water?”

“How d’ye know but the stuff you were on the look-out for was run, safe enough, two hours ago, a pretty step farther on?”

Such, indeed, had been the successful *ruse*. But now, from in-shore, came a wild shriek, and, through the group, burst a fine girl, who pointed first backwards, then forwards, raving,

“He is not with the boat! What have ye done with *him*?”

“Be quiet, my dear,” quoth one of the sailors, with blunt compassion, “if you mean the youngster we took, I left him in good hands, just to be brought to, by the water, and bound up, before”——

“Ah, God, he’s dead!” she uttered, hastening towards two men, who were bringing along their wounded prisoner, a handsome lad, though pale and blood-stained.

“It’s only my arm, Patty!” said he, gaily, “and, as for being taken to Horsham jail, why I knew I run *that* risk, when I joined ‘em.”

The rustics followed the captive away, supporting his tearful sweetheart. Soon after, cut out against the clear horizon, we beheld the chase by the King’s cutter of the free-trading lugger, several

shots were sent after her, but had no effect. Her speed promised an escape; we watched till a mist obscured both objects, and returned to our fisherman's cot, pondering o'er the reckless lives of these bold outlaws.

The one taken, we afterwards heard, in consideration of his youth, was but a short time in durance, and dismissed, with a reprimand, to reform or otherwise, as the charms of "moonshine," or of his pitying love might sway his active spirit.

Early in the month, business calling me to town, I procured a few days' leave.

"If you see Sackville," said my sister, "tell him that I shall have no arm to walk on, no one to drive me about. He may as well keep your bed aired, while you are away."

In London I soon met him, and, as mere *badiane*, delivered my message.

Mathews made me dine with him.

I must here apologize for an error in "Home Service." I had by me the rough copy of an undated incident, the heroes of which, George the Fourth, Mathews, and Boralowski, had died since my writing it; every authentic particular respecting them was likely to interest the public. My M.S. was with the Editor of the "New Monthly Magazine" (who, with the best intentions, misled me as to facts), before Mrs. Mathews wrote to me, "for any letters

which I might have of her late husband's." I had not, at that period, an instant's leisure for finding them, among heaps of hoarded correspondence; besides, as they might some day be of literary use to me, I presumed to consider them my own; but my notes to the lady were courteous and grateful, though sincere; they were not met as I expected, and, on my article appearing, I *heard* that Mrs. Mathews, among her friends, talked of my having refused her certain papers, *touching the little Count*, and *then* made a story of them myself.

I firmly believed that I met the Count in the summer of 1822, but find, by my journal, that my introduction to him did not take place till two years and some months later.

I transacted my affairs, and, in less than a week, was on my way back. I found "Sack" quite at home, over his tea, with Bell; yet complaining of her having exclaimed, as he entered,

"Good Heavens! *what* brings *you* here, Mr. Smith?"

"Didn't *you* send for me?" he uttered, in dismay.

"Yes, but I had no idea that you would be so simple as to come."

Yet the forgiving creature had been unto her as a brother. While they wandered on the sands, a single fishing-boat, with but one man in it,

floated in the avenue of silver light. "Sack" talked volumes of poetry about it, concluding,

"Look at yon pilgrim of the deep! What must his sensations be, if he has any soul!"

"But how much greater, if he has any turbot!" mimicked his unplatonic friend. That night he *raved* no more. On my return he put up with a shake down, and departed, next morning, to visit his *betrothed bride*.

Our people did "The Two Pages of Frederick the Great." I saw the piece come out, and remember, when Farren, who played the King, very successfully, announced "To-morrow evening—" he was interrupted by cries of "Shame!" looking aghast, till some Samaritan called out "To-morrow is the Sabbath," then, with a lightened brow, Farren substituted "Monday," and exited amidst cheers and laughter.

A *P.Q.liarly* clever personation piece, of Mr. James Smith's, was produced, to bring forward the versatile talents of Mrs. Orger. Never shall I forget her Buckinghamshire boy, who described "how Billy Eames used to blaw a orn," her Caledonian *Précieuse*; in fact, in every change she was delightful, so easy, so natural, so rich, and such a pleasant person to see and hear!

Was it so strange, then, that she should be

dealt her due in the Paper? Could provincial compliments add a tittle to her well-earned fame?

Mrs. W. Vining had been rendered so hysterical by the newspaper flatteries, which she mistook for censure, that she imagined the assassin hired by Mrs. Damper, or even sent from town, by a licentious manager, who, yielding to the temptations of her beauty, had called forth the severities of her virtue.

Miss Cubitt thought the same!

On these farces came the sudden flight of Verral from Worthing, ruined by transactions unconnected with his "Advertiser," which was doing well. Enough that a few weeks' diversion was all my sister gained by her theoric Reviews. The last number, being all ready, came out, nevertheless.

Most of the company rejoiced in the cessation of *hostilities* (supposed), whatever the cause that ended them; but let those who have copies of this once obnoxious journal look at them, now that time has made all things even, and say whether or no their critical notices were unfair.

The young actress, who took so awkwardly to the politeness of my sister, some instinct told us would rather be let stand alone. Once freed from leading-strings she left the Orgers for the Cubitts, nay, made acquaintance with an untheatrical kept woman, and, wisely resolved to break all links

with us, absolutely brought her friend to our door once.

After that there was no holding any intercourse with Miss ——, but, though she had contrived that her intended way of life should be found out, dirt and ugliness long kept her person *in tact*.

One morning the Manager was absent from rehearsal, we heard that he had ridden over to Shoreham or Horsham, on business. It was four o'clock when my sister and myself, returning from a walk, met the Dampers, quitting Mrs. Trotter's gate. They looked gloomily mysterious; we asked what was the matter. Mrs. Damper formed her mouth into a portentous "O!" shook her head, but said nothing. Nimrod, on the contrary, exclaimed,

"He's not come back *yet*! my dear friend."

"He will never come back *alive*," groaned the lady, "thrown from his horse, I fancy. I have been doing my utmost to comfort Matilda, and prepare her for the *worst*."

"Was to have dined with me, sir," continued her lord, "ought, this moment, to be sitting down, Miss Hill; made it early on his account, Benson Turbot spoilt, madam. He had to open our Lodge, at seven, and play in the last piece, think of that my girl! Has locked up every thing, Captain domestic, masonic, theatrical; what's to be done,

brother? why will *he* ever ride? As to the keys, you know, little woman"—

"Oh, they will not be wanted," sighed Mrs. Damper, "his widow will need no dinner, his brethren hold no Lodge, his company act no play, of course, Captain Danson."

We were both alarmed and saddened. At this juncture a horse tore along the street. On it sat our friend, all health and spirits, though evidently somewhat out of temper. We clamoured welcomes and queries.

"Zounds!" he cried, "I have just broken from a dungeon, trapped by a female, too. You smile, Miss Hill, but, hear me! as Headborough, I have sometimes the undignified office of ascertaining whether the tradesfolks, in my jurisdiction, give fair weights and measures. At a Methodist baker's I detected fraud, imposition. The man was from home, his wife vowed that they had purchased all their properties, as things *comme il faut*, and begged me to do nothing, but wait, in a back sitting-room, up-stairs, while she sent for her husband. Of course I wished to bear my faculties meekly, and complied; many minutes elapsing, however, without news of the holy cheat, I thought to descend, and inquire; by Jove the door was locked! It is my belief that the wretches intended to murder me. I shouted for liberty, in vain;

looked at the window. If I jumped thence, which had been dangerous, I should only find myself in a high-walled yard. Dinner, Freemasonry, the Drama, and the keys inspired me; after some delay and difficulty, I forced the door, found the hypocrites together, in their shop; the man vowed that his spouse had shut me up by mistake, in her fright at *my* mistake; such I myself was welcome to prove that it was. Sure enough they had spirited away the counterfeit presentments, substituting a set of just weights and measures, which they must have kept by, in case of being obliged to be honest. Empowering the constable to watch their proceedings, I threatened, sought my horse, and hurried hither, to dress for your board, Damper; but I'll fine 'em, prosecute 'em, make 'em know that managing a play-house need not prevent a man from doing his duty as a Magistrate."

Was it excusable of us to leave the anxious Mrs. Trotter in suspense, while our curiosity was satisfied? The fact is, that as soon as Mrs. Damper heard the words, "trapped by a female," she had sought her suffering friend, to inform her that—"Trotter's life was safe, for the *present*, but—there was a lady concerned, although—Nimrod assured her that it was not *often*—yet still—anything was better—perhaps—than his *death*; at least things

might have been *worse*. Men were all alike, in *that* respect, Julia."

A welcome arrival was that of Poet Bayly; who gave me a letter to Mrs. Henry Siddons of Edinburgh, in which he made honourable mention of my sister, hoping that, should I ever try my fortune in the North, a more than professionally kind reception would await both me and mine, from that exemplary lady and her connexions.

This gentleman judged others by himself. Without professing much power, he promised to do his best for my benefit, brought me the offer of Mrs. Allen's name, as patroness on the occasion. Sent me game, part of which I shared with the good Trotters, part with Mrs. Orger, who dined at our humble board. I stood prominently before the public, and hoped for a full house. Mr. Bayly made every creature known to him take tickets for me. At his instance Lady Downe did more, sending me a munificent *douceur*, in a way so elegant as to enhance the pleasure of a poor gentleman in receiving it. My Benefit was most satisfactory. Thanks to the Poet.

I cannot imagine any delicately presented *lар-гессе* insulting to the professors of the imaginative arts. Therewith our patrons evince their value for our talents. They seek not to purchase the independence of our minds; nay, the truly liberal are

disgusted at finding that they have *bought parasites*, when they meant simply to conciliate grateful friends, respectful admirers !

Mr. Trotter was studying Charles the Second, in which he designed to take leave of the stage, on the last night of the season. He said I "must be his right-hand man, sure to be point device, thanks to the Lady who *could* use a needle."

"I am not the fittest man in the company for Lord Rochester, sir."

"Who then, in Taste's name?"

"Your Prompter."

"Pooh, pooh, you mock ! a lame invalid, what *can* make you associate his idea with that of Lord Rochester, my dear fellow?"

"Sir, I can't separate the idea of Lord Rochester and *John Wilmot*."

The scholars who anchored the British fleet in the Seine did not take my historical jest.

The farewell address overpowered all hearers, especially the Manager's adoring wife.

I had been trying for various engagements, in vain, and resolved on applying to Mr. S. Russell, at Brighton, although Mrs. Damper warned me against him. What sort of a person she might have found him in other years, was nothing to me ; and to this "Jerry Sneak" I went, with confidence in "His Innocence." He promised me a definite

answer, on my return from London, where I was obliged to pass some days.

I saw Reeve's *Abrahamides*, at the Adelphi. The character, with its imitations, singing, dancing, fencing, (wicker) horse-riding, convulsed me. To read "the Tailors" is a treat, to see it, with such a King of Flints, was almost too delicious.

On my return to Brighton, I settled to join Mr. Russell's company. His theatre would not remain long open, yet any thing was better than nothing. Where next to pitch my tent I knew not. In some mild winter-quarters, I trusted, but "beggars must not be choosers."

I returned, fagged and disheartened, to my sister at Worthing.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

AN ALARMIST—HOW TO GET ON—CHURCH AND STAGE—OLD AND NEW FRIENDS—TWO VOWELS—A DISTINGUISHED FOE—BRIGAND—INFELIX JACOBUS ET CAROLUS—THE ANGELIQUE—ILLNESS—INQUIRING FRIENDS.

THERE, to my surprise, I found a letter from Mr. Charlton, requiring my presence in Bath on Monday, to rehearse Osrick and Morbleu, for that evening, and this was Friday night. Good news is generally qualified by some disagreeable accompaniments. All was hurry and fatigue; writing "No" to Russell, and "Yes" to Charlton; packing, place-taking, bill-paying, till one o'clock; we then snatched a brief repose; started, outside an early coach, for Southampton. No more direct or immediate communication was to be had. My sister had never before taken up so elevated a position. One man beside us vowed we were "overladen and must upset." I feared this would frighten her, but

she bade him "keep his cowardice to himself;" when we alighted in safety, concluding,

"As you have done your worst to terrify a female, I trust, if your neck ever breaks, it may be by the rope's end!"

My next wish was to procure places in a morning stage for Bath; to my dismay I learnt that no conveyance left Southampton on Sundays, nor even passed through. The Mail would do so, that evening, possibly with room for one. At that rate I must get on, and leave my sister to follow. We dined in perplexed solicitude; the Mail did go through, "full outside and in." What was to be done? either lose my engagement, or commit the extravagance of a chaise. We were now at the Coach and Horses, most inappropriate scene for such a dilemma. At the Star I should have been sure that no Honey-moon hostess would seek to detain us; but ere I could wrong these strangers by a doubt, a waiter entered, saying, that "another gentleman was in the coffee-room, and situated like myself, only worse, for he must be in Bath next morning; if I had no objection to set off at once, in his company, he would be glad to share the posting with me." Before I said yes, I thought fit, for my companion's sake, to see the stranger: found him an elegant elderly man, much disgusted at the folly of providing no coaches for the Sabbath. About ten at night we started.

"These little tours, ma'am," said our new acquaintance to Isabel, "are very agreeable, no doubt, in such company; but, when you have a young family, you will not be able to"—

"Travel with my *brother!*" said she.

He smiled, and would have chatted on, but we were all very sleepy; and I woke from one dose, to see my sister's head resting on the plump breast of this unknown; when he opened his eyes he would not let me disturb her, and we laughed at her confusion, as a sudden stop made her start up.

He now told us that he was returning to his family, from a continental trip, had been delayed unexpectedly, and thought himself fortunate in having met me—

"For," said he, "at worst *I must* have proceeded, as, this very noon, I have to perform Divine Service in Bath!"

"And to-morrow night I have to perform *Morbleu* there!"

My confession delighted him, 'twas so odd a coincidence!

Preacher and Player now exchanged names; his was Duncan; and though no intimacy followed this *rencontre*, my reverend fellow-sufferer took tickets for my Benefit.

But to return—losing him in the environs of Bath, we rolled lightly to our inn, where we slept till noon; then called on the Bloods. They had

given us up, their welcome was enthusiastic, but we made our visit brief, as we yearned to see Mrs. Warde and her children, after four years of absence.

“Of course,” said our lovely Emily, “brother ‘Jim’ will *make* you dine there, but to-morrow”—

“Or to-day, if he *don’t*,” added her husband, “come if you can, to meet a family party, and my youngster, if you don’t eat him, Belamira, by way of what you *Westerns* call a ‘Nummut !’”

We proceeded to Miles’s Buildings, our *old* friends there permitted us to accept the hospitalities of our comparatively new ones.

One anecdote we heard that day. At Birmingham the Wardes had met Tom Comer, and a Parthian shot of his harmless fooleries, or rather of their consequences, thus reached us.

Tom had seen, at a fair, a huge seal, of strangely human face and accents; the latter were certainly monotonous; yet the keeper contrived to make them applicable to all the questions he asked.

“Tom! what’s the first letter in the alphabet?”

*Seal* (flapping his fins or paws,) “Oh! A!”

“A—you need not cry Oh! You could say them all, if you liked, couldn’t you?”

“Oh! Ah!”

“You wish me to thank the gentry, for coming to see you, eh?”

“Oh! Ah!”

“ Tom, don’t you think this young lady is very pretty ?”

“ Oh ! Ah !”

The voice and visage of this floundering affirmative, as imitated by his namesake, had charmed no less a person than Mr. Young, who starred at “ Brummy.” This widowed lover, though the victim to an irritating and debilitating disease, was not only equably *suave*, but ever alive to innocent merriment. He “ must be taught ‘ Oh ! Ah-ing,’ he would learn to ‘ Oh ! Ah !’ ” One morning he rushed into the green-room, seized his instructor, and melodiously thundered,

“ Wretch ! you and yours deserve everlasting redemption ! Ye’ve committed me into such a solecism, sir ! I’ve ‘ Oh ! Ah-d !’ a man in the streets, mistaking him, short-sighted mortal as I am, for you, by his white hat—and he may be a person of rank, for aught *I* know ; but, as I defy him to have recognized *me*, I ‘ Oh ! Ah !’ too well, for what maniac or idiot could he have taken me ?”

“ Lord Portsmouth as likely as any one ! sir.”

Nobody enjoyed this reply more than did the excellent “ Oh ! Ah-er.”

‘Twas nothing for Tom Comer to make faces, but to have seen the elegant Charles distort his Wellingtonian countenance, to have heard him gutteralize his silv’ry voice so amphibiously, must have

been a treat which I trust the Warwickshire lad, whoever he might be, could appreciate.

Next morning, as we stood at a window of lovely Julia Arnold's (or Mrs. Dore's) White Lion, we beheld some persons coming from the Market-place, and Bell cried aloud,

“ Oh, the dear old Zarnats ! once more, coming out quite grand, look !”

“ Who ? where ? what ?” I asked.

“ You a West-country man, and pretend not to know the Zarnats ?”

“ Is he a Polish noble, or a Russian Patriarch of the Greek Church ?”

Of course I did but affect this ignorance that my sister meant “ Serving, Sarvin, Zar-in hats, or Zarnats,” the low-crowned, round, rough beavers, worn by “ our Helpers.”

We dined at our hotel, but were invited to take *tea* with the Wardes, that Isabel might accompany Madame to the theatre.

They arrived too late to hear “ Jim's” reception in Hamlet, which was enormous, but he lacked soul and grace for this arduous character.

Most kindly was I welcomed in Osric, a short part, which, however, its cramp, affected, obsolete language, renders a difficult one. Morbleu was “ more germain” to my *genie*, and always won me golden opinions.

Again we dined at our Doctor's, for, as Spado says,

“ To be sure *Sanguino* was always very good-natured to *me* !”

On the morrow I took apartments at a Mr. W——'s, an ex-Marine, with a pretty wife. They lived in Westgate Buildings, the name attracted me. Our Westgate's house was full.

We saw Warde in the jealous hero of “ The Wonder.” “ Much of the Don, but little of the Felix,” as was said of John Kemble, rather tersely than truly ; as the young Don's suspicions conspire strongly against his *felicity* ; marry, Charles Kemble could seem to revel in his own irritation, could be vivaciously desperate, with real love enough to excuse, and real humour enough to get him out of his diverting yet pitiable scrapes.

I have never heard any one notice the fact that the heroine of this play is a hypocritical *intriguante* ; she has lectured Isabella into a belief in her “ unspotted virtue,” though knowing herself “ as very a slave as if she had already said after the priest.”

That her lover's clandestine visits have not been platonic his own language, and that of Flora proves. Violante seeks an interview with him at the house of a bachelor, and the Don implies that a woman's “ honor,” consists—not in her being *chaste*, but faithful to one man, at a time.

Few ladies of the drama are exemplary in morals, from the women of Shakspere down to Mrs. Sullen and Zamora—yet few actresses but represent these parts with as much zest as they can feel for Sheridan's Julia, Cumberland's Emily, or Lady Grace. They are engaged to play parts, not analyse characters.

Warde's Charles the Second ill bore comparison with the original representative's. His legitimate monarchy way of thundering forth—“ 'Tis *my* pleasure!” must have undeceived a far duller Copp than dear Bellamy made. Mr. Montague, F. Vining's successor, was the John Wilmot *now*. Meantime I had been very warmly greeted, in the papers, but found, to my disappointment, that “Pride shall a have Fall,” which was coming out, would give me fresh study, in Major O'Shannon, and make Woulds the Cornet.

Well, after all, the Major was a telling bit, brogue, uniform, and a military air included.

Catalani, the idol of my boyhood, was now in Bath. My sister had never before heard—seen her. There was a wildness in her stupendous voice that sometimes astonished more than it pleased; but what other woman ever so blended the majestic with the simple, the arch with the pathetic? Such a queenly muse to look so appealingly, so gently, at the very galleries! And then the comfort of knowing

that she really *was* a good, kind creature, not a mere dazzling puppet. Her grateful love of England inspired her to prove that she understood and felt every word of "God save the King," and "Rule Britannia!" Her expressive gestures must have added rapture to James Thomson's Heaven, or David Mallet's.

For a pain in one side, I had been ordered a remedy which should have kept me out of the damp. This fact I happened to forget, so walked through muddy streets, and sat in wet boots, to witness some equestrian evolutions. The clown was very droll, but never uttered a word, for the best of all reasons—he was deaf and dumb.

In consequence of my indiscretion, I fell suddenly and alarmingly ill; helpless, speechless, spiritless. My sister lay on a sofa beside me, for three nights, drest and wakeful. My doctor and friends were almost equally zealous by day. Over my head, an old clergyman was coughing himself to glory; beneath me, a dying baby "continually did cry;" for whenever extra quiet is needed in a house blest with olive-branches, then, above all other times, "children must be wretched!"

Which of the three sick would first go, was a very doubtful question; when Isabel, preparing my breakfast, in the parlour, to which my bed-room opened, had her eyes also shocked by a *memento*

*mori*; a poor man, pallid and still, borne by on a shutter. Of course she did not tell me this. I fell into a long sleep. A servant came to her, she asked what dead body that was, carried past the window. The old woman replied,

“Why, ma’am, a married man, with a family, kept out of work a good while by a fever; to-day, he fancied himself strong enough, but the light and unseasonable heat made him faint; and a good thing too; he has shown he’s no idleton, and the gentry are subscribing to give him time to be nursed quite well at home.”

“Then I have *not* looked upon a corpse!” said her hearer, who never voluntarily beheld such a spectacle; she superstitiously construed this into a hopeful omen, and, sure enough, I awoke better.”

This happened early in December. I was soon able to visit a warm bath, and relish the broths made for me by the above domestic, who, though a stoutly-limbed little body, was named *Shanks*. The parson and the infant both died. Ere they were buried, Warde would enter, saying,

“I am come to supper; I know you have plenty of *cold meat* in house!”

Now that I was out of danger, a friend told me of having travelled from Bristol with some unknown admirer of mine, who deplored my state for the sake of my “nice wife, and sweet little daughters!”

He must have seen Bell with the young Wardes and Dances.

Many persons, very slightly known to me, had inquired as to my state. My kindest visitants had been Messrs. Blood, Bellamy, Warde, and Brownell, owing to whose influence my salary was not stopped. Miss Cooke, the actress, too, though not acquainted with my sister, had almost daily asked at the door how I was. The first time that my safety permitted Bell to take a little fresh air, which, God knows, she needed, she met the buxom Sally ; each knew each other by sight ; both started, my poor nurse held out her hand,

“ Oh, thank you, bless you, my dear Miss Cooke, for your anxiety. You may be sure that Benson is better, or I should not be here.”

The beauty’s blue eyes filled with friendly tears at this news, this greeting ; and, though the pair never conversed before nor since, I believe Mrs. Leman Rede retains that good-will towards us which we shall *never* cease to cherish for *her*.

## CHAPTER XIX.

LYING OUT—THE RUNAWAY—A BROWN-RIG—FEMALE CHARITY  
—REFORM—THE TWA DOGS—CHRISTIANITY—BRINGING MY  
HAY TO A BAD MARKET—WILD YAGERS—AN INCONY JEW—  
TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

BUT to quit egotism for awhile.

The snow was frozen on the ground, the breeze was rough, the moon lighting from a party, some two hours after midnight, a gentleman well known to me, when, near the corner of (to say the least) an *unfashionable* street, he “heard a low moaning:” looked round among the white heaps in his way, but, unable to distinguish any human being, called out, in the direction of the still wailing voice; it was a female’s, and cried,

“ I am dying, and the poor child”—

My friend rushed to the spot; a girl, sheltered but by her bed-gown, writhed on the ice. As he *saw* no child, he comprehended that such an additional sufferer was shortly *expected* to draw its first breath in this “nipping, eager air.”

Reader! if thou art a small, weak, young bachelor, utterly devoid of surgical knowledge, fancy thyself in such a situation! What good could thy humanity effect, and how soon? Thou must leave the young woman, and knock up some one in the nearest *respectable* house. Ere thou canst return to her, she will be worse; thy nerves, inhabituuated to witnessing such pangs as hers (God forbid that *any* one should be *accustomed* to witness them in the *wintry* streets!) would render thee helpless. Who then shall blame *my* gentleman for running off as fast as possible? *but*—with the patient in his arms! for *he* was tall, strong, a surgeon, a husband, and a father.

My blessings on your skill and kindness, arch-angelic Michael Blood! no need of wishing “more power to your elbow!”

With ready *savoir faire* he carried his double burthen to the watch-house; the night-constable had a bed there. The Charleys fled to call their wives, and get comforts about the poor outcast; but how came she so? During intervals of ease she gave this account of herself.

She was a farmer’s daughter, seduced at seventeen; finding that her shame would be betrayed, she secretly left home, and came to Bath, in a vain quest after the father of her babe. He had left some money with her. A “motherly” person had

taken her as lodger, representing that “no strict moral *humbugs* would admit an individual so situated.” This “Mrs. Brown” “knew life, had seen a deal of the world, was aware that such things *must* happen, but need not *ruin* a woman, quite the contrary!”

Her hints were cautious, while the invalid could pay; as means decreased, they became broader.

“If Mrs. Brown *was* her friend, would she give the child, should it unluckily live, to a nurse of that lady’s providing, and put herself *en train* for making an income under these auspices?”

The poor creature indignantly refused, and was told to seek another abode. She would trust no matron of the Brown persuasion, and found the *vulgar* virtues flint to her, though living (perhaps) on the patronage of ermined adultery, and titled intrigue.

Her last penny gone; she sold her clothes, and literally was “worth nothing” to Mrs. B.—(still, *malgré elle*, the penitent’s hostess) when wintry darkness found the girl stifling the groans of shamed and hopeless anguish.

Mrs. Brown, anticipating that the fortitude of this “wench” might cheat *her* into a hobble, had marked all things well; and, seeking the begrimed pillow, found no time was to be lost, for the preservation of *that* establishment from expense and

trouble, to no purpose. Accordingly, she dragged this almost child down stairs, and, thrusting her from the door, locked her out, at past one in the morning, to try if the snow could be colder, or the stones harder, than the heart of a really *bad* woman.

Oh! Ladies! many women, unchaste, unfaithful, are not so entirely *bad*; while (unfortunately for a good cause) some—models of continence and constancy are as unmerciful, as violent, as dishonest, as “Mrs. Brown.”

All ye kind Mrs. Browns, excuse my availing myself of the name Tom Shuffleton gives to his Howland-street procress.

The Mrs. Charleys, though curious and censorious, were actively kind. A female infant opened its eyes and mouth amongst them, but did not threaten to trouble anybody long. The little mother seemed destined to survive; for her life, of course, Doctor Blood was, on every account, anxious. He did not leave her till dawn, and, after quieting anxieties at home, returned. The baby was dead. He engaged a room close to the watch-house, to which the patient, on her couch, might be gently conveyed; he furnished the needful, in medicines and money, leaving the good women to do the rest.

Behold him, then, the handsome, the dashing,

musical young Irishman, bowing beneath a sportive scolding from Catalani, for being late at an appointment with her. Suppressing the praise due to himself, he states facts. Angelique embraces him with tears, and proposes a liberal subscription, for his foundling, to which she liberally contributes.

This much we heard from him, in a flying visit, gave our mite, and let him go farther, to fare better; when I, not only for the girl's sake, but his, sent the facts to a Bath paper, wherein they appeared, rather to his surprise than pleasure.

'Twere long to tell the list of exemplary women who sent money to the remorseful bereaved one! She sobbed, and shrunk, and longed to die. As soon as she could be visited, one or two of the *quietest* were allowed to see her. They "would reconcile her to her parents, and get her home again, if"—

"Oh!" cried the reclaimed wanderer, "if?—why, when those more wicked than myself thrust me out to die, *good* women took me up; and *now* good *ladies* come to tell me that I may look forward to decent comfort yet; if *I* was to turn to evil again—I must be a *fool* as well as a *sinner*!"

The last I heard of *her* was, that (thanks to Mr. Blood) she worked cheerfully in her honest father's farm.

"Mrs. Brown" was punished, as far as the rigour of the law could go, "but that's not much,"

for an offence like hers. If she had made money no doubt she threw, in some new scene, aye, and made friends, too, even among those who did not *happen* to live by her calling. *That*, now-a-days, is "a mere matter of taste;" children are trained to it, as to a trade, which "answers better than service."

I heard a mother say, of a gaudy idleton, only entering her teens,

"Just now she's a plague and no profit to me. I see I must bring her up to—*something*, for she's fit for *nothing else*!"

This was shocking; still there was no *hypocrisy* in the poor ignorant woman's words. Much may be excused to those anomalies *mercenary animals*; who, without any mental or moral education, have a hankering after dress and luxuries. They are, like "tender Thompson," "self-seduced." If rich, accomplished women *will* go astray (either single or married) all I ask of them is not to *pretend* to be *virtuous*, not to *claim acquaintance* with *honest* women, nor *expect* to be *preferred* to such.

By the middle of the month I was able to sedan it, for an evening, with the Bloods, and, on the 17th, I enacted Major O'Shannon. Every body very amiable, and *I* so *weak* as to be glad at escaping a part of more fatigue; though Woulds wished me well enough to play it. He hardly

knew on which side to wear his *sabre-tache*, and hitched his spurs in every thing, as he wailed,

“ Why do they send on a low comedian as a cavalry officer ? I’m not engaged for the fops ! these beastly moustachios *will* keep coming off. Devil take this gentleman of the Twentieth ! ”

Mr. Simpson arrived, with his Canine prodigies ; they would give Warde an opportunity of shining again in Macaire. Thereby hang two Dogs’ tails !

“ Gag Watson,” of Cheltenham, had once hired a clever quadruped, yet feared even this would not “ lug ‘em in ; ” when suddenly he met—passing through, doing nothing, the youngest brother of Mrs. Siddons ; at that time he was scarcely a Star. Whether or no he had ever *played in an animal piece*, or, if so, in what, I know not ; but, as soon as he had consented to appear, huge posters billed the streets, on which was printed—

“ FOR THIS NIGHT ONLY !

Singular *Union* of Talent !!

Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE, and the Dog !!! ”

Reminiscence the second was this :—

In 1815, Norman was the Pastor and Master of one Dragon, a black poodle, whose feats kindled the ambition of an eccentric barber, in King-street, Bristol (Nayler by name), to instruct a creature of his own ; he failed with sundry pretty ones ; the

only docile and sagacious brute he found was a carotty mongrel, hight Lion, who “learnt all manner in no time;” the actors had seen and praised, Tom Comer had done more, made Lion dote upon him.

In one luckless day, Mr. Warde was alarmingly seized, and would have been suddenly carried off, if—he had not gone quietly; the black Dragon, too, had a paw ran over by a wheel, and could not perform. “The Forest of Bondy,” though announced, stood a poor chance of being acted, till to the rescue, rushed he of the red Lion, with his aspirant at his heels. He knew his people.

“Change the entertainment, Mr. Charlton?” he cried, “what, with Mr. Woulds’s Blaise, and Miss Giroux’s dumb boy? Isn’t here *my* dog? and isn’t here Mr. Comer, who can swallow twenty lengths an hour? Try us!”

This *was* a nailer.

After a double apology, try they did. Tom *was* perfect. Lion ditto, in all he had ever done before; he rung the bell, pulled the petticoats, carried the lanthorn, no Dragon better; but he had never yet crossed a practicable bridge. Macaire rushed desperately over, expecting fierce pursuit. Lion paused upon the brink, wagging his tail. If remorse sometimes prompts criminals to suicide, is it unnatural that they should, at least, summons their own

executioner? No, it was a *new reading*.—Macaire whistled loudly for the avenger of the murdered Aubri!

“Here Lion, hoy, here boy! whew! whew!”

And Lion, with a fond whine, sneaked over.

Next scene should have shown him at the assassin's throat. Macaire flung himself down, to be devoured. Lion gambolled round, licking his face, jumping over him, and sitting up to beg, as his merry play-mate oft had made him do. The curtain fell amid peals of laughter. Tom roared at his own abstracted impulsive folly.

“I tell ye what it is, man or beast, to be always able to feign hate, while feeling love, or the reverse, ought to be all head, and no heart. Warde and Dragon may be more clever than Lion and I; but, never mind, fellow-creature! we are as *Nature* made us.”

On Christmas-day, when I entered the parlour to breakfast, I found a beef-roasting fire,—between the margins of my tightly pinned-up drawings and engravings, and the wall, thick stems of holly stuck, threatening to split these works of art to pieces. I removed the nuisances, but Mrs. Shanks swore it was very unlucky not to keep the festival as it ought to be kept, in every religious house. What queer proofs of piety are expected of us, by some people, “else wherefore breathe we in a Christian

land?" Is it to learn humility by remembering the oxen in the manger, that such Goths "stuff their ungodlies" upon roast sirloins?

Not thus proved *we* our devotion, though *we* enjoyed a delightful party, from which *we* had scarcely returned ere a violent snow-storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, seemed to speak "trumpet tongued," such lessons as the generality of holiday-keepers are ill-prepared to attend.

1825 opened inauspiciously for me. I had accepted an invitation to a four o'clock dinner, at my friend Blood's, having to play his countryman, the Major, that evening. Military punctuality may be questioned by tailors, ladies, and relatives; but a soldier is exemplarily constant to the mess-hour. Now my host was not a King's officer, more be-token he was an Irishman.

Lunchlessly I waited till six, was then forced to eat and drink in haste, hurried, flushed, and spasmodic to the theatre, acted O'Shannon anything— but well, with the crowning curse of—

" Earl Percy sees my fall!"

Mr. Morris, Manager of the Haymarket, who had prescribed "a year or two's provincial practice" for me, instead of seeing how far I had benefited by it, was in the house, to bear away a remembrance of thick enunciation, and un-artist-like

acting ; nor did I play again for nearly a fortnight, so had no chance of doing myself justice in his eyes.

The Pantomime showed us “Bradbury the Immense.” A coarse Clown, compared with that genius Grimaldi. Off the stage *this* grizzled Whiskerandos looked like a home-keeping Militia Adjutant, raised from the ranks, chiefly by his own confidence. He was respectful enough, but Cockney slang “had marked him for her own.” Yet *very* refined people have *called* him—“a person of *gentlemanly exterior and habits.*”

I do not think “Der Frieschutz” was ever produced in better style than at this elegant house. The version was a good one, all the appointments perfect, especially the coloured fires, provided by Mr. Cuff, the Chemist. Warde was Caspar, which he looked and acted admirably, chaunting the Incantation in tones so supernatural as to thrill the blood ; the very metallic ponderosity of his voice, which so often turned human pathos into burlesque, seemed made on purpose for the utterance of—

“ Zamiel, Zamiel, hear me, hear !”

His short, thin, sneering lip, dark eyes, gem-like, or snake-like, all his defects became beauties, though the charms his Aladdin, John of Paris, and Reuben Glenroy displayed, ten years earlier, were for ever lost.

Woulds, Bland, the ladies, shone in this wild drama. Braham was its Rudolph! evergreen, versatile Braham! What made him the all He was? Not merely the possession of a voice which it is not for an unmusical ignoramus like myself to praise. Not mere science neither, but sense and feeling, taste and nature. Give him sacred music, songs of war, love, drinking, the chase ; no matter what the subject, what the style, his distinct articulation, and judicious emphasis made you understand all *he* understood ; you half-forgot that *your ears* were the channels of your delight ; a spirit seemed talking to your *heart*, in its own language. Harmony breathed from every feature. The being was no more “a little Jew,” with odd action, and manner of speech ; while he sung he was, in every way, great, simple, *dear*. One of *my* day’s Wonders, he seemed born only to please, but who shall *astonish* those who have heard him ?

While with us he told one very droll anecdote. Most persons know the Italian duet, in which the singers clink glasses, to words implying approval and *consent*. Braham, once starring in the provinces, asked a rising vocalist if he could take part in this piece of music.

“ Oh, yes, sir,” was the reply, “ I did so when one of the Opera gentlemen was down. He taught me the *words by ear*.”

What was our Nightingale's surprise, in the  
evening, to hear the barn-door-fowl chaunt—

“ Bravo, bravo ! *Mr. B. !*”

Hurrying from the laughter of the audience, he  
demanded an explanation.

“ Why, sir,” said the other, “ of course, when I  
sung it with Curioni, I said, ‘ Signor C. ;’ but *now*  
I thought, as your *own* initial *rhymes* to the verse,  
and is not too *long*, as W would be, I could give  
the thing its due effect, by seeming as familiar with  
Mr. Braham as I had been with the foreigner who  
taught me.”

## CHAPTER XX.

THE ORIGINAL CORNET—A METAMORPHOSE—FRENCH PLATE—  
MACAULEY AND CO.—FOXES—DEATHS—WESTERN JESTS—  
MINE HOSTESS—WESTON—BRISTOL—COACHMAN'S NOSEGAY—  
ROSE AND GOLD.—DISARMING SMILES.

LISTON now came to Bath. We witnessed his *Billy Lack-a-day*, and *Mawworm*. I acted with him again, to be convulsed by his rich, easy, original humour. Pity “it is not in the power of language” to describe him. The next generation will marvel at his fame, unable to appreciate his right to it. I was Sir Larry to his *Solomon Gundy*. Oh, that benevolent fat voice !

Early in March I met my old Athlone acquaintance, Mr. Clarke, who had become Manager at Liverpool, and expressed a wish, at any time, in any way, to requite the little services I had done him.

My Lord Duke's Servant, and Morbleu kept me in high favour. Mr. Woulds resigned Cornet Car-

mine to Mr. Forrester, a young aspirant. Having no opportunity of showing my admirers how *I* conceived the part, I thought a still better plan were that of procuring for them a sight of its original representative; therefore won the good offices of Yates, for my Benefit.

He kept me in a fright, however, by not arriving till seven, on the evening of the play, but I never saw him act better. His Imitation Epilogue was a new feature, and elicited thunders of applause. The returns were satisfactory.

After I had dismissed Count Grenouille, we fled by night, or hopped home, with a charge from the dear Bloods to bring Bell to supper; but she had certain domesticities to discuss, as pretexts for saying No. When last we had seen Frederic and Emily together, both were single.

“Na, now, do come, Bell!” pleaded he, “it will be so nice for *me* to sit *between you two*. Oh, cry! I am so low-spirited, with the pleasures of Memory!”

“You are *worse*, than that,” retorted she.

“I say, though—I’m what? now, Bell!”

“*Munvil*, you are—*Mean!*”

So we went away, laughing, without her, and finished the evening deliciously.

Three days did not elapse ere I was in London, at the Wrekin. There I saw, slowly sauntering

towards me, a figure dressed in the extreme of fashion, his face half-concealed by curls and Virginius beard.

“Ah, Belsol,” he drawled, holding out two gloved fingers, “how do? why you are looking very seedy.”

This was Graham, deeply in my debt, so changed; so cold, so shamelessly degraded! I asked why he had not attended to the business between us.

“Oh!” he yawned, “I rather imagine it was from my being bored with a *gurl*, who would live with me, till I beat, and turned her out; and one day, soon after, I saw a nasty sight, in a hack chariot, so stopped the man. His very foul fare was this same individual, who had cut her throat, too little, after taking laudanum, too much. So, you know, I had to cure, and send her back to her relations, who, I understand, have married her to some *clerical* person. But that was the mess which kept me from minding *you*, Benson!”

Graham turned fop, libertine, ruffian! profligate without passion, unmanly without violence of temper!

By the 10th of April I rejoined at Bath.

About the middle of the month a Dramatic *Fête* again, with the prelude of a French play or two, took place. The gallery had been fitted up for the reception of such invalid, elderly, or retiring ladies,

some in male attire, as either would not or could not sport fancy dresses. 'Twas droll to see an aristocratic throng, by day-light, making from their chairs to the door usually opened but for "servants and others!"

Through this crowd I escorted Mrs. Trotter and my sister, left them in safety, and went behind the scenes. "*Le Dépit Amoureux*," with "*L'Ours et la Pacha*," charmed all beholders. On their conclusion "God save the King!" was sung, led by Braham, in the Naval uniform. Amongst others, I encountered Sir John Treveylan, the Sewer-up of Fogeys.

Miss Macauley, at this time, perpetrated tragedy with us, chiefly in order to introduce a pupil of hers, as Amanthis, about whom the teacher had written, and was to deliver a preliminary poetical address.

She did so. Some of the concluding lines were to bring on the *débutante*, described by her tearful, heart-pressing instructress, as a "blushing trembler," a "timid novice," and so forth; she was called to advance, and *obeyed*. She ought to have waited three couplets longer; therefore, when the awkward but *not* bashful girl did come, her Minerva, rather than be cut out of a point, grumbled—

"Go back, you fool!"

Enforcing her counsel with such a push against

the fat chest of her "nurseling," as sent "the tender virgin flower" sprawling among the side-scenes. The laugh this created was so general that few cared any more for the Child of Nature, or her energetic preceptress.

Miss Harriet Willoughby (natural child of a late famous Whig statesman), had long been known to us, and now begged our aid and countenance, Mrs. Warde being ill, to discuss a Sally Lun with "the noble Prescott." (Warde.)

Our clever hostess was short-sighted.

"Hollo, James," said I, "another new brooch? Did you buy that while we were in town together?"

"No, Bensonian, on my honour, a gift from Tom Green. *They* are all the fashion—Foxe's heads."

"So they ought!" lisped Miss Willoughby, "and I am glad that the world do not yet forget my dear *Father*; how right of Green and you to gratify me so, let me look at it!"

It was a hunt-brooch, with the head of a sharp-nosed beast, as unlike Charles James as need be.

Ere May-day dawned I heard the death of one whose dialect, gestures, humour, had, on a happy night, diverted me. *My Carter!* Miss Wroughton.—Talking of deaths—Warde and Macauley had Macbethed together—to the breach of a vow on the lady's part. When he, her junior, had, though

*ill-disposed*, played “Old Evander” to her Eu-phrasia, she, in the last act, had asked him—how he felt, AND he had replied—

“ All the better, ma’am, after my *suck*.”

The filial heroine had sworn never to play with him again.

But return we to Macbeth.

Two new supernumeraries tickled us. The Apothecary and female attendant. The latter was very emphatic, in saying to the other sick young stick,—

“ *Good NIGHT! Good DOCTOR!*”

This was on Saturday; on Monday morning he had bade the *world* Good-night. Slow consumption rendering him unconscious of his danger, he had, as it were, played while dying, and exchanged his stage dress for a shroud.

Dear Miss Fellowes, in a bit of a fuss, sought a *tête-à-tête* with Bell.

“ Darling thing,” she cried, “ I come to you about poor Macauley. She wants me to interest Lady W—, and have Shaksperian Readings at her house. Of course, you know, love, I don’t really *like* her style; however, I should be glad to do anything—in my power—if—proper. Indeed I had said I would, before—yes, then, and not till then—unfair *that*, now wasn’t it? She did a bit of crying, and said there was ‘a mysterious some-

thing in her history.' Now what do you think she can possibly *mean*? for, dear me! the notion of *my* introducing any *mysterious female*, to——and, as for the *some* thing, that may be any thing, every thing, or worse than nothing! Do give me *your* opinion and *advice*!"

The *naïveté* of this address, from a contemporary of George the Fourth!

Isabel suggested a strong trust that *love* could never have involved Miss Macauley in any mysteries, but that, as she was an eccentric pretender, ladies of taste were not obliged to let her extort their patronage. This half-reconciled the amiable Miss Fellowes to the necessity of refusing a request.

In the market, one day, a very fine lady, "a sunbeam who had lost her way," minced along, with an air of alarmed disgust.

"Ah," quietly observed the man of whom we were making some purchases, "more nice than wise. My ould dad can 'member when the Duchess o' York used to come amungst us here, lick a Christen; and when she'd bin badly, pore dear little oman, vust time zhe turned out agin, zee if zhe didn't vind 'er waay straw'd wi' vlowrs, and gurt tutties tied ta' the rayls o' 'er steps. Not za much caaze zhe war a *Prin-cess*, moor vur er bein a zojur's wife, a rale gentle-oman, and a good un.

We da live too nigh a ood ta' be scayurd by a howl!"

Coming home we saw a pacific whey-faced boy insulted by a strapping sable Israelite. The lad was wending off, with his wrongs, through the Saw Close ; but, on some colliers bursting forth,

" Gi'et un, Johnny, vur the onur o' Bath!"

The youth turned, and to the surprise of all (of the Jew in particular), bestowed on him a drubbing Christian-like enough to have converted a Pagan.

To witness such traits of unsophisticated nature, within a stone's-throw of regions so townly as Mill-som and Pulteney-streets, the Circus, Crescents, Abbey, was to enjoy a *rus in urbe*, and a *rure in urbes*, for which one might seek the North-east of England through in vain !

As I was going out, on a certain morn, I encountered an old Navy friend of mine, evidently intending to come in ; he started, and rather chuf-fishly, uttered,

" Hollo, Hill, what brought *you* here?"

" I lodge in this house with my sister."

" Oh, I beg pardon ; then let me advise you to find another home, as soon as possible ; because it is not the *man* of the house that *I* come to visit."

Instead of entering he turned back with me, and said *more*. Isabel, indeed, had once noticed that a

gentleman had stared at, and signalized the windows, but she made sure that he must have mistaken the number.

To antedate a little:—in a few weeks we saw an advertisement, by the husband, refusing to be answerable for his wife's debts, as she had left his home.

Now little affairs like this may be very natural, in unprejudiced eyes. I only venture to wish that such ladies would let lodgings to *none* who were not as *liberal* as themselves.

Business called me to Weston-super-Mare, so baptized from *not* being within *sight* of the *Sea*; in verity,—super-Mare, with sands for ever blowing into one's eyes, and bleak, queer scenery, unless one drove some way; a wonderful place, inasmuch as how it ever came to be built over is astonishing, to all persons of taste. “Marry good air!”

As we started for Bristol, on our way thither, Miss Fellowes gave my sister a commission to execute for her, in our native city.

“Near the Castle, you know.”

“I do *not* know much of the ‘Precincts’ to the site whereon we once *had* a castle, ma’am,” said Bell; “between that district and the Clifton side lie a host of dirty, bustling streets.”

“Then I’m sure you shan’t—my love, for *me*—a mistake—entirely! I understood it was in a

genteel neighbourhood, near a park, beyond St. Something's-hill and Sigismunda-square."

" Oh, I know now ; you mean the *Royal Fort*, by Tancred's, Tankard's, or Tinker's Close. That's quite *in* my way ; very distant, and very different from Castle-street. I am robbed of all merit. For Miss Fellowes, a pilgrimage had been welcome."

Popular authors have printed mistakes far wider than this spoken confusion of typography, by our charming friend. *One* transported "Gallows Acre Lane" from two miles off into the heart of Bristol. A second swarmed its quays with "black porters ;" a third made its inhabitants burn "coke ;" a fourth turned the retired dull (late) Reeve's Hotel, into a bustling starting-house for stage and mail coaches. No Reviewer could make himself appear a far traveller, by exposing such errors. Woe to the hapless scribe who blunders about the banks of the Rhine ! but, if one can't take liberties with one's *own* country, " then farewell British freedom ! "

Novelists, hard driven for a scene, will pitch on one they never visited.

" I want a large, commercial town. Liverpool and Manchester I've used before. Oh, Bristol *will do !*" And so they call it "a *sea*-port," say nothing of its hills, its antiquities, and — but a truce with the "cant of criticism ! "

I left Bell in the country, whence she would rejoin the Bloods, to celebrate their boy's birthday.

I left also, in the charge of some friends, our books, pictures, desks, &c., &c., making sure of rejoining them in the autumn.

Reeves and Sapiro crowned Loder's night, concluding the season, and I started, outside, the next morning, for Cheltenham.

Nothing of interest occurred till I had occasion to ask—

“Are we not getting off the high road, coachman?”

“A step, sir, fetched up in no time; while the road were mending, 'bout a month ago, we was 'bleedged to come this little round. I got into the habit, and don't find it easy to—Cht! go along!”

We were now close to a cottage, at the garden gate of which waited a pretty young creature, with a small *bouqué* of canary-coloured flowers. Coachman drew up, for an instant. She tiptoed, and held him the nosegay, for which he put down one hand, giving hers a gentle squeeze, as they exchanged brief friendly greetings, and on we rolled. I was interested, and said to my driver—

“A nice little thing, that!”

“ Yes, she is, sir,” he answered heartily, “ very good to a poor mother.”

“ I saw none of those buds growing on their house.”

“ No, sir, a high family, as noticed Mary as a child, removing, some five or six years ago, gave her a slip ; she reared it, in a little back yard, by the pump. Last month, one of my leaders, a creature whose ways I’m up to, took vicious, just here, what with heat, dust, and flies. I knew a draught of water would quiet her, so, leaving a stout man at their heads, ran in. That was when I first saw Mary. I could not let *her* pump for me, that was how I first saw the bush ; and, business once minded, I begged a bud, then the only one, for my button-hole, saying civil things, more to the old woman than to her one lamb. Well, sir, while the road was still mending, if you’ll believe me, every day, as I drove by, there was that blessed girl, with another posy. So, I’m thinking she’s spoilt me for the old way ; but, as I said afore, I’m always in to my time, so—what does it signify ?”

“ Simply this, coachman, that those are yellow moss roses.”

“ Well, sir, I know—and then ?”

“ Why, then, you *don’t* know their value.”

“Don’t I though?” he muttered, looking knees into his own button-hole.

“I mean that they are rare, and such a bunch as you daily throw away”—

“There you’ll excuse *me*, sir. I kips ‘em alive, in water, as long as I can; and then gathers the leaves into a little box, to preserve them, for the giver’s sake!”

“But, my good fellow, you might turn it into a money-box; and the leaves into gold, or bank-notes, if you would commission some brother whip to sell them in London.”

“Sell them? Mary’s presents, sir?” he uttered indignantly.

“Yes, for the giver’s sake; would not you like to make her a little private purse, almost without her knowledge, in return for these pretty love tokens?”

“Lord, sir,” he exclaimed “how could I?”

“Why, by begging Mary to have ready, for some trusty friend of yours, every time he drove up the road, as many of these as were fit for plucking; and by his disposing of them in Covent Garden market, through some honest agent, who would promise not to set slips, till your purpose was answered.”

“God bless ye, sir, only think! why, I’ve a

choice croney, an old married man, as drives the London day-coach, and an aunt as tends Covent Garden, with vegetables ; a worthy soul she is.—But how much ought she, in conscience, to ask, sir ? ”

“ Not less than half-a-crown a rose, and a shilling a bud.—Very often she would get *more*.”

“ I vow, sir, I’ll take your advice ; and thank ye ; the tree will keep blooming these three months, at least ; and, if I can serve Mary, and ”—

“ Marry her, you must set up an Inn, and call it ‘ *The Golden Rose* ! ’ ”

Our attention was diverted by a magpie, who hopped in the sunny path, so fearless of horses and men, that he looked up in our faces, seeming to enjoy the diversion his harmless little vanity inspired.

“ An eagle,” thought I, “ would crouch behind a chilling mist, till he could swoop upon his prey. The king of Yvetot cantered his hobby-ass about his small but merry realm, while greater men made wars and laws of dangerous importance.”

Critics, fancy *me* that pie, or that *petit roi* ; if ridiculous, at least inoffensive. *I* will not put forth as things new and valuable the truisms, that, whoever writes in the first person singular, must be an “ egotist,” and whoever calls his characters by their real names, must commit “ personalities.”

Those above myself have flattered me (as I perhaps did my friend Mag) into a conceit that I can play about amusingly. I confess my joyous and grateful sense of this slight influence; because I cannot hypocritically deprecate or depreciate the kindness which has awarded me this undignified fame.

Pretended lowliness is the worst of coxcombriness; but, if I think better of myself than those friends who really *know* me say I ought, they have the power to punish my "love of approbation." Strangers and foes cannot mortify it very severely.

I beg my Reader to pardon this digression, and as I shall now speedily be bound for Scotland and Ireland, I dare to ask, in the language of the Laureate,

"WILT THOU GO ON WITH ME?"

END OF VOL. I.









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